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A BRITISH OFFICER IN BOSTON IN 1775.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC  
MONTHLY:—

The original diary from which you here print the most important passages came recently into the possession of one of my family. The writer's name nowhere appears in the diary, nor is there any such direct reference to himself as to designate his rank or name. But a careful examination of the diary and comparisons between what it discloses respecting the writer, his experiences and duties, and the records of the siege of Boston, the publications of the British War Office, orderly books and documents of that nature, put certain facts beyond a doubt. The writer was a subaltern officer of the 4th (King's Own) regiment, attached while here to the light infantry company of that regiment. The diary begins not long after the arrival of this officer in Boston with the King's Own, which was in the early summer of 1774, and ends soon after his arrival in Halifax in the spring of 1776, following the evacuation of Boston.

In these investigations we have been indebted to individuals interested in historic research, and especially I may say to Professor A. B. Gardner, of West Point, and Colonel Frank M. Etting, of Philadelphia. The examinations and collations have reduced the list of pos-

sible authors to two, Lieutenant Perigrine Francis Thorne and Lieutenant David Hamilton, both in the King's Own during the siege of Boston.

The historic enthusiasm of the centennial year brought out this manuscript, which was in the possession of the family of General Henry Burbeck of the United States Army,—an officer of artillery during the Revolutionary War. None of his descendants remember anything said by him on the subject, and he left no memoranda explaining how and where he obtained it. The most probable explanation is this: the King's Own soon returned from Halifax to re-engage in the war, Lieutenants Thorne and Hamilton with it, and took an active and distinguished part in the battles about New York, in the campaign in the Jerseys, and at Germantown and the Brandywine, and was quartered in the city of Philadelphia. It is known that the British troops quitted Philadelphia in great haste, so much so that they left behind them many things of importance, such as the orderly book at general headquarters, which were of considerable value to the Americans. Among the troops that first entered Philadelphia on the evacuation was the Maryland Artillery; and the manuscript shows signs, by certain indorsements, of having been in the

possession of Lieutenant Robert Willmott, an officer of that corps. The next possessor seems to have been Burbeck, then a captain of artillery, among whose papers one of his descendants lately found it, without, as I have said, any memorandum attached.

The chief value of the diary is that it is believed to be the only journal by a British officer during the siege of Boston known to be in existence. It discloses no new facts of general importance, but it corroborates and explains many things of more or less interest, and has all the characteristics of genuineness. It is just such a journal as a young officer of a fashionable regiment would write, who was full of prejudice against a people of whom he knew nothing, and who jotted down matters which interested him at the time, without any suspicion that the transactions in which he was engaged would ever possess historic interest or claim the attention of the world.

R. H. DANA, JR.

#### THE DIARY.

At length is concluded the Glorious Campaign — of Boston Common :<sup>1</sup> why cou'd I be so stupid as not to keep a Journal of those five months, which will in future fill so respectable a place in the Annals of Britain; and wou'd have furnish'd so noble a field for Satire?

Tuesday, 15th Novr. The four Battalions encamp'd on the Common (and four Companies of Artillery), viz. King's Own, 5th, 38th, and 43d, the Royal W. Fusileers on Fort Hill, the 59th in the advanced Lines, all march'd in to Winter Quarters, leaving the tents standing under the care of a small guard, that they might dry before they were pack'd up, as it had been wet weather for two days. The 10th, three Comps. of the 18th, the 47th, and 52d Regts. landed from their Transports, and also went into winter Quarters.

<sup>1</sup> The King's Own and other regiments on their arrival in Boston were encamped for some months on the Common, as no barracks were in readiness for them, and a question had arisen whether the General Court was obliged to provide barracks, or not. — E.

<sup>2</sup> The old fortifications at the Neck were a little

Yesterday, in compliance with the request of the Select Men, Genl. Gage order'd that no Soldier in future shou'd appear in the Streets with his side Arms. Query, Is this not encouraging the Inhabitants in their licentious and riotous disposition? Also orders are issued for the Guards to seize all military Men found engaged in any disturbance, whether Aggressors or not; and to secure them, 'till the matter is enquired into. By Whom? By Villains that wou'd not censure one of their own Vagrants, even if He attempted the life of a Soldier; whereas if a Soldier errs in the least, who is more ready to accuse than Tommy? His negligence on the other hand has been too conspicuous in the affair of Cn. Maginis to require a further comment. . . .

This day I mounted the first Line Guard,<sup>2</sup> with Lt. Cl. Smith<sup>3</sup> of the 10th. We relieved the 59th Regt., who immediately march'd into Quarters; the Place was not fit to receive a Guard, for the guard rooms were not half finished, having neither fire places or Stoves fixed; the weather was so bad and the place so dirty that we cou'd not walk about, which made it very disagreeable; but at night we were better as we got a Stove fixed, when we were pretty comfortable the rest of the time.

Wednesday, 16th. . . . This day the Genl. was pleased to determine the Winter allowance of Money for Lodgings; and the several quantities of fuel and Candles; at same time informing the Army that those indulgences are by no means to be consider'd as Precedents for the future. . . .

Quere — Why is not the 100 days Batt and Forage Money, which has been long due the Troops, paid them? Because Tommy feels no affection for his Army, and is more attach'd to a paltry Oeconomy, both in Publick and Private.

Thursday, 17th. All the Tents on the south of Dover Street. "The Lines" were in advance of these and crossed the Neck between Dedham and Canton streets. — E.

<sup>2</sup> This was Lieutenant-Colonel Francis Smith, who afterwards had command of the expedition to Concord. — E.

Common struck and deliver'd into the Qr. Mr. Genl's store, to preserve for a second (what in reality were not fit for a first) Campaign. How mistaken is that Oeconomy which, to save a trifle, will hazard the lives of Thousands! All the Huts in ye rear of the Camp also destroyed to day. . . .

Sunday, 20th. Hard frost continues. A day or two ago the Comr. in Chief applied to the Select Men for the use of Faneuil Hall as a place for the Troops to attend Divine Service. They most *Graciously* refused to comply with his Request, as a grateful return for his singular compliance with all their desires. Was it for this he gave a protection of an Officer's Guard to their Brick-kilns, to secure them from the Labourers who had not been paid for their work? and after affording such Protection asking to become a Purchaser of the Bricks, and receiving for answer "No, they were to be appropriated to other purposes than accommodating the King's Troops." Was it because he disarmed the Troops to please them that the Select think it incumbent on them, to oppose him in every thing? But his . . . deserves it. Is it not astonishing that the daily instances of the opposition of the People shou'd tend to make him more earnestly attentive to them? Not long since a Corporal of the King's Own Regt. was confined by the express Orders of the Genl. for having ill treated an Inhabitant. A Court of Enquiry was order'd, composed of Officers of the Regt.; the Declaration of the Inhabitant was taken, and under a pretence that all his Witnesses were not in Town, the Corpl. was remanded back to his confinement; about ten days afterwards a message came from Head Quarters to the Commandg. Officer of the Regt. to inform him if the Corpl. wou'd beg the Inhabitant's pardon he might be released; He refused unless the General positively order'd him, at same time declaring He wou'd rather stand a General Court Martial than make a submission where he knew he w<sup>as</sup> not in the wrong: in a

few days an order came to release him without any condition: he immediately went to his Captain and begged leave to resign his Knott, as in the character of a private Soldier he shou'd be less exposed to Complaints; observing that the whole foundation of the complaint against him was from his protecting a Sentry from the Insults of a Servt. of a Townsman, who wou'd, had his complaint been well founded, have had him more severely punished; his manner of being released is a sufficient proof not only of the disposition of the people, but of the readiness of *Mr. T—y* to give up a Military, whether right or wrong. .

Monday, 21st. Frost not so severe as yesterday. Capn. Cain<sup>1</sup> of the 43d appointed Town Major. The Comr. in Chief issued Orders for the several Regts. to exercise every fine day, and to fire with Ball in all directions, &c., &c. It's obvious to the most inattentive Observer that the American Winters must be *particularly favorable* to parade Duties. From Tuesday to Friday 25th nothing worth remarking, except the 24th order'd that in case of fire the Regts. to parade in their own Barracks, and then wait for the Genls. Orders. Went this eveng. to the Concert, and heard the most miserable of all female Singers; however, she has the poor consolation to reflect that she was once young and pretty, and a tolerable performer on the Edinburgh Stage 12 or 13 years ago. . . .

Monday, 28th. Reported that *Ld. Percy* is to take the command of the Grenadiers and light Infantry, and make an excursion up the Country.

Tuesday, 29th. This day heard by a Ship arrived at Salem from England that she sailed two days after the Scarborough, who remained but 36 hours in England after the delivery of the letters she took home from Genl. Gage, when she was again dispatch'd with Answers. She is hourly expected. This day the Army order'd to be Brigaded as follows:—

Major-General Haldiman, Commandr. in Chief.

<sup>1</sup> It was by his fatal letter to this Cane, or Kane, that Dr. Benjamin Church's treachery was discover'd

and proof obtained of his being in the pay of the British government. — E.

First Brigade under Ld. Percy: the King's Own, Royal Welsh Fusileers, and 47th Regts. Brigade Major, Moncrieffe.

Second Brigade, Brigadier Pigott. The 5th, 38th, and 52d Regts. Brigade Major, Small.

Third Brigade, Brigr. Jones. The 10th, 43d, 59th, and detached Comps. from the 18th and 65th, two of the latter and three of the former. Brigade Major, Hutchinson.

Col. Jones appointed Brigadier this day, and Cn. Hutchinson of the R. A.<sup>1</sup> his Brigade Major. . . .

Decr. Thursy. 1st. John McDonald, Soldier the light Infantry of the King's Own, was found dead this morning; he mounted Guard at the Lines yesterday, and last night about 10 o'clock was seen exceedingly drunk, but not being confined wander'd into the rear of the Works, where he was found early this morning dead. He was some distance below High Water Mark, and the tide had washed over him; but as his forehead was much bruised, it is supposed that a fall among the stones on the Beach had seconded the Yank rum in his death. . . .

Monday, 5th. The Asia arrived this morning, with Major Pitcairne on board and part of a reinforcement of 460 Marines, exclusive of the Complement of the Ship.

Wed. 7th. A Field Day on the Common, the 4th, 5th, 23d, 38th, 47th, and 52d Regts. all out, but not at the same time. The Provincial Congress removed from Cambridge to [Watertown] being disturbed in their last situation by the saluting of the Men of War. . . .

Friday, 16th. The Regt. march'd into the Country to give the Men a little exercise; this has been practised several days past by the Corps off duty; as they march with Knapsacks and Colours the People of the Country were allarm'd the first day; think those troops were sent out to seize some of the disaffected Peo-

ple; finding that is not the case they are since grown very insolent. . . .

Sat. 17th. Desertions are still too frequent among us, tho' not as bad as it has been; last night a Soldier of the 10th deserted from his post at the Blockhouse,<sup>2</sup> where he was sentry; and this evening one of the 10th was taken as he was endeavouring to make his escape by the water side, but the night was too light and the sentry too vigilant for him. Sup'd this evening with Barron<sup>3</sup> at the Neck, and skated by moonlight.

Sunday, 18th. Very fine day; still frost. The 43d Regt. have been pumping out the Water in their Reservoirs, which smells so excessively strong that many of the Men drop down in fits while they are pumping. We have the use of a Church for our Men, but are obliged to go at  $\frac{1}{2}$  after eight in the morn. that we may not interfere with the Inhabitants. We this day heard from Portsmouth in New Hampshire that the Rebels had risen there and taken a Fort which was defended by a Capn. and 4 or 5 Men; they took away a great many Guns and 97 barrels of Powder, with 1500 Stand of small Arms, all which they have convey'd up the Country.

Monday, 19th. Frost broke up, rained most of the day. The Somerset came into the Harbour, all well, as likewise the Swan, Sloop of War, Cn. Ayseough from New York; the Yankys exceedingly disappointed at seeing the Somerset, as they were in hopes she was lost. The Harbour now cuts a formidable figure, having four Sail of the Line, besides Frigates and Sloops and a great number of Transports. Upon the News yesterday from Portsmouth, a Schooner was immediately dispatched there, and to day the Scarborough sail'd for there too. We shall see now whether the Genl. will do anything or not.

Tuesday, 20th. Last night the weather clear'd up and turn'd to a hard frost, so that this morning the streets were cover'd with ice. I to day mounted

<sup>1</sup> The Royal American or 60th Regiment. — E.

<sup>2</sup> The Blockhouse was at the fortifications on the Neck, "near the Marsh to the left of the Dyke" — E.

<sup>3</sup> Edward Barron, a lieutenant in one of the flank companies of the King's Own. He was afterwards wounded at Bunker Hill. — E.



Guard at the Lines, which I found much improved since I was there last.

Wed. 21st. Last night still harder frost; the Sea was froze for a considerable way; the Cold more intense than it has yet been. To day was order'd an Officer, 1 Sergt., 1 Corpl., 1 Drumm., and 18 Private to get ready immediately to embark for Rhode Island; Lt. Knight of ours<sup>1</sup> for that duty; they were all got ready when the Adj't. went to the Adj't. General to know where they were to parade, who told him they need not be in a hurry, for that they might not sail this day or two; . . . it wou'd not be amiss if some People wou'd write their Orders so that they might be understood.

Thurs. 22d. Snow all day. The Detachment not yet sailed; we hear it is to go to Rhode Island to bring away a quantity of Powder from a Vessel which has been drove in there, and which they are afraid to trust without a Guard.

Friday, 23d. Sleet and a little snow all day; one of our Men deserted; heard of some robberies committed in the Country, most probably by some of the Deserters, who will do more harm than good, as nothing but Rascals go off; serve the Yankys right for enticing them away.

Sat. 24th. Bad day; constant snow till evening, when it turned out rain and sleet. A Soldier of the 10th shot for desertion; the only thing done in remembrance of Christ-Mass day. It is said Genl. G—e never pardons Deserters; at same time I don't think his manner of executing 'em sufficient examples, as he has only the Piquets of the Army out, instead of the whole, which wou'd strike a greater terror into the men. Punishments were never meant only to affect Criminals, but also as Examples to the rest of Mankind. The Common Guard has now got proper Orders; hitherto they've had none; the Block-house is still in the same situation; it is something extraordinary having Guards without giving them any Orders.

. . . The night before last two Men deserted, one from the King's Own, the other from the 43d.

Sunday, 25th. Snow all day; at night rain, sleet, and frost; dangerous walking. Govr. Wentworth, of Portsmouth, and all the Council have been order'd to quit that Province; I hear he is arrived here; the People of that Province seem to be worse than any other; and one wou'd imagine they had not so much business with it either; it is to be hoped they will get a greater share of punishment. There is a talk of a Spanish War, but I believe without foundation.

Monday, 26th. Snow'd hard in morn.; at night, frost. Order'd a Guard of 1 Sergt. and 12 Men to protect the new Guard House at the North End where there is to be a Cap'n's. Guard. . . . The Marines not yet landed, owing to the Adml., who wants to keep them on board that He may have the advantage of victualling them; but He won't carry his point as he'll be obliged to land them; a mean, dirty, principle! . . .

Wed. 28th. A great fall of snow, hard wind, drifts of snow very disagreeable. This even'g a Soldier of the 10th was drown'd: he had jump'd off a Wharf (where he was Centry) to save a Boy who had fallen over; he succeeded in his humane attempt, for which he paid with his life. . . .

Thurs. 29th. Nothing extray to day but a Quarter Master and all the Pioneers order'd to clear the Grand Parade and the road to the Magazine,<sup>2</sup> from thence to the Officer's Guard on the Common; that Officer has now the charge of the Magazine; for a long time He had no orders whatever; they have at last given him proper ones; there is still an Officer's Guard at the Block house without any orders, a very unusual thing, I fancy! . . .

Fri. 30th. To Days Orders. . . . The Alarm Guns will be posted at the Artillery Barracks, at the Common, and at the Lines. The Alarm given at either of those places is to be repeated at all

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Knight of the King's Own. He was afterwards killed during the retreat from Concord on the 19th of April. — E.

<sup>2</sup> The Magazine stood near the foot of what is now Pluckney Street. — E.

the rest by firing three rounds at each. On the Alarm being given the 52d Regt. is immediately to reinforce the Lines, leaving a Captain and 50 Men at the Neck. The 5th Regt. will draw up between the Neck Guard and Liberty tree.<sup>1</sup> The King's Own will reinforce the Magazine Guard with a Capt'n. and 50; and with the remainder draw up under Barton's point.<sup>2</sup> The 43d Regt. will join the Marines and together defend the passage between Barton's Point and Charlestown ferry. The 47th Regt. will draw up in Hanover Street, securing both the Bridges over the Mill Creek.<sup>3</sup> The 59th will draw up in front of the Court House. The Companies of 18th joined by those of the 65th together with the 10th, 23d, and 38th Regts. will draw up in the Street from the General's house<sup>4</sup> to Liberty Tree. Major Martin's Compy. of the Royal Artillery will move with expedition to the Lines, reinforcing the Neck Guard with 1 Commission'd Officer, 2 Non-commission'd, and 12 Men; the remainder of the Royal Regt. of Artillery will get their Guns in readiness and wait for Orders. If an Alarm happens in the night the Troops will march to their Posts without loading, and on no account to load their firelocks. It is forbid under the most severe penalty to fire in the night, even if the Troops shou'd be fired upon; but they will oppose and put to rout any *Body* (that shall dare to attack them) with their Bayonets; and the greatest care will be taken that the Counter-Sign is well known by all the Corps; and small Parties advanced, that in case of meeting they may know their friends and not attack each other

in the night through mistake. . . . The Officers commandg. Regts. will *reconnoitre* the Streets leading from their Quarters to their respective Alarm Posts, and fire on those they intend passing through, each taking a different rout. . . . These are Orders which one wou'd imagine shou'd have been given immediately upon the Troops coming into Winter Quarters. It's probable we shou'd not have had 'em now but for the frost, which seems to threaten joining the Continent to the Town by the Ice, which is already very considerable. . . . In consequence of the above Orders regimental ones were issued for Patroles to visit the Alarm Posts frequently in the night. . . .

1775, Jany. 1st. Nothing remarkable but the drunkenness among the Soldiers, which is now got to a very great pitch; owing to the cheapness of the liquor, a Man may get drunk for a Copper or two. Still a hard frost.

3d. The Regt. march'd about 5 miles into the Country; the Snow in some parts was very deep, but was froze so that it wou'd all bear; Nothing now but Slays are used; it seems to be an expeditious way of travelling, but I think must be very cold, as it cannot be any exercise. . . .

8th. Genl. Orders. If any Officers of the different Regts. are *capable* of taking sketches of a Country, they will send their Names to the Dep. Adj. Genl. . . . that is an extraordinary method of wording the Order; it might at least have been in a more genteel way; at present it looks as if he doubted whether there were any such.<sup>5</sup> . . .

erly corner of Winter and Tremont (then Common) streets, an antique wooden house (belonging to Inspector Williams) in the midst of a delightful garden extending down Winter Street, and in rear to what is now Hamilton Place." "Brigadier Pigott improves a house just above Liberty Tree." Major-General Frederick Haldiman lived in the Elliot house on the corner of Tremont and Beacon streets, opposite the King's Chapel. Admiral Graves lived on the southeast corner of Pearl and High streets, where he could have easy access to his ships. The Court House mentioned above stood in Court, then Queen Street, on or near the site of the present Court House. — E.

<sup>1</sup> The Liberty Tree stood at what is now the corner of Washington and Essex streets, then an open space called Hanover Square, or Elm Neighborhood. — E.

<sup>2</sup> Barton's Point was the point of land from which the bridge to East Cambridge now crosses the Charles River. — E.

<sup>3</sup> The Mill Creek, which ran just east of the present Canal Street, through Blackstone and along North streets, into the old Town Dock, was crossed by two bridges, one on Hanover and one at North Street. — E.

<sup>4</sup> The Province House, which stood a little back from Washington, then Marlborough Street, about opposite the Old South Church. The residences of some of the other principal officers were as follows: Hugh Earl Percy occupied "the estate at the north-

<sup>5</sup> The result of this general order was the selection of two officers, one of whom, Ensign De Berniere of the 10th, gives the following account of

12th. The Frost is broke up and to day it rains and thaws. Gaming having got to a very great length among many of the Officers, the Genl. lately expressed his disapprobation of a Club they have instituted for that purpose; but finding that of no effect, he has set on foot a Subscription for a Card Assembly, which will be very reasonable, as there are rules that no Person is to play for above a certain Sum; a number of People have subscribed; they call it the Anti-Gambling-Club. I fancy the Genl. is trying to shame the other Club, but I don't believe he will succeed, as it's very rare seeing a Person alter who is once enter'd into that way, unless it is by being incapable of continuing it, which I dare say will be the case of many of them before the Winter is over. On the 9th Inst. Govr. Wentworth issued a Proclamation couched in the most spirited terms, accusing those people who had forcibly enter'd the Castle of William and Mary at Portsmouth and taken from thence Barrels of powder, Cannon, and small Arms, of treason and rebellion; and exhorting all his Majesty's loyal Subjects in that Province to exert themselves in the detection of those high Offenders, and to use every means of bringing them to a punishment equal to their Crimes. Yesterday even. was a Ball by subscription; seven of each Corps was the number fix'd, and the Ladies were invited by the managers; this scheme was proposed by Mrs. G——e,<sup>1</sup> and carried into execution by her favorites; by which she enjoyed a dance and an opportunity of seeing her friends at no expense.

13th. Hard frost last night; to day I walked out to Jamaica Pond, five miles from town; it is a large piece of water, about three miles round; it is entirely froze over, and as fine ice as ever was seen.

its object: "The latter end of February, 1775, Capt. Brown and myself received orders to go through the Counties of Suffolk and Worcester and sketch the roads as we went for the information of Genl. Gage, as he expected to have occasion to march troops through that country the ensuing Spring. We set out from Boston on Thursday, disguised as countrymen, in brown cloaths and red-dish handkerchiefs round our necks." . . . "March 20th, rec'd further orders from Genl. Gage to set

14th. Cards sent from the Loyal Society of the Blue and Orange to Genls. Gage and Haldiman, Brigadiers Earl Percy, Pigott, and Jones, and to the Adml., inviting them to dine with the Society on the Queen's Birthday. Order'd this day that for the future the Troops are to receive 4 days salt provision and 3 days fresh, all except the Marines and Regimental Hospitals. We have been fortunate in having only fresh for so long a time; the Troops in America used always to have salt before this time. . . .

18th. Being the Anniversary of the Queen's birthday, it was celebrated by firing a Royal Salute from the Artillery in Town at 12 o'clock, at which time the Picquets of the Army were march'd to King street and fired three volleys; the Ships of War also fired at 1 o'clock. The Loyal and Friendly Society of the Blue and Orange met and dined at the British Coffee House,<sup>2</sup> some days previous to which they had a meeting to admit new Members and to appoint Stewards; many of the Loyal and Publick Toasts were accompanied by the discharge of a Volley from 23 Grenadiers of the King's Own, agreeable to the custom of the Society; there were sixty eight members present. I was prevented being among them, by being on Guard.

20th. Late Lieut. Furlow of the Welch Fuziliers was buried to day; he had been long ill of a consumption. The Battalion of Marines under the command of Major Pitcairne order'd to do duty with the first Brigade 'till further Orders; though they have been some time ashore, yet they have hitherto done no duty, on account of their Watchcoats and Leggings not being made up.

21st. Last night there was a Riot in King street in consequence of an Officer having been insulted by the Watchmen,

out for Concord and examine the road and situation of the town, and also to get what information we could relative to quantity of artillery and provisions." (De Berniere's Narrative.) It was under the guidance of this De Berniere that the British went to Lexington and Concord on the 19th of April. — E.

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. General Gage. — E.

<sup>2</sup> The British Coffee House was on King, now State Street. — E.

which has frequently happen'd, as those people suppose from their employment that they may do it with impunity; the contrary, however, they experienc'd last night: a number of Officers as well as Townsmen were assembled, and in consequence of the Watch having brandished their hooks and other Weapons, several Officers drew their Swords and wounds were given on both sides, some Officers slightly; one of the Watch lost a Nose, another a Thumb, besides many others by the points of Swords, but less conspicuous than those above mention'd. A Court of Enquiry is order'd to set next Monday, consisting of five field Officers, to enquire into the circumstances of the Riot.<sup>1</sup>

23d. This day, at 3 o'clock P. M., a Detachment of 1 B., 3 S., 4 S., 4 C., 2 D., 100 P., embark'd on board two Vessels, to go to a Place called Marsh-field about 30 miles from hence; it is in consequence of about 200 People there having declar'd themselves for Government, for which the People of Plymouth have threat'n'd to attack them and force them to their measures, as they sent to the Commr. in Chief to request He wou'd send them some Troops for their protection, and Arms and Ammunition for themselves, both which He has done. Capn. Balfour of the 4th<sup>2</sup> has this Command; we shall now perhaps see whether the Scoundrels will dare put their threats in execution, but I dare say not; they will still be the same as they have hitherto been. Mr. Thomas who lives there has order'd his House to be fitted up for Barracks: it will hold them all, I make no doubt, but they will have a very pleasant time of it, as there are two or three Gentlemen who will be as civil to 'em as they can; indeed it will be for their own sakes, a motive that will carry a Man further than anything I know.

<sup>1</sup> The American account of this affair is naturally from a different point of view: "Last evening a number of drunken Officers attacked the townhouse watch, between eleven and twelve o'clock, when the assistance of the New Boston watch was call'd, and a general battle ensued; some wounded on both sides. A party from the main guard was brought up with their Captain, together with another party from the Governor's. Had it not been for the prudence of two officers that were sober, the Captain of

24th. This day the Court of Enquiry sat and took the evidence of some Officers concerned in the riot last Friday; it is supposed it will be a tedious affair, and will not be finished some time; the same day the Watchmen were examined before the Select Men. . . .

25th. Several of the riotous Officers bound over to appear at the April Assizes, when I suppose the affair will drop, as they can't have any Jury but according to the new Acts which they are hitherto so much averse to. . . .

27th. This evening is to be given a Ball by the Superior and Members of the Loyal and Friendly Society of the Blue and Orange; to which the Generals, the Adml., Mrs. Gage, and Mrs. Graves are invited, with all the Ladies of the Army and a great number of Gentlemen and Ladies of the Town. . . .

31st. Yesterday a Ship arrived at Marblehead which brought the King's Speech; the Whigs look very black upon it, but pretend to say it is the very thing they wished. . . .

Feby. 1st. Lieut. H—ks—w<sup>3</sup> of the 5th put under Arrest for having been concerned in a Riot yesterday evening, in which an Inhabitant was much wounded by him; it is supposed He will be brought to a Court Martial.

8th. This day the Dece. Packet arrived; the Genl. got his letters last Monday by express; we don't yet hear that there is anything determined; I had two letters, but no news in either. . . . A few days ago the Congress at Cambridge had the assurance to vote Adml. Greaves a Traitor to his country and voted also to petition the King that He wou'd relieve him from this Station and dismiss him the service; all this was in consequence of his having pressed several Men for something or other the Committee had done to him; the Adml. wants to burn

the Main Guard would have acted a second Tragedy to the 5th March, as he was much disguis'd with Liquor and would have order'd the guard to fire on the watch had he not been restrain'd. His name is Gore, being a Captain in the 5th or Earl Pelreys regiment. He was degraded not long since for some misdemeanour." (Letters of John Andrews.)—E.

<sup>2</sup> Nesbitt Balfour, afterwards wounded at Bunker Hill.—E.

<sup>3</sup> Thomas Hawshaw.—E.

their Town, and it is with difficulty the Genl. can prevent him; they certainly deserve it for their insolence. Lt. H——w who was lately in arrest is released, and nothing more heard of the matter. . . .

16th. Three days ago we had a fall of snow, but not a great deal, since which as well as before we have had the finest weather ever was known in this Country for the time of year; it has indeed been too mild and open, as it has made the Town very sickly.

March 6th. This day<sup>1</sup> an Oration was delivered by Dr. Warren, a notorious Whig, at the great South Meeting opposite the Governor's house; it was in commemoration of what they term the Massacre on the 5th of March, 1770. It was known for some days that this was to be deliver'd; accordingly a great number of Officers assembled at it, when after he had finished a most seditious, inflammatory harangue, John Hancock stood up and made a short speech in the same strain, at the end of which some of the Officers cried out, *fie! fie!*<sup>2</sup> which being mistaken for the cry of fire an alarm immediately ensued, which fill'd the people with such consternation that they were getting out as fast as they cou'd by the doors and windows. It was imagined that there wou'd have been a riot, which if there had wou'd in all probability have proved fatal to Hancock, Adams, Warren, and the rest of those Villains, as they were all up in the Pulpit together, and the meeting was crowded with Officers and Seamen in such a manner that they cou'd not have escaped; however it luckily did not turn out so; it wou'd indeed have been a pity for them to have made their exit in that way, as I hope we shall have the pleasure before long of seeing them do it by the hands of the Hangman. The General hearing there was to be a procession at night upon the same occasion sent for the Select-Men, and told them that they

had better not have any such thing, as most likely it wou'd produce a disturbance, from which if any bad consequences ensued He wou'd make them answerable; this put a stop to it and they did not put it in execution; the General in case they shou'd had order'd all the Regts. to be in readiness to turn out at a moment's warning, and strengthened some of the Guards. . . .

20th. A General Court Martial was order'd to be held to try Ensn. Murray of the 43d. Regt. in consequence of an affair between him and Ensn. Butler of the King's Own, who accuses the former of ungentlemanlike behaviour: they had been out to fight but were prevented and put under arrest; it seems to be a confused affair and I believe both sides in the wrong; it is suspected Mr. B——r will gain as little credit by it as the other.

23d. Three Officers of the 5th put in arrest for a Riot, viz. Cn. G——e, Messrs. Raym—d and Belleg—re;<sup>3</sup> the same evening another duel stop'd between the Lt. Col. of that Regt. and Ensn. Patrick of the same; some words passing between them, the Lt. Cl. struck Mr. P——k in the face, upon which they both immediately drew their Swords; but the other Officers interfering it was put a stop to till the Rolls were call'd, when they both went to the Common, where they agreed to fight with Pistols, which Mr. Patrick went for, and upon his return was met by an Officer of the Regt. who by some means took the Pistols and fired 'em in the air, which alarmed the Guard, which turned out and took him Prisoner and carried him to Lord Percy, who put him in arrest, then went to Col. Wallcott and put him in arrest likewise; there the affair rests.

March 30th. The 1st Brigade marched into the Country at 6 o'clock in the morning; it alarmed the people a good deal. Expresses were sent to every town near: at Watertown about 9 miles off, they got 2 pieces of Cannon to the Bridge and

<sup>1</sup> The 5th came on Sunday in this year. — E.

<sup>2</sup> "Captain Chapman [Benjamin Chapman of the 18th or Royal Irish] held up to his view a number of pistol bullets, at the same time exclaiming, '*Fie! fie!*' This was construed to be a cry of fire, and threw the house into confusion until quieted

by William Cooper, while Warren dropped a handkerchief over the officer's hand." (Drake's Old Landmarks of Boston.) — E.

<sup>3</sup> Captain John Gore, and Ensigns James Raymond and John Balaguire, the latter of whom was afterwards wounded at Bunker Hill. — E.

loaded 'em, but nobody wou'd stay to fire them; at Cambridge they were so alarmed that they pulled up the Bridge. However they were quit for their fears, for after marching about the Country for five hours we returned peaceably home. A General Court Martial has been sitting some days to try Lt. Cl. Walcott and Ensn. Patrick of the 5th; it's thought it will be a tedious one. The Works at the Lines are enclosing in the rear with Pickets; the Gorges of the Bastions are shut up; the G—I wou'd employ but 20 Men, and as a 'further saving made the Guard work for nothing, which was a hardship on them as they worked in their good things; it was represented to him, and there is now a Sub. and 20.

April 1st. Lieut. Jackson of the 5th died of a fever; same day Capt. Hamilton<sup>1</sup> of the 18th or Royal Irish fell from his horse and was near killed; he now lies in a dangerous way.

3d. Yesterday the Court Martial upon Ensn. Murray finished. He is honorably acquitted. . . .

6th. By way of Burlesque several Officers have formed a congress, that they call the *Grand Congress of Controul*; 3 Officers from each Regt. and 1 from the Navy have been chose for it.

12th. The Officers order'd to provide themselves with Baggage saddles, at least 3 pr. compy., 1 for the Capt., 1 for the Companies Tents, &c., and 1 for the two Subs.

14th. To days orders say, "As the Contractors *decline* giving fresh Meat for the present, the Troops will receive salt provisions 'till further Orders." This is because Meat happens now to be a trifle dearer than usual; so these Contractors are to have all the advantages but none of the disadvantages!

15th. Genl. Orders. "The Grenadiers and Light Infantry in order to

learn Grenadr. Exercise and new evolutions are to be off all duties 'till further orders." This I suppose is by way of a blind. I dare say they have something for them to do.<sup>2</sup> . . .

19th. Last night between 10 and 11 o'clock all the Grenadiers and Light Infantry of the Army, making about 600 Men, (under the command of Lt. Coll. Smith of the 10th and Major Pitcairn of the Marines,) embarked and were landed upon the opposite shore on Cambridge Marsh; few but the Commandg. Officers knew what expedition we were going upon. After getting over the Marsh, where we were wet up to the knees, we were halted in a dirty road and stood there 'till two o'clock in the morning, waiting for provisions to be brought from the boats and to be divided, and which most of the Men threw away, having carried some with 'em. At 2 o'clock we began our March by wading through a very long ford up to our Middles: after going a few miles we took 3 or 4 People who were going off to give intelligence; about 5 miles on this side of a Town called Lexington, which lay in our road, we heard there were some hundreds of People collected together intending to oppose us and stop our going on; at 5 o'clock we arrived there and saw a number of People, I believe between 2 and 300, formed in a Common in the middle of the Town; we still continued advancing, keeping prepared against an attack tho' without intending to attack them; but on our coming near them they fired one or two shots, upon which our Men without any orders rushed in upon them, fired and put 'em to flight; several of them were killed, we cou'd not tell how many, because they were got behind Walls and into the Woods; We had a Man of the 10th light Infantry wounded, nobody else hurt. We then formed on

ite with Scott; that he had fought gallantly and been wounded severely in the American war, and that when upon his death-bed in 1831 he gave to Sir Walter the sword which he had worn at Bunker Hill. —E.

<sup>2</sup> He was right. This was in preparation for the expedition to Concord a few days later, and it was this order which first caused the inhabitants of Boston to suspect that some secret plan was on foot. —E.

<sup>1</sup> Captain Robert Hamilton. John Andrews in his Letters gives an account of his vain endeavors to get Hamilton to pay his debts. This was probably Sir Walter Scott's friend, of whom he writes in his diary on August 6, 1814, "A laugh with Hamilton, whose gout keeps him stationary at Lerwick, but whose good-humor defies gout and every other provocation, concludes the ev'g." Lockhart adds a note explaining that it was Robert Hamilton, afterwards Sheriff of Lanarkshire, a particular favor-



the Common, but with some difficulty, the Men were so wild they cou'd hear no orders; we waited a considerable time there, and at length proceeded on our way to Concord, which we then learnt was our destination, in order to destroy a Magazine of Stores collected there. We met with no interruption 'till within a mile or two of the Town, where the Country People had occupied a hill which commanded the road; the light Infantry were order'd away to the right and ascended the height in one line, upon which the Yankies quitted it without firing, which they did likewise for one or two more successively. They then crossed the River beyond the Town, and we march'd into the Town after taking possession of a Hill with a Liberty Pole on it and a flag flying, which was cut down; the Yankies had that Hill but left it to us; we expected they wou'd have made a stand there, but they did not chuse it. While the Grenadiers remained in the Town, destroying 3 pieces of Cannon, several Gun Carriages, and about 100 barrels of flour, with Harness and other things, the Light Companies were detached beyond the River to examine some Houses for more stores; 1 of these Compys. was left at the Bridge, another on a Hill some distance from it, and another on a hill  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a mile from that; 1 the other 3 went forward 2 or 3 miles to seek for some Cannon which had been there but had been taken away that morning.<sup>2</sup> During this time the People were gathering together in great numbers, and, taking advantage of our scatter'd disposition, seemed as if they were going to cut off the communication with the Bridge, upon which the two Companies joined and went to the Bridge to support that Company. The three Compys. drew up in the road the far side the Bridge and the Rebels on the Hill above, cover'd by a Wall; in that situation they remained a long time, very

near an hour, the three Companies expecting to be attacked by the Rebels, who were about 1000 strong. Captn. Lawrie,<sup>3</sup> who commanded these three Companies, sent to Coll. Smith begging he would send more Troops to his Assistance and informing him of his situation; the Coll. order'd 2 or 3 Compys. but put himself at their head, by which means stopt 'em from being time enough, for being a very fat heavy Man he wou'd not have reached the Bridge in half an hour, tho' it was not half a mile to it; in the mean time the Rebels marched into the Road and were coming down upon us, when Capn. L—e made his Men retire to this side the Bridge (which by the bye he ought to have done at first, and then he wou'd have had time to make a good disposition, but at this time he had not, for the Rebels were got so near him that his people were obliged to form the best way they cou'd); as soon as they were over the Bridge the three companies got one behind the other so that only the front one cou'd fire; the Rebels when they got near the Bridge halted and fronted, filling the road from the top to the bottom. The fire soon began from a dropping shot on our side, when they and the front Compy. fired almost at the same instant, there being nobody to support the front Compy. The others not firing the whole were forced to quit the Bridge and return toward Concord; some of the Grenadiers met 'em in the road and then advanced to meet the Rebels, who had got this side the Bridge and on a good height, but seeing the manoeuvre they thought proper to retire again over the Bridge; the whole then went into Concord, drew up in the Town, and waited for the 3 Companies that were gone on, which arrived in about an hour; 4 Officers of 8 who were at the Bridge were wounded; 4 3 Men killed; 1 Sergt. and several Men wounded; after getting as good conveniences

<sup>1</sup> The company left at the bridge was the light company of the 43d under the command of Lieutenant Gould of the King's Own. The other two posted on the hills near by were the light companies of the 10th regiment and of the King's Own (with which was, no doubt, the writer of this diary). — E.

<sup>2</sup> These three light companies, under the command

of Captain Lawrence Parsons of the 10th, went to Colonel Barrett's guided by Ensign De Berniere. — E.

<sup>3</sup> Walter Sloane Lawrie, of the 43d. — E.

<sup>4</sup> These were Lieutenants William Sutherland of the 38th, Waldron Kelly of the 10th (wounded again at Bunker Hill), Edward Gould of the King's Own, and Edward Hull of the 43d. — E.



for the wounded as we cou'd, and having done the business we were sent upon. We set out upon our return; before the whole had quitted the Town we were fired on from Houses and behind Trees, and before we had gone  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile we were fired on from all sides, but mostly from the Rear, where People had hid themselves in houses till we had passed, and then fired; the Country was an amazing strong one, full of Hills, Woods, stone Walls, &c., which the Rebels did not fail to take advantage of, for they were all lined with People who kept an incessant fire upon us, as we did too upon them, but not with the same advantage, for they were so concealed there was hardly any seeing them: in this way we marched between 9 and 10 miles, their numbers increasing from all parts, while ours was reducing by deaths, wounds, and fatigue; and we were totally surrounded with such an incessant fire as it's impossible to conceive; our ammunition was likewise near expended. In this critical situation we perceived the 1st Brigade<sup>1</sup> coming to our assistance: it consisted of the 4th, 23d, and 47th Regts., and the Battalion of Marines, with two field pieces, 6 pounders; we had been flatter'd ever since the morning with expectations of the Brigade coming out, but at this time had given up all hopes of it, as it was so late. I since heard it was owing to a mistake of the orders, or the Brigade wou'd have been with us 2 hours sooner. As soon as the Rebels saw this reinforcement, and tasted the field pieces, they retired, and we formed on a rising ground and rested ourselves a little while, which was extremely necessary for our Men, who were almost exhausted with fatigue; in about  $\frac{1}{2}$  an hour we marched again, and some of the Brigade taking the flanking parties we marched pretty quiet for about 2 miles; they then began to pepper us again from the same sort of places, but at rather a greater distance. We were now obliged to force almost every house in the road, for the Rebels had taken possession of them and

galled us exceedingly; but they suffered for their temerity, for all that were found in the houses were put to death. When we got to Menotomy<sup>2</sup> there was a very heavy fire; after that we took the short cut into the Charles Town road, very luckily for us too, for the Rebels thinking we should endeavour to return by Cambridge had broken down the Bridge and had a great number of Men to line the road and to receive us there; however we threw them and went on to Charles Town without any great interruption. We got there between 7 and 8 o'clock at night, took possession of the hill above the Town, and waited for the Boats to carry us over, which came some time after; the Rebels did not chuse to follow us to the Hill, as they must have fought us on open ground and that they did not like. The Piquets of the Army were sent over to Charles Town and 200 of the 64th to keep that ground; they threw up a work to secure themselves, and we embarked and got home very late in the night. . . . Thus ended this Expedition, which from beginning to end was as ill plan'd and ill executed as it was possible to be; had we not idled away three hours on Cambridge Marsh waiting for provisions that were not wanted, we shou'd have had no interruption at Lexington, but by our stay the Country People had got intelligence and time to assemble. We shou'd have reached Concord soon after day break, before they cou'd have heard of us, by which we shou'd have destroyed more Cannon and Stores, which they had had time enough to convey away before our arrival; we might also have got easier back and not been so much harrassed, as they would not have had time to assemble so many People; even the People of Salem and Marblehead, above 20 miles off, had intelligence and time enough to march and meet us on our return; they met us somewhere about Menotomy, but they lost a good many for their pains. . . . Thus for a few trifling Stores the Grenrs. and Lt. Infantry had a march of about 50 Miles (going and returning)

<sup>1</sup> Under Lord Percy, who as senior officer now assumed the command. — E.

<sup>2</sup> West Cambridge, since Arlington. — E.

through an Enemy's Country, and in all human probability must every Man have been cut off if the Brigade had not fortunately come to their Assistance; for when the Brigade joined us there were very few Men had any ammunition left, and so fatigued that we cou'd not keep flanking parties out, so that we must soon have laid down our Arms, or been picked off by the Rebels at their pleasure.

24th. The Rebels the day after the Action took possession of Roxbury and still continue there, keeping the Town block'd up; their numbers there and at Cambridge are it is said 10 or 12000; there has been no communication with the Country since, the General not allowing any body to come in or go out; the Men of War have taken all the boats

and the Lines are shut up; they are kept constantly in readiness for an attack which the Rebels threaten, but I dare say will not put in execution; they are now in such a good state of defence that it wou'd be no easy matter to force them. There is an *Abbatis* in front of the left Bastion, and across the road is a treple row of *chevaux de frise*. . . . A Battery was yesterday began on the Hill above Charles Town Ferry, in order to defend the Somersset Man of War, who lays in the Channel, from any Battery which might be raised against her on a Hill on the Charles Town side where she cou'd not bring her guns to bear. Another Battery is erecting for four guns close under the Blockhouse, to command the Marsh to the left of the Dyke. . . .

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### THE RACES OF THE DANUBE.

IN the famous Eastern Question, which now for half a century has alternately threatened and disturbed the peace of Europe, may be noted two aspects of a process which, under great variety of conditions, has been going on over European territory ever since the dawn of authentic history. The formation of a nationality—that is, of a community of men sufficiently connected in interests and disciplined in social habits to live together peacefully under laws of their own making—has been the leading aspect of this process, in which the work of civilization has hitherto largely consisted. But along with this, as a correlative aspect, has gone the pressure exerted against the community by an external mass of undisciplined barbarism, ever on the alert to break over the fluctuating barrier that has warded it off from the growing civilization, ever threatening to undo the costly work which this has accomplished. Though the enemy has at times appeared

in the shape of unmitigated tribal barbarism, as in the invasion of Huns in the fifth century and of Mongols in the thirteenth, and at other times in the shape of an inferior type of civilization, as exemplified by the Arabs and Turks, the principle involved has always been the same. In every case the stake has been the continuance of the higher civilization, though the amount of risk has greatly varied, and in recent centuries has come to be very slight. At the present day the military strength of mankind is almost entirely monopolized by the higher civilization, and it is no longer in danger of being overwhelmed by external violence. But when the Greeks confronted a social organization of inferior type at Marathon and at Salamis, the danger was considerable; and in prehistoric times it may well have happened more than once that some germ of a progressive polity has been swept away in a torrent of conquering barba-

alism. Until the rise of the Roman power the chief military business of the cultivated community had been to drive off the barbarian, to slaughter him, or reduce him to slavery; but the more profound policy of Rome transformed him, whenever it was possible, into a citizen, and enlisted his fighting power on the side of progress. From the conquest of Spain by Scipio to the subjugation of Central Germany by Charles the Great, this is the most conspicuous feature of Roman history. The area of stable nationality in Europe was continually enlarged, and the frontier to be defended against wild tribes was gradually shortened and pushed eastward to the lower Danube. In the time of Marius, the Gaul and the German were enemies who might possibly undo all the good work that had been begun. But the Gaul very quickly became a thorough Roman in his habits and interests, forgetting even his native language; and the German tribes, as they acquired a foothold, one after another, within the limits of the Empire, became so far assimilated that the transformation of the Roman structure effected by them was in no respect, not even in a political sense, an overthrow. In the turbulent period of the fifth century, when the debatable frontier was still at the Rhine and upper Danube, a terrible foe appeared in Attila, with his horde of savage Huns; and it was then mainly by the prowess of Gauls and Germans, in the memorable battle of Châlons, that the security of European civilization was decisively guaranteed. So formidable a danger has perhaps never since menaced Christendom, though Gibbon reckoned the teaching of the Koran in Oxford as one of the consequences that might have ensued had Charles the Hammer been overthrown at Tours by the Arabs. Under the grandson of this doughty hero—Charles the Great—the entire strength of Germany became enlisted in the service of the christianized Empire, and among the results of this were the conversion of the newly-arriving Magyars, Poles, and Bohemians, and the conquest of Prussia by the Teutonic knights. By the thirteenth century the fabric of Eu-

ropean civilization had become so solid that a barbaric power not inferior to Attila's was hardly able to make any impression upon it. Batu, with his fifteen hundred thousand Mongols, gained a victory at Liegnitz in 1241 such as Attila had fought for in vain at Châlons; but it came some centuries too late, for the contest between stable nationality and nomadic barbarism was by this time settled forever. The most the greasy Mongol could accomplish was to check for a few generations the growth of a national life among the Slavic tribes of Russia.

But though Châlons and Tours demonstrated that Christian civilization could hold its own, whether against the barbarian or the infidel, the latter nevertheless twice succeeded in making serious encroachments on Roman territory. The first great wave of Mohammedan invasion not only swept away the provinces south of the Mediterranean, but overwhelmed the greater part of Spain, and cut it away from the Empire for several centuries. The disastrous effect of this long isolation upon the future history of Spain has been often remarked, and if thoroughly treated would make an interesting study. Yet the contributions of the Mohammedan conquerors to the work of human culture, which were by no means insignificant, may perhaps be thought to have afforded some compensation for the harm done. Spain is the only instance of a country once thoroughly infused with Roman civilization which has been actually severed from the Empire; and even here the severance, though of long duration, was but partial and temporary. After a struggle of nearly eight centuries, the higher form of social organization triumphed over the lower and the usurping race was expelled. Contemporaneously with this final rescue of Spanish territory, the second great wave of Mohammedan invasion overflowed the remnants of the Byzantine Empire, and seemed for a while to threaten the security of Europe. In this second invasion, conducted by Turks, there was much more of barbarism than in the older invasion of the Arabs, and after allowing

for all possible mitigating considerations, it seems difficult to regard the conquest of Constantinople and the territory south of the Danube as anything but a great calamity. How much or how little capacity for renovation, under the influence of modern ideas, may have been latent in the Byzantine Empire, we now shall never know. But, far as it had sunk, politically and socially, toward the Asiatic type of a community, its regeneration could hardly have been as hopeless an affair as is that of its Ottoman successor. In such a society as that of the Turks there is, indeed, nothing to regenerate, but the work of civilization in the European sense, if it is to be done at all, must be begun from the beginning. The very germs of constitutionalism, of legality, of government by discussion, are wanting there as they have never been wanting in any European community in the worst of times. This has been the essential vice of all the Mussulman civilizations. Their theocratic type of constitution crushes out all flexibility of mind or individuality of character and quenches all desire of change. For this reason they have invariably failed, in the long run, when brought into competition with the more mobile societies of Europe; and for this reason, in spite of the romantic splendor and the scientific achievements which immortalize the memory of Bagdad and Cordova, we must be glad that they have failed.

There has been neither high romance nor useful performance of any sort to reconcile one to the unrighteous dominion which a tribe of Mussulman Tatars has exercised for four centuries over some of the fairest provinces of Europe. The history of that dominion has been a monotonous display of brute force without any noble ulterior purpose which might redeem its vulgarity. It is the history of a race politically unteachable and intellectually incurious, which has contributed absolutely nothing to the common weal of mankind, while by its position it has been able to check the normal development of a more worthy community.

The provinces which Mohammed II.

wrested from the Empire had at no time been very thoroughly Romanized, and such civilization as they had acquired in antiquity had fared but ill amid the everlasting turmoil to which their frontier position had subjected them. Invading swarms from the northeast, when unable to penetrate farther into Europe, halted here and wrangled for supremacy, and the ceaseless but ineffectual warfare of Avars, Bulgarians, Croats, Serbs, and Magyars makes a dreary and unprofitable history. On a superficial view this whole region seems politically a Bedlam, as it is linguistically a Babel. But — as was hinted at the beginning of this paper — the complication of disorder on the lower Danube is perhaps no greater than has existed, at one time or another, in those parts of Europe that are now most thoroughly civilized. All over Spain, Gaul, and Britain, and even Italy, the conflicts of races have been fierce and their intermixtures extremely intricate. But under the organizing impulse of Rome, directed alike by Empire and Church, the populations of these countries long ago became so far consolidated in general interests and assimilated in manners and speech that in each country the old racial differences are but occasionally traceable in rural customs and *patois*, and even when plainly traceable have little or no political importance. It is a long time since the Iberian, the Gaul, the Roman, the Visigoth, the Burgundian, the Frank, the Walloon, and the Norman disappeared politically in the Frenchman; and the Scot, whose slogan for ages was "Death to the Sassenach!" is to-day the most loyal of Britons. Over three fourths of Western Europe the adoption of Roman speech has obliterated old lines of demarkation until it has even become possible to talk about a "Latin race." In like manner the Prussian of Königsberg, his Lettish mother-tongue forgotten for six generations, makes common cheer with the Suevi of Stuttgart and the Alemanni of Munich. In the border-land of the Danube, on the other hand, whatever chance there might have been for any such assimilation of races and dialects was cut

off by perpetual incursions of Tataric tribes preventing the growth of anything like nationality. Under some circumstances the pressure exerted by a totally alien enemy might serve as a stimulus to national consolidation. But here the various races were too recently brought together, and the pressure of barbaric attack was so great as to keep society disorganized. The races of the Danube are accordingly still so heterogeneous that it is worth while to point out their various affinities and give some brief account of their past career.

In order to get a comprehensive view of the subject, it is desirable to go back to the beginning and recall the principal features of the settlement of Europe by the people who now possess it. According to the most probable opinion, the present population of Europe is the result of the prehistoric mixture, in varying degrees, of two very different races. The first or Iberian race may be regarded as aboriginal in Europe, in the sense that we cannot tell how it got there. It was a black-haired and dark-skinned race, if we may judge from the remnant of it which still preserves its primitive language in the isolated corner of Spain between the Pyrenees and the Bay of Biscay. The second or Aryan race seems to have been fair-haired and blue-eyed, and it overran Europe in successive swarms, coming from the highlands of Central Asia, where divers tribes of Tatars have since taken its place. The Aryans crowded the Iberians westward, and everywhere overcame them (save in the corner of Spain just mentioned), and intermingled with them, forcing upon them their own speech and customs. Thus the language of Europe to-day is Aryan and its legal and social structure is Aryan, but its population is a mixture of Aryan and Iberian. In the extremities of Europe as looked at from Asia—in the three southern peninsulas, in Gaul, and in Western and Northern Britain—the dark aboriginal type predominates; while in Scandinavia, Northern Germany, and Northern Russia, the blonde type of the invaders remains in the ascendant. It is owing to this mix-

ture of strongly contrasted races that the peoples of Europe present such marked varieties of complexion.

So much, at least, is probable, though more or less hypothetical. In following the successive stages of Aryan invasion, we gradually emerge from this twilight of plausible hypothesis into the clearness of authentic history. The Aryans came, as just observed, in successive swarms. The first series of swarms got naturally the most mixed up with the Iberian aborigines, and the result of their gradual settlement was the formation of the Keltic, Italic, and Hellenic peoples. In Spain the aborigines held their own most successfully, and hence the mixture was recent enough to be recognized by Roman historians, who called the Spaniards Kelt-Iberians; but elsewhere it was accomplished so early as to be forgotten before people began to write history. It has been fashionable to sneer at zealous Irish writers for their propensity to find traces of the Kelts everywhere. But there is no doubt whatever that the Kelts were once a very widely diffused people. They have left names for rivers and mountains in almost every part of Europe. The name of the river *Don* in Russia, for example, is one of the common Keltic names for water, and so we find a river *Don* in Yorkshire, a *Dean* in Nottinghamshire, a *Dane* in Cheshire, and a *Dun* in Lincolnshire. The same name appears in the *Rho-dan-us*, or *Rhone*, in Gaul, the *Eri-dan-us*, or *Po*, in Italy, as well as in the *Dn-ieper*, *Dn-iester*, and *Dan-ube*, and even in the *Are-don* in the Caucasus. This is one example out of hundreds by which we trace the former ubiquity of the Kelts, who as late as the Christian era were present in large numbers as far east as Bohemia.

The second series of invading Aryan swarms consisted of Germans, who began by pushing the Kelts westward, and ended by overrunning a great part of their territory and mixing with them to a considerable extent. There is some German blood in Spain, and a good deal in France and Northern Italy; and the modern English, while Keltic at bottom, are probably half Teutonic in blood,

as they are predominantly Teutonic in language and manners. The Vandals, Goths, Alemans, Suevi, Burgundians, Lombards, Franks, Saxons, and Normans, who invaded and reconstructed the Roman Empire between the fifth and eleventh centuries, were all Germans, and there is no reason to suppose that they differed except in their tribal names. From the fifth century onward these Germans encroached upon the territory of the Empire, mainly because they were pushed forward by Aryan Slaves and Tataric Huns who attacked them from the East. Throughout the classic period of antiquity, and until the fifth century after Christ, the Teutonic family appears far to the eastward of its present position. In the time of Herodotus, and down to the age of Constantine, the inhabitants of Thrace—now the centre of European Turkey—were blue-eyed Goths, called *Getæ* by the classic historians. Pretty much the whole of Turkey and Southern Russia were German in those days; and, as Donaldson conjectured, it is every way probable that the people known to the ancients as Skythians were no other than Goths.

Thus, as if to illustrate how completely all Aryan Europe is made up out of the same race-elements, we find that the lower Danube, for at least a thousand years, was German territory; and, except on the very improbable supposition that its old population has been entirely exterminated or transferred westward, we have every reason to believe that there is much German blood there at the present day.

While this region was still in the hands of the Germans, at the beginning of the second century after Christ, the legions of the emperor Trajan passed beyond the Danube, and, conquering the country then known as Dacia, formed a permanent settlement there. In 271 the emperor Aurelian, finding the province difficult to defend, surrendered it to the Goths, in whose hands it remained for a long time a bulwark against the incursions of wild tribes from the northeast. The Latin language was firmly established over this territory, and is spoken

to-day, in a modernized form, by six millions of "Roumans" in Wallachia, Moldavia, and Transylvania. Of this population, the Transylvanian Roumans have long formed part of the kingdom of Hungary; the rest, under the nominal suzerainty of the Porte, are ruled by a German prince of the house of Hohen-zollern; and the racial basis of the whole is, no doubt, mainly Teutonic, with a considerable Roman and still greater Slavic admixture.

The Slavs make up the third and last division of the Aryan conquerors of Europe. Their speech has in many respects departed less widely from the forms of the common Aryan mother-tongue than the speech of the earlier invaders. In physical characteristics they resemble most closely the northern Germans, in whom, with the central Russians and Letts, we see perhaps the purest specimens of the Aryan race; but in the south they have been more or less modified by intermixture with various strains of Tataric blood. Napoleon's witticism, however, that you need only scratch a Russian to get at the Tatar underneath, contained little more wisdom than is usually to be found in such smart sayings based on hasty generalization from inadequate and half-understood data. On the whole, the principal intermixture of the Slavs has been with their nearest congeners and neighbors, the Teutons. Slavonic tribes, pushing their way far into the centre of Europe, still hold Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, while further south, in Carinthia and Istria, the Slav country comes up close to the Tyrol and to Venice. In the Middle Ages, this border region, from the head of the Adriatic to the mountains of Bohemia, was the seat of everlasting war; and such immense numbers of the eastern invaders were captured from time to time and sold into slavery in all parts of Germany that their national name became the common appellative for wretches doomed to involuntary servitude. Such was the origin of our English word "slave." Until lately it was supposed that the vernacular meaning of the national name was "the glorious," as *slava*



is a common word for "glory" in most of the Slavonic languages; and frequent comment was made on the curious fate whereby the proud name of a noble race of warriors became perverted into a common noun to describe the most abject condition of humanity. It is very doubtful, however, whether the striking contrast really exists to supply a fit subject for moralizing. It is far more probable that the name *Slav* is connected with *slovo*, "a word," and means the "distinctly-speaking people" as contrasted with the *Njemetch*, or "talkers of gibberish," by which polite epithet the Slavic races have always distinguished the Germans. This naive assumption, that it is ourselves alone who talk intelligibly, while foreigners babble a meaningless jargon, has been a very common one with uninstructed people, and "Njemetch" is not the only national appellation that bears witness to its prevalence. The epithet "Welsh," which the Germans apply to the Italians, the Dutch to the Belgians, and the English to the Kymry of Western Britain, has precisely the same meaning; and so had the word "barbarian" by which the ancient inhabitant of Hellas described indiscriminately all people who did not speak Greek.

It was about the middle of the fifth century that the Slavonic race began to play a part in European history. Advancing from what is now Southern Russia, in the rear of the Tataric hordes of Attila, various Slavic tribes overran the provinces of Mœsia, Thrace, Illyricum, and Macedonia. Overcoming, and to some extent crowding out, the Gothic inhabitants, they were within a century firmly established throughout the area between the Black Sea and the Adriatic, which they have ever since continued to occupy. But, far from attempting to set themselves up as an independent political power in this territory, they were readily brought to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Empire. They no more thought of overthrowing the dominion of Rome than the Germans did: what they were after was a good share of its material advantages. To have set up a rival

*imperium* would have been quite beyond their slender political capacity, and their imagination did not reach so far as to conceive the idea. So long as they were allowed to retain their forcibly-acquired possessions of land and cattle, they were quite ready to help defend the Empire against Tataric Avars and other marauders. The relations thus knit between the Slavs and the government at Constantinople were similar to those established between the Germans and the imperial authorities in the West. Slavonic troops came to form a large and redoubtable element in the eastern armies, and to the infusion of new life thus received we may no doubt partly attribute the prolonged maintenance of the Byzantine Empire. It is, perhaps, not generally remembered that the greatest warrior and one of the most illustrious emperors of this part of the Roman world were of Slavic origin. The vernacular name of which Justinian is the Latin translation was *Upravda*, or "the Upright;" and his invincible general Belisarius was a Dardanian Slav named *Beli-czar*, or "the White Prince." Within less than a century after this white prince had driven the Goths from Italy, the able emperor Heraclius, contending on the one hand against the Persians while menaced on the other by the barbaric Avars, invited two Slavic tribes from beyond the Danube to aid in expelling the latter invaders. These tribes were the Croats and Serbs, and they have remained ever since in the lands which were then granted them in reward of their military services.

One reason—and perhaps the chief one—why the invading Germans and Slavs so readily became subjects of the Roman Empire is to be found in the fact that they were settled agricultural races and not wandering nomads. It may seem odd to speak of races as "settled" who moved about so extensively over the face of Europe within the short period of two centuries. But if they wandered, it was only because they were driven by enemies in the rear too strong or too numerous for them to overcome, not because their mode of life obliged



them to roam over vast areas in quest of the means of subsistence. The profound philology of the present day has shown that the Aryans, while still in their primitive Asiatic home, and long before they had become distinguishable as Kelts, Græco-Italians, Teutons, Slavs, or Indo-Persians, had advanced beyond the hunting and exclusively pastoral stages of barbarism, and acquired a subsistence partly by tilling the soil and partly by the rearing of domestic cattle. They possessed even houses and inclosed towns, and the rudiments of what Mr. Bagehot calls "government by discussion" were not wholly unknown to them. The picture of society with which we are familiar in the Germania of Tacitus and in the Homeric poems represents a condition of things in many respects similar to that which obtained among the primitive Aryans. In these respects they differed widely from the savage Tataric hordes which molested them on the east, and to whose attacks, as well as to the unmanageable increase in their own numbers, we must probably ascribe their gradual and long-continued migrations into Southern Asia and into Europe. When after many centuries those less-civilized Aryans known as Germans and Slavs were driven into collision with their more-civilized brethren of the Roman Empire, their invasion was in an all-important respect very different from the invasions of Huns or Avars. The followers of Alaric, Hengist, and Chlodwig came to colonize, whereas the followers of Attila came but to riot and destroy. The vandalism of the former was incidental, while that of the latter was fundamental. The Teutonic and Slavic invaders, once over the first intoxication of victory, began, as by natural instinct, to found rural estates and cultivate the soil; and thus becoming property-holders, although their title rested on violence, it became their interest to assist in preserving the political system so far as practicable. The date 476, which the old historians made to mark the political fall of the Roman Empire, in reality marked nothing at all at the time except a paltry intrigue by which the German

Odoacer, having got rid of a *fainéant* emperor who was too near at hand, continued to administer the affairs of Italy under commission from the government at Constantinople. In reality the identity of interests between the Teutonic settlers and the imperial system became more and more manifest during the three following centuries, until it was definitely declared in 800 in the coronation of Charles the Great, whereby the headship of the western world was restored to Rome, while the connection with the East was finally severed.

If we consider the eastern half of the Empire at this time, — or, at least, so much of it as was comprised in Europe, the remainder having been mostly torn away by the Saracens, — we find it undergoing a gradual process of slavonization quite analogous to the Teutonic reconstruction which was just culminating in the West. Pretty much the whole of what is now European Turkey had become filled with a Slavic population. For the most part this population had been converted to the Greek or so-called Orthodox form of Christianity, though in remote parts of Serbia paganism lingered till the thirteenth century. There was probably some sense, though slight, of a community of race throughout the peninsula. The interests of the Slavs, on the whole, were concerned in the protection of the imperial system against external attack, although the various chiefs made war on each other and mismanaged their own affairs with as little sense of allegiance to the Byzantine suzerain as the rulers of Brittany or Aquitaine felt for their degenerate Carolingian overlords. Thus on a superficial view the conditions of order and turbulence, so to speak, might have seemed very similar here to what they were in the West; and all that was needed for the growth of a new national life might seem to be the rise of a dominant tribe — after the likeness of the Franks — which in due course of time should seize the falling Byzantine sceptre and assert unquestioned sway over the whole peninsula. Could something like this have happened, the Eastern Question would probably never have come up

to perturb the politics of modern Europe, and the entire careers of Russia and Austria must have been essentially modified. But for the Hungarians, Crim Tatars, and Turks, something of this sort might very likely have happened. As it was, however, no sooner did one Slavonic community begin to rise to preëminence than some fatal combination of invaders proceeded to cripple its power, and this state of things continued until the turbaned infidel made an easy prey of the whole region.

In the ninth century the chronic agitation of Eastern Europe was raised to terrible fever heat by the approach of the Hungarians,—a non-Aryan race from Central Asia which has had a very different career from that of the other non-Aryan invaders of Europe. Of all such invaders, these alone have established a securely permanent foothold, unless we count the cognate Finns, who were established in the far North in prehistoric times. To keep in his mind a succinct view of these ethnological facts, the reader will do well to remember that all the languages now spoken in Europe are Aryan languages descended from a common Aryan mother-tongue, with just four exceptions. The first of these is the Basque of Northwestern Spain, sole remnant of the aboriginal Iberian speech. The second is the group of Finnic dialects spoken by a Tataric people which has lived from time immemorial on the eastern shores of the Baltic. The third is the Hungarian, and the fourth is the Turkish. These languages have absolutely nothing in common with the Aryan, either in grammar or vocabulary. The Basque, too, has nothing in common with the three other alien tongues. But Finnish, Hungarian, and Turkish are quite nearly related to each other, and there is also blood-relationship between the peoples who speak these languages. Like the Turks, the Hungarians are a Tatar race; and there cannot be a more striking commentary on the fallaciousness of explaining all national peculiarities by a cheap reference to "blood" than is furnished

by these two peoples, the one being as highly endowed with political good sense as the other is hopelessly destitute of it. This is not the place to attempt to explain the difference in detail as due to the different circumstances amid which the two peoples have been placed; but there is no doubt that their careers have been sufficiently different. In the ninth century the Hungarians were as great a terror to Christendom as the Turks were in the fifteenth; but the Magyars, after failing to break through the bulwark of christianized Germans which the genius of Charles the Great had prepared for such emergencies, settled down quietly in Pannonia—to which they have given the name of Hungary—and became converted to the Roman form of Christianity. But in the course of this settlement, the Magyars interfered seriously with the integrity of the Slavonic communities on the Danube. They tore away a considerable portion of Croatia and Serbia, and subjected so many Slavic tribes that at the present day the Slavs outnumber the Magyars even within the limits of Hungary itself.<sup>1</sup>

In calling the Magyars the only non-Aryan invaders who have secured a permanent foot-hold in European territory, I had forgotten, for the moment, the Bulgars who conquered Lower Mæsia in the beginning of the sixth century. These Bulgars were a Tatar race, known also as Ugrians, a name of which the "ogre" of our nursery stories is supposed to be a corruption. But the achievements of the Bulgars, as a distinct race, were hardly of enough consequence to keep them always in one's memory. Though they gave the name Bulgaria to the Roman province of Lower Mæsia, they were soon absorbed among the Slavs, and quite lost their Tataric speech. And so, while Bulgaria played a prominent part in mediæval history, it figures only as a portion of the Slavonic world. Yet to this day, it is said, the inhabitants of Bulgaria exhibit, in their high cheek-bones, flat face, and sunken eyes, as well as in their curious attire, the characteristics of the

<sup>1</sup> In 1850 the population of Hungary was thus divided: Magyars, 5,600,000; Slavs, 6,000,000; Ger-

mans and Jews, 1,600,000; Roumans in Transylvania, 3,000,000.

Tatar race. In the seventh century Bulgaria was overrun by the Avars, but after these nomads were expelled the Bulgarian power developed rapidly and was even extended back over Bessarabia and all Southern Russia as far as the Sea of Azof. These eastern conquests were not long retained, but on the other hand the semi-independent kingdom between the Danube and the Balkan Mountains became more and more formidable in its rivalry with the imperial government at Constantinople. In long and obstinate warfare the Bulgarians overcame the Serbs, and by the beginning of the tenth century they controlled nearly the whole peninsula from the Black Sea to the Adriatic. At this epoch their kingdom was perhaps as civilized as any in contemporary Europe, if literary culture alone were to be taken as a criterion. Their noble youth studied Aristotle and Demosthenes in the schools of Constantinople, and the subtleties of theological controversy occupied their attention no less than the practice of military arts. In a quarrel with the emperor, their czar Simeon laid siege to the capital and dictated terms of peace at the Golden Horn. But in the next century all this was changed. Such arrogant vassals were not to be tolerated. In a masterly campaign, though sullied by diabolical cruelty, the emperor Basil II. overthrew the power of the Bulgarians, and subduing the Serbs likewise reestablished the immediate authority of Constantinople as far as the Danube.

From this time forth the contest for supremacy was carried on chiefly between the emperors and the Serbian chiefs. The preëminence of Serbia began about the end of the eleventh century, when Urosh was crowned grand duke. By the middle of the fourteenth century the whole country, with the exception of Rumelia or Thrace, was in the hands of the Serbians, and it really seemed as if the degenerate Greek empire were about to pass into the hands of the Slav. Stephen Dushan, of the house of Urosh, a profound statesman and consummate general, was the hero who aspired to reënnact in the eastern world the part of Charles the Great. In

1356 he was proclaimed Emperor of the East, and if his life had been spared he might have made good the title. But the firmness of his monarchical rule was irritating to his turbulent vassals; and like Cæsar, William the Silent, Henry IV., and Lincoln, he fell by the stupid hand of the assassin, just at the time when a few years more of life might have been of inestimable value to his people and to mankind. With the death of the "emperor" Stephen, the formation of a Slavic nationality under Serbian leadership was indefinitely postponed. The feudal lords who had so stupidly destroyed the only genius which could guide them to victory were one by one overthrown by the imperial armies; and when the Turk arrived, in the next century, there was no solid power in the peninsula which could check his baleful progress.

To recount the vicissitudes of Serbia as principal battle ground between Christian Austrian and infidel Turk would be a task as tedious as profitless. We have seen how the Slavs of the Byzantine Empire failed to become a nation, and this is the only point which need concern us. There is neither interest nor instruction in the record of incessant fighting without definite issue; and to the philosophic historian the career of Slavonic Turkey becomes almost a blank until the beginning of the present century, when the uprising of the Serbs against the Janissaries, under the leadership of the eccentric and infamous Kara George, reopened the Eastern Question, and perhaps heralded the rise of a new national life among the southern Slavs.

This sketch of the Danubian peoples has of course been but the merest outline. I have not attempted, and should indeed feel quite incompetent, to do more than define, by a few salient facts, the ethnological relations of these peoples and their position in the general history of Europe. Even so rudimentary an outline as this, however, would be incomplete without some allusion to the very important part played by the Danubian Slavs in the origination of the Protestant revolt against the ecclesiastics.

tical supremacy of Rome. The circumstances under which the Bulgarians were converted to Christianity were such that during their brief political and literary eminence in the tenth century they became the arch-heretics of Europe. The Manichæan heresy, suggested by the ancient theology of Persia, in which the Devil appears as an independently existing Principle of Evil, had always been rife in Armenia; and it was partly by Armenian missionaries, belonging to the Manichæan sect of Paulicians, that Bulgaria was converted from heathenism. In the middle of the eighth century the emperor Constantine Copronymus transplanted a large colony of Paulicians from Armenia into Thrace,<sup>1</sup> and these immigrants were not long in spreading their heresy beyond the Balkan. A century later the persecuting zeal of the orthodox emperors drove Armenia into rebellion, and for a short time an independent Paulician state maintained itself on the upper Euphrates. Early in the tenth century this little state was overthrown, and such a direful persecution was inaugurated that the inhabitants in great numbers sought the shelter which the Bulgarian czar, Simeon, was both able and willing to give. "From this period onward," says Mr. Evans, "the Paulician heresy may be said to change its nationality, and to become Slavonic." It also acquired a new name. In their Slavonic home these heretics were called Bogomiles, from the Bulgarian *Bog z'milui*, or "God have mercy," in allusion to their peculiar devotion to prayer. The sect now became very powerful, as the czars, in their struggle for supremacy with the Byzantine overlords, could not afford to incur the displeasure of such a considerable body of their subjects. Bogomilian apostles, in keen rivalry with the orthodox missionaries, carried their Manichæan doctrines westward all over Serbia. After another hundred years the catastrophe which had driven this heresy from Asia into Europe was curiously repeated in its new home. After the power of the Bulgarian czars had been finally

broken down by Basil II., the orthodox emperors began once more to roast the obnoxious Paulicians. A fierce persecution under Alexius Comnenus set up a current of Bogomilian migration into Serbia, and as these immigrants found no favor in the eyes of the orthodox Serbian princes, their westward pilgrimage was continued into that part of Illyricum now known as Bosnia, — a hilly region inhabited, then as now, mainly by fair-haired Serbs. From the twelfth century onward Bosnia became the headquarters of Manichæan heresy, and was a very uncomfortable thorn in the flesh of the popes, who with the aid of pious Hungarian kings kept up a perpetual crusade against the stubborn little country, without ever achieving any considerable success.

The Papacy had very good grounds for its anxiety, for it was from Bosnia that the great Albigenian heresy was propagated through Northern Italy and Southern Gaul. This connection between eastern and western Protestantism, though generally forgotten now, was well understood at the time. Matthew Paris states that the Albigenians possessed a pope of their own, whose seat of government was in Bosnia, and who kept a vicar residing in Carcassonne. By orthodox writers the western heretics were quite frequently termed "Bulgares," — a designation which became invested with the vilest opprobrium, — and a glance at the principal Bogomilian doctrines shows that the relationship was asserted on valid grounds. Like the Manichæans generally, the Bogomiles held that the Devil exists independent of the will of the good God and was the creator of this evil world, which it is the work of Christ to redeem from his control. They accepted as inspired the New Testament, with the Psalms and Prophets, but set little store by the historical books of the Old Testament, and rejected the Mosaic writings as dictated by Satan. They denied any mystical efficiency to baptism, and laughed at the doctrine of transubstantiation, main-

<sup>1</sup> See the Historical Sketch of Bosnia, by Mr. A. J. Evans, prefixed to his excellent work *Through*

Bosnia and the Herzegovina on Foot. London. 1876. 8vo.

taining that the consecrated wafer is in nowise different from ordinary bread. Some of them are said to have neglected baptism altogether. They regarded image-worship as no better than heathen idolatry, and they paid no respect to the symbol of the cross, asking, "If any man slew the son of a king with a bit of wood, how could this piece of wood be dear to the king?"<sup>1</sup> Their aversion to the worship of the Virgin was equally pronounced, and they despised the intercession of saints. They wore long faces, abstained from the use of wine, and commended celibacy. Some went so far as to refuse animal food, and in general their belief in the vileness of matter led them to the extremes of asceticism. Their ecclesiastical government was in many respects presbyterian; in politics they were generally democratic, with a leaning toward communism quite in keeping with their primitive Slavonic customs as well as with their strictly literal interpretation of the New Testament.

When we consider that these remarkable sectarians not only set on foot the Albigenian revolt which Innocent III. overcame with fire and sword, but were also intimately associated with the later Slavonic outbreak of which John Huss and Jerome of Prague were the leaders, it becomes evident that the part played in European history by the southern

Slavs is far from insignificant. As Mr. Evans observes, it is not too much to regard Bosnia as the religious Switzerland of mediæval Europe, in whose inaccessible mountain strongholds was prolonged the defiant resistance to papal supremacy which in the West repeatedly succumbed to the overwhelming power of the Inquisition. The sudden change which followed on the invasion of the Turks is instructive as showing the political danger attendant upon excessive persecution. As the armies of Mohammed II. were making their way toward Bosnia, king Stephen of Hungary began cutting the throats of his Bogomile subjects, some forty thousand of whom are said to have fled into the Herzegóvina, while others were sent in chains to be burned at Rome. Bosnia was again threatened with an orthodox crusade, but the people, preferring to take their chances of religious immunity with the Turk, threw themselves on him for protection, and surrendered their inexpugnable country to Mohammed without striking a blow. The surrender, indeed, went farther than this; for though the Serbs of Bosnia have several times asserted their political independence, more than a third of the population have become followers of the Prophet, and furnish to-day the sole example of a native European race of Mussulmans.

*John Fiske.*

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## THE DYING ROSE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

WHAT were the gifts of a thousand lovers  
To that one perfect song of thine,  
Whose liquid cadence around me hovers,  
Steeping my soul in bliss divine?

Oh to live and to love forever!  
Out of my petals fades the red;  
The night and thy song, O love, are over;  
I am dying, and thou art fled.

<sup>1</sup> Evans, *op. cit.*, p. xxx.

Fled! Live on then,—and love another;  
 That cannot rob me of my bliss.  
 Though thou shouldst woo a hundred, no other,  
 Never a one, wilt thou love like this!

Thou, too, must pass death's shadowy portal;  
 Naught will remain but this song of thine.  
 Life is fleeting, but song is immortal;  
 Half of thy fame is also mine.

I dare not weep though I fade forever;  
 More from a century none could win.  
 This is my joy, that never, oh never,  
 Save but for me, love, thy song had been!  
*Alice Williams Brotherton.*

## THE AMERICAN.

### XXIII.

NEWMAN returned to Paris the second day after his interview with Mrs. Bread. The morrow he had spent at Poitiers, reading over and over again the little document which he had lodged in his pocket-book, and thinking what he would do in the circumstances and how he would do it. He would not have said that Poitiers was an amusing place; yet the day seemed very short. Domiciled once more in the Boulevard Haussmann, he walked over to the Rue de l'Université and inquired of Madame de Bellegarde's portress whether the marquise had come back. The portress told him that she had arrived, with M. le Marquis, on the preceding day, and further informed him that if he desired to enter, Madame de Bellegarde and her son were both at home. As she said these words the little white-faced old woman who peered out of the dusky gate-house of the Hotel de Bellegarde gave a small, wicked smile,—a smile which seemed to Newman to mean, "Go in if you dare!" She was evidently versed in the current domestic history; she was placed where she could feel the pulse of the house.

Newman stood a moment, twisting his mustache and looking at her; then he abruptly turned away. But this was not because he was afraid to go in,—though he doubted whether, if he did so, he should be able to make his way, unchallenged, into the presence of Madame de Cintre's relatives. Confidence—excessive confidence, perhaps—quite as much as timidity prompted his retreat. He was nursing his thunder-bolt; he loved it; he was unwilling to part with it. He seemed to be holding it aloft in the rumbling, vaguely-flashing air, directly over the heads of his victims, and he fancied he could see their pale, upturned faces. Few specimens of the human countenance had ever given him such pleasure as these, lighted in the lurid fashion I have hinted at, and he was disposed to sip the cup of contemplative revenge in a leisurely fashion. It must be added, too, that he was at a loss to see exactly how he could arrange to witness the operation of his thunder. To send in his card to Madame de Bellegarde would be a waste of ceremony; she would certainly decline to receive him. On the other hand he could not force his way into her presence. It annoyed him keenly to

think that he might be reduced to the blind satisfaction of writing her a letter; but he consoled himself, in a measure, with the reflection that a letter might lead to an interview. He went home, and feeling rather tired — nursing a vengeance was, it must be confessed, a rather fatiguing process; it took a good deal out of one — flung himself into one of his brocaded fauteuils, stretched his legs, thrust his hands into his pockets, and, while he watched the reflected sunset fading from the ornate house-tops on the opposite side of the Boulevard, began mentally to compose a cool epistle to Madame de Bellegarde. While he was so occupied his servant threw open the door and announced ceremoniously, “Madame Bread!”

Newman roused himself, expectantly, and in a few moments perceived upon his threshold the worthy woman with whom he had conversed to such good purpose on the starlit hill-top of Fleurières. Mrs. Bread had made for this visit the same toilet as for her former expedition. Newman was struck with her distinguished appearance. His lamp was not lit, and as her large, grave face gazed at him through the light dusk from under the shadow of her ample bonnet he felt the incongruity of such a person presenting herself as a servant. He greeted her with high geniality and bade her come in and sit down and make herself comfortable. There was something which might have touched the springs both of mirth and of melancholy in the ancient maidenliness with which Mrs. Bread endeavored to comply with these directions. She was not playing at being fluttered, which would have been simply ridiculous; she was doing her best to carry herself as a person so humble that, for her, even embarrassment would have been pretentious; but evidently she had never dreamed of its being in her horoscope to pay a visit, at night-fall, to a friendly single gentleman who lived in theatrical-looking rooms on one of the new Boulevards.

“I truly hope I am not forgetting my place, sir,” she murmured.

“Forgetting your place?” cried New-

man. “Why, you are remembering it. This is your place, you know. You are already in my service; your wages, as housekeeper, began a fortnight ago. I can tell you my house wants keeping! Why don’t you take off your bonnet and stay?”

“Take off my bonnet?” said Mrs. Bread, with timid literalness. “Oh, sir, I have n’t my cap. And with your leave, sir, I could n’t keep house in my best gown.”

“Never mind your gown,” said Newman, cheerfully. “You shall have a better gown than that.”

Mrs. Bread stared solemnly and then stretched her hands over her lustreless satin skirt, as if the perilous side of her situation were defining itself. “Oh, sir, I am fond of my own clothes,” she murmured.

“I hope you have left those wicked people, at any rate,” said Newman.

“Well, sir, here I am!” said Mrs. Bread. “That’s all I can tell you. Here I sit poor Catherine Bread. It’s a strange place for me to be. I don’t know myself; I never supposed I was so bold. But indeed, sir, I have gone as far as my own strength will carry me.”

“Oh, come, Mrs. Bread,” said Newman, almost caressingly, “don’t make yourself uncomfortable. Now’s the time to feel lively, you know.”

She began to speak again with a trembling voice. “I think it would be more respectable if I could — if I could” — and her voice trembled to a pause.

“If you could give up this sort of thing altogether?” said Newman, kindly, trying to anticipate her meaning, which he supposed might be a wish to retire from service.

“If I could give up everything, sir! All I should ask is a decent Protestant burial.”

“Burial!” cried Newman, with a burst of laughter. “Why, to bury you now would be a sad piece of extravagance. It’s only rascals who have to be buried to get respectable. Honest folks like you and me can live our time out, — and live together. Come! did you bring your baggage?”



"My box is locked and corded; but I have n't yet spoken to my lady."

"Speak to her, then, and have done with it. I should like to have your chance!" cried Newman.

"I would gladly give it you, sir. I have passed some weary hours in my lady's dressing-room; but this will be one of the longest. She will tax me with ingratitude."

"Well," said Newman, "so long as you can tax her with murder" —

"Oh, sir, I can't; not I," sighed Mrs. Bread.

"You don't mean to say anything about it? So much the better. Leave that to me."

"If she calls me a thankless old woman," said Mrs. Bread, "I shall have nothing to say. But it is better so," she softly added. "She shall be my lady to the last. That will be more respectable."

"And then you will come to me and I shall be your gentleman," said Newman; "that will be more respectable still!"

Mrs. Bread rose, with lowered eyes, and stood a moment; then, looking up, she rested her eyes upon Newman's face. The disordered proprieties were somehow settling to rest. She looked at Newman so long and so fixedly, with such a dull, intense devotedness, that he himself might have had a pretext for embarrassment. At last she said gently, "You are not looking well, sir."

"That's natural enough," said Newman. "I have nothing to feel well about. To be very indifferent and very fierce, very dull and very jovial, very sick and very lively, all at once, — why, it rather mixes one up."

Mrs. Bread gave a noiseless sigh. "I can tell you something that will make you feel duller still, if you want to feel all one way. About Madame de Cintre."

"What can you tell me?" Newman demanded. "Not that you have seen her?"

She shook her head. "No, indeed, sir, nor ever shall. That's the dullness of it. Nor my lady. Nor M. de Bellegarde."

"You mean that she is kept so close."

"Close, close," said Mrs. Bread, very softly.

These words, for an instant, seemed to check the beating of Newman's heart. He leaned back in his chair, staring up at the old woman. "They have tried to see her, and she would n't — she could n't?"

"She refused — forever! I had it from my lady's own maid," said Mrs. Bread, "who had it from my lady. To speak of it to such a person my lady must have felt the shock. Madame de Cintre won't see them now, and now is her only chance. A while hence she will have no chance."

"You mean the other women — the mothers, the daughters, the sisters; what is it they call them? — won't let her?"

"It is what they call the rule of the house, — or of the order, I believe," said Mrs. Bread. "There is no rule so strict as that of the Carmelites. The bad women in the reformatories are fine ladies to them. They wear old brown cloaks — so the *femme de chambre* told me — that you would n't use for a horse blanket. And the poor countess was so fond of soft-feeling dresses; she would never have anything stiff! They sleep on the ground," Mrs. Bread went on; "they are no better, no better," — and she hesitated for a comparison, — "they are no better than tinkers' wives. They give up everything, down to the very name their poor old nurses called them by. They give up father and mother, brother and sister, — to say nothing of other persons," Mrs. Bread delicately added. "They wear a shroud under their brown cloaks and a rope round their waists, and they get up on winter nights and go off into cold places to pray to the Virgin Mary. The Virgin Mary is a hard mistress!"

Mrs. Bread, dwelling on these terrible facts, sat dry-eyed and pale, with her hands clasped in her satin lap. Newman gave a melancholy groan and fell forward, leaning his head in his hands. There was a long silence, broken only by the ticking of the great gilded clock on the chimney-piece.

"Where is this place, — where is the convent?" Newman asked at last, looking up.

"There are two houses," said Mrs. Bread. "I found out; I thought you would like to know, — though it's poor comfort, I think. One is in the Avenue de Messine; they have learned that Madame de Cintré is there. The other is in the Rue d'Enfer. That's a terrible name; I suppose you know what it means."

Newman got up and walked away to the end of his long room. When he came back Mrs. Bread had got up, and stood by the fire with folded hands. "Tell me this," he said. "Can I get near her, — even if I don't see her? Can I look through a grating, or some such thing, at the place where she is?"

It is said that all women love a lover, and Mrs. Bread's sense of the preëstablished harmony which kept servants in their "place," even as planets in their orbits (not that Mrs. Bread had ever consciously likened herself to a planet), barely availed to temper the maternal melancholy with which she leaned her head on one side and gazed at her new employer. She probably felt for the moment as if, forty years before, she had held him also in her arms. "That would n't help you, sir. It would only make her seem further away."

"I want to go there, any way," said Newman. "Avenue de Messine, you say? And what is it they call themselves?"

"Carmelites," said Mrs. Bread.

"I shall remember that."

Mrs. Bread hesitated a moment, and then, "It's my duty to tell you this, sir," she went on. "The convent has a chapel, and some people are admitted on Sunday to the Mass. You don't see the poor creatures that are shut up there, but I am told you can hear them sing. It's a wonder they have any heart for singing! Some Sunday I shall make bold to go. It seems to me I should know her voice in fifty."

Newman looked at his visitor very gratefully; then he held out his hand and shook hers. "Thank you," he

said. "If any one can get in, I will."

A moment later Mrs. Bread proposed, deferentially, to retire, but he checked her and put a lighted candle into her hand. "There are half a dozen rooms there I don't use," he said, pointing through an open door. "Go and look at them and take your choice. You can live in the one you like best." From this bewildering opportunity Mrs. Bread at first recoiled; but finally, yielding to Newman's gentle, reassuring push, she wandered off into the dusk with her tremulous taper. She remained absent a quarter of an hour, during which Newman paced up and down, stopped occasionally to look out of the window at the lights on the Boulevard, and then resumed his walk. Mrs. Bread's relish for her investigations apparently increased as she proceeded; but at last she reappeared and deposited her candlestick on the chimney-piece.

"Well, have you picked one out?" asked Newman.

"A room, sir? They are all too fine for a dingy old body like me. There is n't one that has n't a bit of gilding."

"It's only tinsel, Mrs. Bread," said Newman. "If you stay round awhile it will all peel off of itself." And he gave a dismal smile.

"Oh, sir, there are things enough peeling off already!" rejoined Mrs. Bread, with a head-shake. "Since I was there I thought I would look about me. I don't believe you know, sir. The corners are most dreadful. You do want a housekeeper, that you do; you want a tidy Englishwoman that is n't above taking hold of a broom."

Newman assured her that he suspected, if he had not measured, his domestic abuses, and that to reform them was a mission worthy of her powers. She held her candlestick aloft again and looked round the salon with invidious glances; then she intimated that she accepted the mission, and that its sacred character would sustain her in her rupture with Madame de Bellegarde. With this she courtesied herself away.

She came back the next day with her worldly goods, and Newman, going into

his drawing-room, found her upon her aged knees before a divan, sewing up some detached fringe. He questioned her as to her leave-taking with her late mistress, and she said it had proved easier than she feared. "I was perfectly civil, sir, but the Lord helped me to remember that a good woman has no call to tremble before a bad one."

"I should think so!" cried Newman. "And does she know you have come to me?"

"She asked me where I was going, and I mentioned your name," said Mrs. Bread.

"What did she say to that?"

"She looked at me very hard, and she turned very red. Then she bade me leave her. I was all ready to go, and I had got the coachman, who is an Englishman, to bring down my poor box and to fetch me a cab. But when I went down myself to the gate I found it closed. My lady had sent orders to the porter not to let me pass, and by the same orders the porter's wife—she is a dreadful sly old body—had gone out in a cab to fetch home M. de Bellegarde from his club."

Newman slapped his knee. "She is scared! she is scared!" he cried, exultantly.

"I was frightened, too, sir," said Mrs. Bread, "but I was also mightily vexed. I took it very high with the porter and asked him by what right he used violence to an honorable Englishwoman who had lived in the house for thirty years before he was heard of. Oh, sir, I was very grand, and I brought the man down. He drew his bolts and let me out and I promised the cabman something handsome if he would drive fast. But he was terribly slow; it seemed as if we should never reach your blessed door. I am all of a tremble still; it took me five minutes, just now, to thread my needle."

Newman told her, with a gleeful laugh, that if she chose she might have a little maid on purpose to thread her needles; and he went away murmuring to himself again that the old woman *was* scared,—she *was* scared!

He had not shown Mrs. Tristram the little paper that he carried in his pocket-book, but since his return to Paris he had seen her several times, and she had told him that he seemed to her to be in a strange way,—an even stranger way than his sad situation made natural. Had his disappointment gone to his head? He looked like a man who was going to be ill, and yet she had never seen him more restless and active. One day he would sit hanging his head and looking as if he were firmly resolved never to smile again; on another he would indulge in laughter that was almost unseemly and make jokes that were bad even for him. If he was trying to carry off his sorrow, he at such times really went too far. She begged him of all things not to be "strange." Feeling in a measure responsible as she did for the affair which had turned out so ill for him, she could endure anything but his strangeness. He might be melancholy if he would, or he might be stoical; he might be cross and cantankerous with her and ask her why she had ever dared to meddle with his destiny: to this she would submit; for this she would make allowances. Only, for Heaven's sake, let him not be incoherent. That would be extremely unpleasant. It was like people talking in their sleep; they always frightened her. And Mrs. Tristram intimated that, taking very high ground as regards the moral obligation which events had laid upon her, she proposed not to rest quiet until she should have confronted him with the least inadequate substitute for Madame de Cintré that two hemispheres contained.

"Oh," said Newman, "we are square now, and I guess we had better not open a new account! You may bury me some day, but you shall never marry me. It's too rough. I hope, at any rate," he added, "that there is nothing incoherent in this,—that I want to go next Sunday to the Carmelite chapel in the Avenue de Messine. You know one of the Catholic ministers—an abbé, is that it?—I have seen him here, you know; that motherly old gentleman with the big waist band. Please ask him if I need a

special leave to go in, and if I do, beg him to obtain it for me."

Mrs. Tristram gave expression to the liveliest joy. "I am so glad you have asked me to do something!" she cried. "You shall get into the chapel if the abbé is excommunicated for his share in it." And two days afterwards she told him that it was all arranged; the abbé was enchanted to serve him, and if he would present himself civilly at the convent gate there would be no difficulty.

#### XXIV.

Sunday was as yet two days off; but meanwhile, to beguile his impatience, Newman took his way to the Avenue de Messine and got what comfort he could in staring at the blank outer wall of Madame de Cintre's present residence. The street in question, as some travelers will remember, adjoins the Parc Monceau, which is one of the prettiest corners of Paris. The quarter has an air of modern opulence and convenience which seems at variance with the ascetic institution, and the impression made upon Newman's gloomily-irritated gaze by the fresh-looking, windowless expanse behind which the woman he loved was perhaps even then pledging herself to pass the rest of her days was less exasperating than he had feared. The place suggested a convent with the modern improvements, — an asylum in which privacy, though unbroken, might be not quite identical with privation, and meditation, though monotonous, might be of a cheerful cast. And yet he knew the case was otherwise; only at present it was not a reality to him. It was too strange and too mocking to be real; it was like a page torn out of a romance, with no context in his own experience.

On Sunday morning, at the hour which Mrs. Tristram had indicated, he rang at the gate in the blank wall. It instantly opened and admitted him into a clean, cold-looking court, from beyond which a dull, plain edifice looked down upon him. A robust lay sister with a cheerful countenance emerged from a porter's

lodge, and, on his stating his errand, pointed to the open door of the chapel, an edifice which occupied the right side of the court and was preceded by a high flight of steps. Newman ascended the steps and immediately entered the open door. Service had not yet begun; the place was dimly lighted and it was some moments before he could distinguish its features. Then he saw it was divided by a large close iron screen into two unequal portions. The altar was on the hither side of the screen, and between it and the entrance were disposed several benches and chairs. Three or four of these were occupied by vague, motionless figures, — figures that he presently perceived to be women, deeply absorbed in their devotion. The place seemed to Newman very cold; the smell of the incense itself was cold. Besides this there was a twinkle of tapers and here and there a glow of colored glass. Newman seated himself; the praying women kept still, with their backs turned. He saw they were visitors like himself and he would have liked to see their faces; for he believed that they were the mourning mothers and sisters of other women who had had the same pitiless courage as Madame de Cintre. But they were better off than he, for they at least shared the faith to which the others had sacrificed themselves. Three or four persons came in; two of them were elderly gentlemen. Every one was very quiet. Newman fastened his eyes upon the screen behind the altar. That was the convent, the real convent, the place where she was. But he could see nothing; no light came through the crevices. He got up and approached the partition very gently, trying to look through. But behind it there was darkness, with nothing stirring. He went back to his place, and after that a priest and two altar boys came in and began to say mass. Newman watched their genuflections and gyrations with a grim, still enmity; they seemed aids and abettors of Madame de Cintre's desertion; they were mouthing and droning out their triumph. The priest's long, dismal intonings acted upon his nerves and deep-

ened his wrath; there was something defiant in his unintelligible drawl; it seemed meant for Newman himself. Suddenly there arose from the depths of the chapel, from behind the inexorable grating, a sound which drew his attention from the altar, — the sound of a strange, lugubrious chant, uttered by women's voices. It began softly, but it presently grew louder, and as it increased it became more of a wail and a dirge. It was the chant of the Carmelite nuns, their only human utterance. It was their dirge over their buried affections and over the vanity of earthly desires. At first Newman was bewildered — almost stunned — by the strangeness of the sound; then, as he comprehended its meaning, he listened intently and his heart began to throb. He listened for Madame de Cintré's voice, and in the very heart of the tuneless harmony he imagined he made it out. (We are obliged to believe that he was wrong, inasmuch as she had obviously not yet had time to become a member of the invisible sisterhood.) The chant kept on, mechanical and monotonous, with dismal repetitions and despairing cadences. It was hideous, it was horrible; as it continued, Newman felt that he needed all his self-control. He was growing more agitated; he felt tears in his eyes. At last, as in its full force the thought came over him that this confused, impersonal wail was all that either he or the world she had deserted should ever hear of the voice he had found so sweet, he felt that he could bear it no longer. He rose abruptly and made his way out. On the threshold he paused, listened again to the dreary strain, and then hastily descended into the court. As he did so he saw that the good sister with the high-colored cheeks and the fan-like frill to her coiffure, who had admitted him, was in conference at the gate with two persons who had just come in. A second glance informed him that these persons were Madame de Bellegarde and her son, and they were about to avail themselves of that method of approach to Madame de Cintré which Newman had found but a mockery of consolation. As he crossed the court

M. de Bellegarde recognized him; the marquis was coming to the steps, leading his mother. The old lady also gave Newman a look, and it resembled that of her son. Both faces expressed a franker perturbation, something more akin to the humbleness of dismay, than Newman had yet seen in them. Evidently he startled the mother and son, and they had not their grand behavior immediately in hand. Newman hurried past them, guided only by the desire to get out of the convent walls and into the street. The gate opened itself at his approach; he strode over the threshold and it closed behind him. A carriage, which appeared to have been standing there, was just turning away from the sidewalk. Newman looked at it for a moment, blankly; then he became conscious, through the dusky mist that swam before his eyes, that a lady seated in it was bowing to him. The vehicle had turned away before he recognized her; it was an ancient landau with one half the cover lowered. The lady's bow was very positive and accompanied with a smile; a little girl was seated beside her. He raised his hat, and then the lady bade the coachman stop. The carriage halted again beside the pavement, and she sat there and beckoned to Newman, — beckoned with the demonstrative grace of Madame Urbain de Bellegarde. Newman hesitated a moment before he obeyed her summons; during this moment he had time to curse his stupidity for letting the others escape him. He had been wondering how he could get at them; fool that he was for not stopping them then and there! What better place than beneath the very prison walls to which they had consigned the promise of his joy? He had been too bewildered to stop them, but now he felt ready to wait for them at the gate. Madame Urbain, with a certain attractive petulance, beckoned to him again, and this time he went over to the carriage. She leaned out and gave him her hand, looking at him kindly, and smiling.

"Come," she said, "you don't include me in your wrath. I had nothing to do with it."

"Oh, I don't suppose you could have prevented it," Newman answered in a tone which was not that of studied gallantry.

"What you say is too true for me to resent the small account it makes of my influence. I forgive you, at any rate, because you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I have!" said Newman.

"I am glad, then, I did n't go in with Madame de Bellegarde and my husband. You must have seen them, eh? Was the meeting affectionate? Did you hear the chanting? They say it's like the lamentations of the damned. I would n't go in: one is certain to hear that soon enough. Poor Claire, — in a white shroud and a big brown cloak! That's the *toilette* of the Carmelites, you know. Well, she was always fond of long, loose things. But I must not speak of her to you, only I must say that I am very sorry for you, that if I could have helped you I would, and that I think every one has been very shabby. I was afraid of it, you know; I felt it in the air for a fortnight before it came. When I saw you at my mother-in-law's ball, taking it all so easily, I felt as if you were dancing on your grave. But what could I do? I wish you all the good I can think of. You will say that is n't much! Yes; they have been very shabby; I am not a bit afraid to say it; I assure you every one thinks so. We are not all like that. I am sorry I am not going to see you again; you know I think you very good company. I would prove it by asking you to get into the carriage and drive with me for a quarter of an hour, while I wait for my mother-in-law. Only if we were seen — considering what has passed, and every one knows you have been turned away — it might be thought I was going a little too far, even for me. But I shall see you sometimes, — somewhere, eh? You know" — this was said in English — "we have a plan for a little amusement."

Newman stood there with his hand on the carriage-door, listening to this consolatory murmur with an unlighted eye. He hardly knew what Madame de Belle-

garde was saying; he was only conscious that she was chattering ineffectively. But suddenly it occurred to him that, with her pretty professions, there was a way of making her effective; she might help him to get at the old woman and the marquis. "They are coming back soon, — your companions?" he said. "You are waiting for them?"

"They hear the mass out; there is nothing to keep them longer. Claire has refused to see them."

"I want to speak to them," said Newman; "and you can help me, you can do me a favor. Delay your return for five minutes and give me a chance at them. I will wait for them here."

Madame de Bellegarde clasped her hands with a tender grimace. "My poor friend, what do you want to do to them? To beg them to come back to you? It will be wasted words. They will never come back!"

"I want to speak to them, all the same. Pray do what I ask you. Stay away and leave them to me for five minutes; you need n't be afraid; I shall not be violent; I am very quiet."

"Yes, you look very quiet! If they had *le cœur tendre* you would move them. But they have n't! However, I will do better for you than what you proposed. The understanding is not that I shall come back for them. I am going into the Parc Monceau with my little girl to give her a walk, and my mother-in-law, who comes so rarely into this quarter, is to profit by the same opportunity to take the air. We are to wait for her in the park, where my husband is to bring her to us. Follow me now; just within the gates I shall get out of my carriage. Sit down on a chair in some quiet corner and I will bring them near you. There's devotion for you! *Le reste vous regarde.*"

This proposal seemed to Newman extremely felicitous; it revived his drooping spirit, and he reflected that Madame Urbain was not such a goose as she seemed. He promised immediately to overtake her, and the carriage drove away.

The Parc Monceau is a very pretty piece of landscape-gardening, but Newman, passing into it, bestowed little at-

tention upon its elegant vegetation, which was full of the freshness of spring. He found Madame de Bellegarde promptly, seated in one of the quiet corners of which she had spoken, while before her, in the alley, her little girl, attended by the footman and the little pug-dog, walked up and down as if she were taking a lesson in deportment. Newman sat down beside the mamma, and she talked a great deal, apparently with the design of convincing him that — if he would only see it — poor dear Claire did not belong to the most fascinating type of woman. She was too tall and thin, too stiff and cold; her mouth was too wide and her nose too narrow. She had no dimples anywhere. And then she was eccentric, eccentric in cold blood; she was an Anglaise, after all. Newman was very impatient; he was counting the minutes until his victims should reappear. He sat silent, leaning upon his cane, looking absently and insensibly at the little marquise. At length Madame de Bellegarde said she would walk toward the gate of the park and meet her companions; but before she went she dropped her eyes and, after playing a moment with the lace of her sleeve, looked up again at Newman.

"Do you remember," she asked, "the promise you made me three weeks ago?" And then, as Newman, vainly consulting his memory, was obliged to confess that the promise had escaped it, she declared that he had made her, at the time, a very queer answer, — an answer at which, viewing it in the light of the sequel, she had fair ground for taking offense. "You promised to take me to Bullier's after your marriage. After your marriage, — you made a great point of that. Three days after that your marriage was broken off. Do you know, when I heard the news, the first thing I said to myself? 'Oh Heaven, now he won't go with me to Bullier's!' And I really began to wonder if you had not been expecting the rupture."

"Oh, my dear lady," murmured Newman, looking down the path to see if the others were not coming.

"I shall be good-natured," said Madame de Bellegarde. "One must not

ask too much of a gentleman who is in love with a cloistered nun. Besides, I can't go to Bullier's while we are in mourning. But I have n't given it up for that. The *partie* is arranged; I have my cavalier. Lord Deepmere, if you please! He has gone back to his dear Dublin; but a few months hence I am to name any evening and he will come over from Ireland, on purpose. That's what I call gallantry!"

Shortly after this Madame de Bellegarde walked away with her little girl. Newman sat in his place; the time seemed terribly long. He felt how fiercely his quarter of an hour in the convent chapel had raked over the glowing coals of his resentment. Madame de Bellegarde kept him waiting, but she proved as good as her word. At last she reappeared at the end of the path, with her little girl and her footman; beside her slowly walked her husband, with his mother on his arm. They were a long time advancing, during which Newman sat unmoved. Tingling as he was with passion, it was extremely characteristic of him that he was able to modulate his expression of it, as he would have turned down a flaring gas-burner. His native coolness, shrewdness, and deliberateness, his life-long submissiveness to the sentiment that words were acts and acts were steps in life, and that in this matter of taking steps curvetting and prancing were exclusively reserved for quadrupeds and foreigners, — all this admonished him that rightful wrath had no connection with being a fool and indulging in spectacular violence. So as he rose, when old Madame de Bellegarde and her son were close to him, he only felt very tall and light. He had been sitting beside some shrubbery, in such a way as not to be noticeable at a distance; but M. de Bellegarde had evidently already perceived him. His mother and he were holding their course, but Newman stepped in front of them, and they were obliged to pause. He lifted his hat slightly, and looked at them for a moment; they were pale with amazement and disgust.

"Excuse me for stopping you," he said in a low tone, "but I must profit



by the occasion. I have ten words to say to you. Will you listen to them?"

The marquis glared at him and then turned to his mother. "Can Mr. Newman possibly have anything to say that is worth our listening to?"

"I assure you I have something," said Newman; "besides, it is my duty to say it. It's a notification, — a warning."

"Your duty?" said old Madame de Bellegarde, her thin lips curving like scorched paper. "That is your affair, not ours."

Madame Urbain meanwhile had seized her little girl by the hand, with a gesture of surprise and impatience which struck Newman, intent as he was upon his own words, with its dramatic effectiveness. "If Mr. Newman is going to make a scene in public," she exclaimed, "I will take my poor child out of the *mêlée*! She is too young to see such naughtiness!" and she instantly resumed her walk.

"You had much better listen to me," Newman went on. "Whether you do or not, things will be disagreeable for you; but at any rate you will be prepared."

"We have already heard something of your threats," said the marquis, "and you know what we think of them."

"You think a good deal more than you admit. A moment," Newman added in reply to an exclamation of the old lady. "I remember perfectly that we are in a public place, and you see I am very quiet. I am not going to tell your secret to the passers-by; I shall keep it, to begin with, for certain picked listeners. Any one who observes us will think that we are having a friendly chat, and that I am complimenting you, madam, on your venerable virtues."

The marquis gave three short sharp raps on the ground with his stick. "I demand of you to step out of our path!" he hissed.

Newman instantly complied, and M. de Bellegarde stepped forward with his mother. Then Newman said, "Half an hour hence Madame de Bellegarde will regret that she did not learn exactly what I mean."

The marquise had taken a few steps, but at these words she paused, looking at Newman with eyes like two scintillating globules of ice. "You are like a peddler with something to sell," she said, with a little cold laugh which only partially concealed the tremor in her voice.

"Oh, no, not to sell," Newman rejoined; "I give it to you for nothing." And he approached nearer to her, looking her straight in the eyes. "You killed your husband," he said, almost in a whisper. "That is, you tried once and failed, and then, without trying, you succeeded."

Madame de Bellegarde closed her eyes and gave a little cough which, as a piece of dissimulation, struck Newman as really heroic. "Dear mother," said the marquis, "does this stuff amuse you so much?"

"The rest is more amusing," said Newman. "You had better not lose it."

Madame de Bellegarde opened her eyes; the scintillations had gone out of them; they were fixed and dead. But she smiled superbly with her narrow little lips and repeated Newman's word. "Amusing? Have I killed some one else?"

"I don't count your daughter," said Newman, "though I might! Your husband knew what you were doing. I have a proof of it whose existence you have never suspected." And he turned to the marquis, who was terribly white, — whiter than Newman had ever seen any one out of a picture. "A paper written by the hand, and signed with the name of Henri-Urbain de Bellegarde. Written after you, madam, had left him for dead, and while you, sir, had gone — not very fast — for the doctor."

The marquis looked at his mother; she turned away, looking vaguely round her. "I must sit down," she said in a low tone, going toward the bench on which Newman had been sitting.

"Could not you have spoken to me alone?" said the marquis to Newman, with a strange look.

"Well, yes, if I could have been sure of speaking to your mother alone, too,"

Newman answered. "But I have had to take you as I could get you."

Madame de Bellegarde, with a movement very eloquent of what he would have called her "grit," her steel-cold pluck and her instinctive appeal to her own personal resources, drew her hand out of her son's arm and went and seated herself upon the bench. There she remained, with her hands folded in her lap, looking straight at Newman. The expression of her face was such that he fancied at first that she was smiling; but he went and stood in front of her and saw that her elegant features were distorted by agitation. He saw, however, equally, that she was resisting her agitation with all the rigor of her inflexible will, and there was nothing like either fear or submission in her stony stare. She had been startled, but she was not terrified. Newman had an exasperating feeling that she would get the better of him still; he would not have believed it possible that he could so utterly fail to be touched by the sight of a woman (criminal or other) in so tight a place. Madame de Bellegarde gave a glance at her son which seemed tantamount to an injunction to be silent and leave her to her own devices. The marquis stood beside her, with his hands behind him, looking at Newman.

"What paper is this you speak of?" asked the old lady, with an imitation of tranquillity which would have been applauded in a veteran actress.

"Exactly what I have told you," said Newman. "A paper written by your husband after you had left him for dead, and during the couple of hours before you returned. You see he had the time; you should n't have stayed away so long. It declares distinctly his wife's murderous intent."

"I should like to see it," Madame de Bellegarde observed.

"I thought you might," said Newman, "and I have taken a copy." And he drew from his waistcoat pocket a small, folded sheet.

"Give it to my son," said Madame de Bellegarde. Newman handed it to the marquis, whose mother, glancing at him,

said simply, "Look at it." M. de Bellegarde's eyes had a pale eagerness which it was useless for him to try to dissimulate; he took the paper in his light-gloved fingers and opened it. There was a silence, during which he read it. He had more than time to read it, but still he said nothing; he stood staring at it. "Where is the original?" asked Madame de Bellegarde, in a voice which was really a consummate negation of impatience.

"In a very safe place. Of course I can't show you that," said Newman. "You might want to take hold of it," he added with conscious quaintness. "But that's a very correct copy, — except, of course, the handwriting. I am keeping the original to show some one else."

M. de Bellegarde at last looked up and his eyes were still very eager. "To whom do you mean to show it?"

"Well, I'm thinking of beginning with the duchess," said Newman; "that stout lady I saw at your ball. She asked me to come and see her, you know. I thought at the moment I should n't have much to say to her; but my little document will give us something to talk about."

"You had better keep it, my son," said Madame de Bellegarde.

"By all means," said Newman; "keep it and show it to your mother when you get home."

"And after showing it to the duchess?" — asked the marquis, folding the paper and putting it away.

"Well, I'll take up the dukes," said Newman. "Then the counts and the barons, — all the people you had the cruelty to introduce me to in a character of which you meant immediately to deprive me. I have made out a list."

For a moment neither Madame de Bellegarde nor her son said a word; the old lady sat with her eyes upon the ground; M. de Bellegarde's blanched pupils were fixed upon her face. Then, looking at Newman, "Is that all you have to say?" she asked.

"No, I want to say a few words more. I want to say that I hope you quite understand what I'm about. This is my

revenge, you know. You have treated me before the world—convened for the express purpose—as if I were not good enough for you. I mean to show the world that, however bad I may be, you are not quite the people to say it.”

Madame de Bellegarde was silent again, and then she broke her silence. Her self-possession continued to be extraordinary. “I need n’t ask you who has been your accomplice. Mrs. Bread told me that you had purchased her services.”

“Don’t accuse Mrs. Bread of venality,” said Newman. “She has kept your secret all these years. She has given you a long respite. It was beneath her eyes your husband wrote that paper; he put it into her hands with a solemn injunction that she was to make it public. She was too good-hearted to make use of it.”

The old lady appeared for an instant to hesitate, and then, “She was my husband’s mistress,” she said, softly. This was the only concession to self-defense that she condescended to make.

“I doubt that,” said Newman.

Madame de Bellegarde got up from her bench. “It was not to your opinions I undertook to listen, and if you have nothing left but them to tell me I think this remarkable interview may terminate.” And turning to the marquis she took his arm again. “My son,” she said, “say something!”

M. de Bellegarde looked down at his mother, passing his hand over his forehead, and then, tenderly, caressingly, “What shall I say?” he asked.

“There is only one thing to say,” said the marquis. “That it was really not worth while to have interrupted our walk.”

But the marquis thought he could improve this. “Your paper’s a forgery,” he said to Newman.

Newman shook his head a little, with a tranquil grin. “M. de Bellegarde,” he said, “your mother does better. She has done better all along, from the first of my knowing you. You’re a mighty plucky woman, madam,” he continued. “It’s a great pity you have made me

your enemy. I should have been one of your greatest admirers.”

“Mon pauvre ami,” said Madame de Bellegarde to her son in French, and as if she had not heard these words; “you must take me immediately to my carriage.”

Newman stepped back and let them leave him; he watched them a moment and saw Madame Urbain, with her little girl, come out of a by-path to meet them. The old lady stooped and kissed her grandchild. “Damn it, she is plucky!” said Newman, and he walked home with a slight sense of being balked. She was so inexpressively defiant! But on reflection he decided that what he had witnessed was no real sense of security, still less a real innocence. It was only a very superior style of brazen assurance. “Wait till she reads the paper!” he said to himself; and he concluded that he should hear from her soon.

He heard sooner than he expected. The next morning, before midday, when he was about to give orders for his breakfast to be served, M. de Bellegarde’s card was brought to him. “She has read the paper and she has passed a bad night,” said Newman. He instantly admitted his visitor, who came in with the air of the ambassador of a great power meeting the delegate of a barbarous tribe whom an absurd accident should have enabled for the moment to be abominably annoying. The ambassador, at all events, had passed a bad night, and his faultlessly careful toilet only threw into relief the frigid rancor in his eyes and the mottled tones of his refined complexion. He stood before Newman a moment, breathing quickly and softly, and shaking his forefinger curtly as his host pointed to a chair.

“What I have come to say is soon said,” he declared, “and can only be said without ceremony.”

“I am good for as much or for as little as you desire,” said Newman.

The marquis looked round the room a moment, and then, “On what terms will you part with your scrap of paper?”

“On none!” And while Newman.

with his head on one side and his hands behind him sounded the marquis's turbid gaze with his own, he added, "Certainly, that is not worth sitting down about."

M. de Bellegarde meditated a moment, as if he had not heard Newman's refusal. "My mother and I, last evening," he said, "talked over your story. You will be surprised to learn that we think your little document is—a"—and he held back his word a moment—"is genuine."

"You forget that with you I am used to surprises!" exclaimed Newman, with a laugh.

"The very smallest amount of respect that we owe to my father's memory," the marquis continued, "makes us desire that he should not be held up to the world as the author of so—so infernal an attack upon the reputation of a wife whose only fault was that she had been submissive to accumulated injury."

"Oh, I see," said Newman. "It's for your father's sake." And he laughed the laugh in which he indulged when he was most amused,—a noiseless laugh, with his lips closed.

But M. de Bellegarde's gravity held good. "There are a few of my father's particular friends for whom the knowledge of so—so unfortunate an—inspiration—would be a real grief. Even say we firmly established by medical evidence the presumption of a mind disordered by fever, *il en resterait quelque chose*. At the best it would look ill in him. Very ill!"

"Don't try medical evidence," said Newman. "Don't touch the doctors and they won't touch you. I don't mind your knowing that I have not written to them."

Newman fancied that he saw signs in M. de Bellegarde's discolored mask that this information was extremely pertinent. But it may have been merely fancy; for the marquis remained majestically argumentative. "For instance, Madame de Outreville," he said, "of whom you spoke yesterday. I can imagine nothing that would shock her more."

"Oh, I am quite prepared to shock Ma-

dame de Outreville, you know. That's on the cards. I expect to shock a great many people."

M. de Bellegarde examined for a moment the stitching on the back of one of his gloves. Then, without looking up, "We don't offer you money," he said. "That we suppose to be useless."

Newman, turning away, took a few turns about the room, and then came back. "What do you offer me? By what I can make out, the generosity is all to be on my side."

The marquis dropped his arms at his side and held his head a little higher. "What we offer you is a chance,—a chance that a gentleman should appreciate. A chance to abstain from inflicting a terrible blot upon the memory of a man who certainly had his faults, but who, personally, had done you no wrong."

"There are two things to say to that," said Newman. "The first is, as regards appreciating your 'chance,' that you don't consider me a gentleman. That's your great point, you know. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways. The second is that—well, in a word, you are talking great nonsense!"

Newman, who in the midst of his bitterness had, as I have said, kept well before his eyes a certain ideal of saying nothing rude, was immediately somewhat regretfully conscious of the sharpness of these words. But he speedily observed that the marquis took them more quietly than might have been expected. M. de Bellegarde, like the stately ambassador that he was, continued the policy of ignoring what was disagreeable in his adversary's replies. He gazed at the gilded arabesques on the opposite wall, and then presently transferred his glance to Newman, as if he too were a large grotesque in a rather vulgar system of chamber decoration. "I suppose you know that as regards yourself, it won't do at all."

"How do you mean it won't do?"

"Why, of course you damn yourself. But I suppose that's in your programme. You propose to throw mud at us; you believe, you hope, that some of it may stick. We know, of course, it can't,"

explained the marquis in a tone of consciousness; "but you take the chance, and are willing at any rate to show that you yourself have dirty hands."

"That's a good comparison, at least half of it," said Newman. "I take the chance of something sticking. But as regards my hands, they are clean. I have taken the matter up with my finger tips."

M. de Bellegarde looked a moment into his hat. "All our friends are quite with us," he said. "They would have done exactly as we have done."

"I shall believe that when I hear them say it. Meanwhile I shall think better of human nature."

The marquis looked into his hat again. "Madame de Cintré was extremely fond of her father. If she knew of the existence of the few written words of which you propose to make this scandalous use, she would demand of you proudly for his sake to give it up to her, and she would destroy it without reading it."

"Very possibly," Newman rejoined. "But she will not know. I was in that convent yesterday and I know what *she* is doing. Lord deliver us! You can guess whether it made me feel forgiving!"

M. de Bellegarde appeared to have nothing more to suggest; but he continued to stand there, rigid and elegant, like a man who believed that his mere personal presence had an argumentative value. Newman watched him and, without yielding an inch on the main issue, felt an incongruously good-natured impulse to help him to retreat in good order.

"Your visit's a failure, you see," he said. "You offer too little."

"Propose something yourself," said the marquis.

"Give me back Madame de Cintré in the same state in which you took her from me."

M. de Bellegarde threw back his head and his pale face flushed. "Never!" he said.

"You can't!"

"We would n't if we could! In the sentiment which led us to deprecate her marriage nothing is changed."

"'Deprecate' is good!" cried Newman. "It was hardly worth while to come here only to tell me that you are not ashamed of yourselves. I could have guessed that!"

The marquis slowly walked toward the door, and Newman, following, opened it for him. "What you propose to do will be very disagreeable," M. de Bellegarde said. "That is very evident. But it will be nothing more."

"As I understand it," Newman answered, "that will be quite enough."

M. de Bellegarde stood a moment looking on the ground, as if he were ransacking his ingenuity to see what else he could do to save his father's reputation. Then, with a little cold sigh, he seemed to signify that he regretfully surrendered the late marquis to the penalty of his turpitude. He gave a hardly perceptible shrug, took his neat umbrella from the servant in the vestibule, and, with his gentlemanly walk, passed out. Newman stood listening till he heard the door close; then he slowly exclaimed, "Well, I ought to begin and be satisfied now!"

Henry James, Jr.

## WRATISLAW.

Of all the songs that have been sung,  
Of all the tales that have been told,  
One never wearies, young or old,  
Nor has since this old world was  
young —

The tale, the song that celebrates  
That fiery something in the breast  
Which makes man do his worst and  
best,

And underlies his loves and hates,  
The basis of the iron will  
That is wrought up at once to kill,  
Nor cares whose heart's blood it may  
spill!

Such strength is grand, no doubt, but  
still

There is a stronger and a better,  
That strikes no blow and knows no fet-  
ter,

Yet makes its stubborn sinews bend,  
And overcomes it in the end. —  
The strength of weakness, which above  
The angels call the might of love,  
And bow to with adoring awe,  
As did the little Wratislaw.

Where now the Servian and the Turk,  
Born foes, as slave and master are,  
Are at their grim old murderous work,  
Grappling in most unequal war,  
Six hundred years ago, or more,  
The land was wasted, as to-day,  
Overrun, as when the shore gives way  
And the wild waves devour the shore,  
By Tartar tribes as wild as they,  
The barbarous horde of Genghis Khan,  
Who scourged mankind as never man  
Before or since, as if he were  
Hell-sent to pitch his dark pavilions  
Upon the grave of slaughtered millions,  
And make the earth a sepulchre!  
Down from the steppes of Tartary  
His countless thousands swept for  
years, —

His long-haired horsemen with their  
spears,

His bowmen with their arrows keen;  
Such pitiless fiends were never seen  
Till then, and worst of all was he,

Destruction's self whose iron tread  
Shook kingdoms: peaceful peoples lay  
Secure before him in Cathay;  
He passed that way and they were dead!  
Across the swift, swollen winter rivers,  
Across the hot, parched summer sands,  
With bended bows and bristling quiv-  
ers,

And spears and scymetars in their hands,  
Rushed Tartar, Mongol, Turkoman,  
To do the bidding of Genghis Khan, —  
Through Russia, Poland, down to where  
Morava is; they halted there.

Before they came there was — if not  
Perpetual peace, which nowhere reigns,  
So darkly Nature shapes our ends —  
There still were times when men forgot  
They had been foes, and might be  
friends,

Having the same blood in their veins.  
Princes and peoples prospered. Now —  
How do we track the savage sea,  
When its spent waves no longer roar,  
But by their ravage of the shore  
Whose once tall cliffs have ceased to  
be?

Such was the track of Genghis Khan,  
Who from his boyhood overran  
The lands, and made their rulers bow  
To his imperious will or whim,  
As if the world belonged to him.  
Temples and towers were trampled  
down,

Were pillaged, and were set on fire;  
Pagoda, mosque, and Christian spire,  
The great walled city, little town,  
The herdsman's hut, the monarch's  
hall, —

He pillaged and destroyed them all:  
Nor stayed the hands of his rough horde  
Who put their dwellers to the sword, —  
The soldier fighting on the wall,  
The old, old man with snow-white hair,  
Mothers with children at the breast,  
Virgins — but let thy curtain fall,  
Oblivion, and conceal the rest!

The work of death was never done,  
For everywhere along their track  
Were flights of vultures; everywhere

The wolves came trooping from their  
 lair, —  
 Came famished, and went glutted back.  
 The smoke of battle dimmed the sun,  
 And darkness like a funeral pall  
 Was on the ruins, — all were black,  
 Save when the embers smoldered red:  
 It was as if the Earth were dead,  
 And they heaped ashes on her head!  
 They halted in Morava. Nay,  
 They were defeated there and then,  
 By Slavic chiefs and Slavic men, —  
 Warriors more desperate than they,  
 Whose spears and lances cleft their way  
 To where their horsemen were at bay,  
 And horse and rider rolled in dust;  
 And whose sharp swords with lightning  
 thrust,  
 Ringing on helmet, armor, shield,  
 Pierced, clove, until they turned and  
 fled,  
 And left them masters of the field  
 Piled with a hundred thousand dead!

This Sir Berka, valiant knight,  
 Though too old for combat now,  
 From his castle on the height  
 Saw, and hungered for the fight,  
 Saw, but with an anxious brow.  
 All that day and all the morrow  
 On his battlements he stood,  
 Now in joy, and now in sorrow,  
 Gazing on the distant wood,  
 In whose depths, like frightened deer,  
 He saw the Tartars disappear.  
 Sitting at the old man's side,  
 But no help to the old man,  
 Was Ludmilla, once his pride,  
 Wife of his first-born, his Jan, —  
 Jan, who girt on his good sword,  
 And pursued the flying horde;  
 Who returned not with his train,  
 To the castle gates again,  
 And who was not with the slain!  
 She was gazing on his track,  
 And her heart was sore afeard,  
 For the Tartars disappeared,  
 And her husband came not back!  
 There was yet another one  
 Clinging to Sir Berka's side, —  
 Wratislaw, his youngest son,  
 Who his sorrow strove to hide,  
 For some one must be brave, he saw,  
 And cheer his father, poor old man,

Whose heart had gone out after Jan,  
 And had forgotten Wratislaw!  
 A piece of childhood; for, in sooth,  
 One might not call the lad a youth:  
 The suns of twelve short summers had  
 shed  
 Their light upon his little head,  
 Upon the golden locks that shone  
 With greater glory than their own;  
 The flowers of twelve short springs had  
 come  
 And looked upon him, like the sun,  
 And seen their loveliness outdone  
 By something in his pensive face;  
 Perhaps it was its winning grace,  
 Perhaps its might of martyrdom;  
 For there was that about the boy,  
 Young as he was, and slight of frame,  
 Which only tenderness could tame,  
 And only death destroy!  
 Such was the child, and such the fire  
 That in his fair, frail body burned,  
 As he beheld the wasted land;  
 He sighed, but wept not, for his sire  
 Hated the sight of tears; he turned  
 And shut them back, and kissed his  
 hand.

There are seasons, hours of dread,  
 When something must be done or said;  
 Hearts bear much, but their tense chords  
 Must be touched, or they will break.  
 Nature then, for sorrow's sake,  
 Smites its silence into words!  
 The woman's heart was here the first  
 That into lamentation burst,  
 And thus the pale Ludmilla spake:  
 "Ah, my hero, ah, my Jan,  
 Dearest husband, princely man,  
 Woe to thy poor wife, — to me,  
 Who have lost my sons with thee!  
 Woe to thy forefathers' land,  
 Whose bright star hath set with thine;  
 It hath now nor head nor hand,  
 The strongest is as weak as mine!  
 Oh, that we have lived to pray  
 As we must on this dark day,  
 For we cannot be comforted  
 But by the thought that thou art dead!  
 Bitter comfort, dreadful prayer,  
 Death to thee, to us despair!  
 But better so, if so it be;  
 Far better thou wert in thy grave  
 Than living captive and a slave:



But none can make a slave of thee;  
 Slaves die a thousand deaths a day,  
 Thou hast but one death, Jan, and I,  
 Thy childless widow, bid thee die,  
 And I will follow!" "Sister, nay,"  
 Said Wratislaw, and stole to her,  
 "There is a better Comforter."

Sir Berka was the last to speak,  
 And bitter were the words he said,  
 And piteous were the tears he shed,  
 For tears would come, and all the same  
 When brushed away, they came and  
 came.

"What have I done, Lord, to arouse  
 Thine anger on our ancient house?  
 For thou art angry, sure, with me.  
 Why are its deep foundations shaken?  
 Why is its last strong pillar taken?  
 Why am I thus in age forsaken?  
 Lord God! what have I done to thee?  
 Behold me here, a broken man,  
 For they have taken my hero, Jan,  
 Who should my feeble hands sustain.  
 And plant my name and race again!  
 Calamities have fallen before  
 Upon my house, but not another  
 Like unto this, and nevermore  
 Can this befall, for none remain;  
 For what is *she*, and what am *I*?  
 A weeping woman, not a mother,  
 And an old man, soon to die!"

The young child, Wratislaw, till now  
 Had kept his tears back, inly grieved  
 To see his father so bereaved;  
 But now they gushed, and his pale brow  
 Flushed for his brother's childless wife  
 Who by his father's taunt was stung,  
 And for himself, for he, though young,  
 Would not be blotted out of life,  
 Even by his father's evil tongue.  
 So with a hurt, proud look he said,  
 "Oh, father! wherefore dost thou say  
 That thy great stem is broken — dead,  
 Because one branch is torn away?  
 True, Jan is gone, but Jan lives still,  
 And Wratislaw is still with thee;  
 It is his duty now to be  
 What the brave Jan was, and to fill,  
 Till he returns, his vacant place,  
 And so uphold the name and race."  
 Sir Berka answered not, but smiled,  
 A smile that was not good to see,

Then, turning to his daughter, he:  
 "The spirit of his ancestry  
 Flames up a moment in the child,  
 Crackles in words; but words are wild,  
 For deeds, not words, are wanted now.  
 To think this weakling sprung from me,  
 This slip from our ancestral tree!  
 He has his mother's eye and face,  
 And he repeats her saintly race,  
 Not mine, by Heaven! his woman's hand  
 Will never bear the battle brand, —  
 It may the censer; he shall be  
 A servant in some pious place,  
 And pray for me with shaven brow;  
 And if I live, — but I shall die, —  
 He shall prepare me for the sky!"  
 The child a moment crouching low,  
 For every word had been a blow  
 That smote his heart, started at length,  
 And rose up in his boyish strength.  
 "My lord and father, we are taught,  
 By holy men in Holy Writ,  
 The boasted strength of man is naught  
 Unless the Lord sustaineth it."  
 "Peace! I have heard the words be-  
 fore,  
 And I will hear the words no more;  
 They will not rescue my poor Jan  
 From the claw of Genghis Khan!"  
 Sadly, but proudly, Wratislaw,  
 Whose courage in his clear blue eye  
 Shot like a falcon through the sky,  
 Answered, but with a voice of awe,  
 "God's ways are not the ways of man,  
 For when He wills the weak are strong;  
 And, father, thou hast done me wrong;  
 But thou my face no more shalt see,  
 For, though the sword I cannot draw,  
 I will go find my brother Jan.  
 Farewell; he will return with me."

Before Sir Berka could reply  
 The boy had gone, but none knew  
 where,  
 Had vanished, like a flying hare  
 That in an instant flashes by:  
 They sought him here, they sought him  
 there,  
 They rode, they ran, like hounds in  
 cry,  
 But nowhere found a trace of him;  
 For how he vanished no man saw,  
 So swift the steed, and strong of limb —  
 If steed he saddled for the flight

That swept him from his father's sight.  
 Sir Berka was a woeful man;  
 Before he had but lost his Jan,  
 Now he had lost his Wratislaw!  
 He cursed his wild, un pitying mood,  
 He cursed his dark and savage heart  
 That now against itself took part,  
 Because too late it understood  
 How dear the boy was, and how good.  
 He loved him now, if not before,  
 But he had always loved him, yes,  
 And hungered for his fond caress,  
 And now he loved him more and more.

Sir Berka was an altered man,  
 Whether he sat within his hall  
 Or wandered slowly round his lands;  
 His wrinkled features grew more wan,  
 More white his hair that used to fall  
 So darkly down his shoulders; all  
 The man was shaken, — most his hands,  
 That scarce could carve his meat and  
 raise

The wine cup to his withered lips;  
 He had no hope of better days,  
 A strong soul setting in eclipse!  
 Darkly Sir Berka's days were spent,  
 Darkly the seasons came and went;  
 Whether the flowers of spring were  
 growing,

Whether the summer fruits were glow-  
 ing,

Whether the autumn winds were blow-  
 ing,

Whether the winter sky was snowing,  
 He knew not, cared not; all he saw  
 Was nothing to this lonely man,  
 Since tidings there were none of Jan,  
 And none of Wratislaw!

He had but one strong hold of life,  
 That poor, weak, fading, childless wife,  
 Whose pardon twenty times a day  
 He begged; whose dear head he caressed  
 And closely to his bosom pressed,  
 Lest she, too, should be torn away!

One day, as thus disconsolate  
 Sir Berka sat within his hall,  
 A stranger rode up to the wall,  
 And halted at the castle gate:  
 A stalwart figure came in sight,  
 Of whom, if one but marked his height,  
 The noble carriage of his head,  
 He would — he must at once have said,

The stranger is a valiant knight.  
 He looked at first a Christian man,  
 But one who journeyed from afar,  
 And Christian armor surely wore,  
 But closer like a Tartar khan,  
 For he was dark or tanned, and bore,  
 As the khans did, a scymetar.  
 He strode — he seemed to know the  
 way —

Straight through the castle to the door  
 That opened in Sir Berka's hall;  
 He strode between him and the day  
 That smote his shadow on the floor,  
 Weaponed, and broad, and tall;  
 He kneeled down at the old man's  
 chair,

And at his childless daughter's feet,  
 Whose startled heart did strangely beat  
 As if a ghost were there!

"Who is this kneeling, silent man?"

"Oh, father! it is Jan!"

Who will may paint this, or may try:

I will go on, and tell the rest;

The secrets of the human breast

Are not for every curious eye.

Pass over, then, the shock of meeting,

Sir Berka's and Ludmilla's greeting,

And see the son and husband seated

Between his father and his wife,

Holding a hand in each hard palm,

Erect, and resolute, and calm.

They asked the story of his life

Since that destructive, glorious hour

That broke the dreaded Tartar's power.

This is the story he repeated:

"You stood upon the battlement

That day and watched the way I went;

You saw a portion of the fight;

The Tartars fled, and we pursued

Pell-mell behind the multitude,

And harried their disastrous flight.

They fled like hares, in such dismay

That had we numbered man for man

There would not be a Tartar clan

Upon the earth to-day!

But one fled not, but stood at bay,

With ten or twelve brave fellows more,

All horsemen; by the garb he wore

He should have been a khan.

He rode at me, and I at him,

We fought like men who fight to die,

Not careless, though, of life or limb,

But with a wary eye.

I smote his helmet off, and might

Have cloven his Tartar skull in twain,  
But when I saw his hair was white,  
I could not strike him, — wrong, per-  
chance,

But I would do the like again.  
He smiled, and shot a lightning glance  
Full in my face, but never stirred;  
He waved his hand, without a word,  
And in an instant I was bound,  
Tied hand and foot upon my horse,  
And borne, as all were borne along,  
For now the panic was so strong  
That nothing could withstand its force.  
It was not long before I found  
That old, bare-headed, white-haired  
man

I *should* have slain was Genghis Khan!  
At first I knew the way they fled,  
The woods they pierced, the streams  
they crossed,

The mountain passes and defiles;  
But when one flees a thousand miles,  
And sees strange starlight overhead  
The knowledge of his path is lost.  
I only knew, or cared to know,  
That they were driven back, and back,  
That they were harried on their track;  
That thousands perished in the snow;  
I thanked the Lord God it was so!  
I suffered somewhat, but you see  
It did not make an end of me,  
For, father, here I am with thee,  
With thee, Ludmilla!" Neither spake,  
For fear, perhaps, their tears would  
break,

Their full hearts overflow!

"At last we reached the Tartar land,  
The kingdom that is Genghis Khan's,  
The remnant of a thousand clans,  
But still a mighty band.

Pass lightly over them and him,  
For they were sullen, he was grim,  
And had a hasty hand.  
Pass lightly over what came next,  
As over a dream that long perplexed  
The short hours of the night, and fled,  
And left the morning in its stead,  
And me — not as it threatened, dead,  
But living, as I am to-day;  
For God the Lord is strong to save  
The hearts that trust him; only say  
That I was there a slave.

You know what that is, — you have  
seen

Those who have Tartar captives been,  
But never one, I think, like me;  
Or so, at least, thought Genghis Khan.  
Dark man! he knew enough of man  
To know that I was free,  
And would be, though in chains, until  
Death or deliverance came; his will  
Was met and matched by mine; so he —  
He went his way, and I went mine.  
He never saw me peak and pine,  
Nor heard me sigh for rest.  
I thought to fill a Tartar grave  
Were better than to live — a slave,  
But God knew better, He knew best.  
I was not wholly downcast; I  
Believed the day and hour would come  
(May Heaven forgive me if I lie!)  
When I should rise, and journey home  
And be with you, — I was in heart;  
There was no day, there was no hour  
But I was here; no earthly power  
Could keep our souls apart!

I saw you as I see you now,  
With fewer furrows on your brow,  
Father; and you, Ludmilla, saw,  
And my young brother, Wratislaw,  
His frank blue eyes, his yellow hair, —  
There never was a child so fair!  
I think we never understood  
How brave he was, as brave as good."  
Sir Berka groaned, Ludmilla sighed;  
But Jan went on, with tender pride:  
"I loved the boy; my own dear son —  
If God had pleased to send me one —  
Could not have dearer been than he,  
The flower of all our family!  
Night after night I dreamed of him,  
Bright dreams that did till morning last;  
At length they lessened and were dim,  
At last they vanished in the past.  
Then suddenly I was aware —  
Still in my dreams that sadder grew —  
That something, some one followed me,  
Some one did day and night pursue;  
It might be beast, it might be man, —  
The face, the form I could not see,  
Nor knew I when it was, or where:  
And once my name was shouted, '*Jan!*'  
This happened many moons ago,  
When mountain sides were white with  
snow

And I was slave to Genghis Khan.  
One day he summoned me; I went,  
And found him in his battle tent,

Girt round by bowmen; there I saw —  
Great God! — my brother Wratislaw!  
The grim old king looked up and  
smiled:

‘Come here, my slave, beside this child;  
Behold how pale he is, how weak, —  
His wasted form, his sunken cheek;  
He says he is your brother, says  
He comes to get your freedom, — *he*  
Who sees the end of all his days  
Is nigh, death waiting, comes to *me*,  
Offers himself to be my slave,  
If I will set you free.

Slavonian, speak, I know you brave!  
Would you advise this less than man  
(Support him, for he faints you see)  
To be the slave of Genghis Khan?’  
My brother proudly raised his head,  
And with a flashing eye he said,  
‘Look not upon my wasted frame,  
For thine will one day be the same,  
But think, remember how I came,  
Over mountain, over plain,  
Where thy flying clans were slain,  
Where unburied they remain;  
From far Morava to thy throne  
I came, but did not come alone,  
For God was with me, led my hand,  
Guided the feet that bore me here,  
Through Poland, Russia, Tartar land;  
Six moons of travel for a man,  
Through ways a man might fear.  
Now listen, therefore, Genghis Khan,  
For God speaks through me and to  
thee:

Thou art to set my brother free,  
I am to be thy slave!

The youngest I, the oldest he;  
A man with one foot in the grave  
Our father, with no son but Jan,  
My brother, who is wed to one  
That loves him, but has borne no son;  
He must return, and I remain.  
But hear, O Genghis Khan, again,  
If thou refuse, what will be done:  
Thou hast seven sons, and all men say  
That they are what thy sons should be;  
But thou shalt see them fade away  
In seven short months, and from to-  
day, —

But not if Jan is free.’

Seven long, dark days of dread sus-  
pense,

Days, ages that would not depart,

Interminable and intense,  
That almost broke my heart, —  
I could not suffer more, —  
Then I was summoned, as before,  
By Genghis Khan, who thus began:  
‘Slavonian, I have sent for you,  
For you have done what few have dared,  
Fought hand to hand with Genghis  
Khan,

Who, when he sees him, knows a man,  
And fighting, knows if he is brave;  
It was for this your life was spared,  
And you were made a slave.

I have subdued, and can subdue;  
It suits me now to set you free,  
Not for yourself, but for your brother,  
For I have never seen another  
That was as brave as he.

I have seven brothers, but not one  
Would do for me what he has done;  
I have seven sons, but not a son  
Would do the same for me:

I would not do it for any man,  
And not for God, — if God there be, —  
For I am Genghis Khan!

But for that boy, — that tender bird  
That from his nest should not have  
stirred,

Too stout of heart, too weak of wing, —  
Methinks I would do anything.

Take him, and go; through all my land  
I have sent word that you are free;  
Return to peace and happiness;

Depart, and think no more of me!’  
I knelt and kissed — I could no less —  
His world-dividing hand.”

“And Wratislaw?” “But you shall  
hear.

They brought me armor, — *mine*, you  
see, —

And that great helmet shagged with  
hair,

And from his own side Genghis Khan  
Took off the scymetar I wear;

They girt it on me, — I was free!  
Two steeds were brought me to pursue  
My long, long journey back to you;

I rode, for all the ways were clear,  
I rode and rode, as if for life,  
And here I am, the same old Jan.”

“But Wratislaw?” He rose up then,  
And led his father and his wife

Straight to the casement, whence they  
saw

In the court-yard two Tartar steeds,  
 And his squire holding them: like reeds  
 They trembled, for two serving-men  
 Bore something forward — Wratislaw?  
 No, no, it was not *he* they bore  
 With slow steps through the castle gate,  
 And up the stairs, and in the hall!  
 It was a strong box, that was all,  
 Studded with knobs and bands of gold;  
 And it was heavy, too, to hold,  
 The bearers drooped beneath the weight;  
 An oaken chest, wherein of old  
 Brave Genghis Khan his treasure  
     stored, —  
 The crowns he had conquered with his  
     great sword, —  
 A treasure chest, no more.  
 Jan put his hand within his breast,  
 And then took out a curious key,  
 And, kneeling down where they could  
     see,  
 Unlocked the treasure chest.  
 Yes, it *was* Wratislaw! He died  
 The day he found his brother Jan,

Died then, and almost at his side.  
 Struck with his greatness, Genghis  
     Khan,  
 Whose stormy soul for once was calmed,  
 Had the dear body then embalmed.  
 It was his body that they saw,  
 The treasure there was Wratislaw!  
 They stood and looked at one another,  
 Like men whose days are nearly done:  
 "I thank thee, God, for such a brother!"  
 "I thank thee, God, for such a son!"  
 How beautiful he was! the child  
 Was lovelier than in life: his face  
 Had caught a more than earthly grace;  
 It was as if an angel smiled,  
 But a strong angel, one whose might  
 Was manifested there in light,  
 To which the light of day was dim;  
 Yes, it was Wratislaw who slept  
 In the rich chest of Genghis Khan.  
 His promise had been kept,  
 For he had found his brother Jan,  
 And Jan had now returned with him.  
     *R. H. Stoddard.*

## OLD WOMAN'S GOSSIP.

### XXI.

It is very curious that their experience tells so little among theatrical people in their calculation of the probable success of a new piece; perhaps it may be said that they cannot positively foresee the effect each actor or actress may produce with certain parts; but given the best possible representation of the piece, the precise temper of the particular audience who decides its fate on the first night of representation is always an unknown quantity in the calculation, and no technical experience ever seems to arrive at anything like even approximate certainty with regard to that. I felt perfectly sure of the success of *The Hunchback*, but I think that was precisely because of my want of theatrical experience, which left

me rather in the position of one of the public than one of the players, and there was much grave head-shaking over it, especially on the part of one excellent stage manager, Mr. Bartley, who was exceedingly faint-hearted about the experiment.

My father, with great professional disinterestedness, took the insignificant part of the insignificant lover, and Knowles himself filled that of the hero of the piece, the hunchback; a circumstance which gave the part a peculiar interest and compensated in some measure for the loss of the great genius of Kean, for whom it had been written.

The same species of uncertainty which I have said characterizes the judgments of actors with regard to the success of new pieces sometimes affects the appre-

ciation authors themselves form of the relative merits of their own works, inducing them to value more highly some which they esteem their best, and to which that preëminence is denied by popular verdict. Knowles while writing *The Hunchback* was so absorbed with the idea of what Kean's impersonation of it would probably be, that he was entirely unconscious of what the great actor himself probably perceived, that on the stage the part of Julia would overweigh and eclipse that of Master Walter. Knowles felt sure he had written a fine man's part, and was really not aware that the woman's part was still finer. What is yet more singular is that while he was writing *The Wife*, which he did immediately afterwards, with a view to my acting the principal female character, he constantly said to me, "I am writing *such a part for you!*" and had no notion that the only part capable of any effect at all in the piece was that of Julian St. Pierre, the good-for-nothing brother of the duchess.

The play of *The Wife* was singularly wanting in interest, and except in the character of St. Pierre was ineffective and flat from beginning to end, in that respect a perfect contrast to *The Hunchback*, in which the interest is vivid and strong and never flags from the first scene to the last. I was quite unable to make anything at all of the part of Marianna, nor have I ever heard of its becoming prominent or striking in the hands of any one else.

*The Hunchback*, according to my confident expectation, succeeded. Knowles played his own hero with great force and spirit, though he was in such a state of wild excitement that I expected to see him fly on the stage whenever he should have been off it, and *vice versa*, and followed him about behind the scenes endeavoring to keep him in his right mind with regard to his exits and his entrances, and receiving from him explosive Irish benedictions in return for my warnings and promptings. Throughout the whole first representation I was really as nervous for and about him as I was about the play itself and my own particular

part in it. My father did the impossible with Sir Thomas Clifford, in making him both dignified and interesting; and Miss Taylor was capital in the saucy Helen. My part played itself and was greatly liked by the audience; the piece was one of the most popular original plays of my time, and has continued a favorite alike with the public and the players. The part of the heroine is one, indeed, in which it would be almost impossible to fail; and every Julia may reckon upon the sympathy of her audience, the character is so preëminently effective and dramatic.

Of the play as a composition not much is to be said; it has little poetical or literary merit, and even the plot is so confused and obscure that nobody to my knowledge (not even the author himself, of whom I once asked an explanation of it) was ever able to make it out or give a plausible account of it. The characters are inconsistent and wanting in verisimilitude to a degree that ought to prove fatal to them with any tolerably reasonable spectators; in spite of all which the play is interesting, exciting, affecting, and humorous. The powerfully dramatic effect of the situations, and the two characters of Master Walter and Julia, the great scope for good acting in all the scenes in which they appear, the natural fire, passion, and pathos of the dialogue, in short, the great merits of the piece as an acting play cover all its defects; even the heroine's vulgar, flighty folly and the hero's absurd eccentricity interfering wonderfully little with the sympathy of the audience for their troubles and their final triumph over them. *The Hunchback* is a very satisfactory play to see, but let nobody who has seen it well acted attempt to read it in cold blood!

It had an immense run, and afforded me an opportunity of testing the difference between an infinite repetition of the text of Shakespeare and that of any other writer. I played Juliet upwards of a hundred nights without any change of part and did not weary of it; Julia, in *The Hunchback*, after half the repetition became so tiresome to me that I would

have given anything to have changed parts with my sprightly Helen, if only for a night, to refresh myself and recover a little from the extreme weariness I felt in constantly repeating Julia. The audience certainly would have suffered by the exchange, for Miss Taylor would not have played my part so much better than I, as I should have played hers worse than she did. Indeed, her performance of the character of Helen saved it from the reproach of coarseness, which very few actresses would have been able to avoid while giving it all the point and lively humor which she threw into it. I had great pleasure in acting the piece with her, she did her business so thoroughly well and was so amiable and agreeable a fellow worker.

In my last letter to Miss S—— I have spoken of a party at the Countess of Cork's, to which I went. She was one of the most curious figures in the London society of my girlish days. Very aged, yet retaining much of a vivacity of spirit and sprightly wit for which she had been famous as Mary Monckton, she continued till between ninety and a hundred years old to entertain her friends and the gay world, who frequently during the season assembled at her house.

I have still a note begging me to come to one of her evening parties, written under her dictation by a young person who used to live with her, and whom she called her "Memory;" the few concluding lines scrawled by herself are signed "*M. Cork, æt. 92.*" She was rather apt to appeal to her friends to come to her on the score of her age; and I remember Rogers showing me an invitation he had received from her for one of the ancient concert evenings (these were musical entertainments of the highest order, which Mr. Rogers never failed to attend), couched in these terms: "Dear Rogers, leave the ancient music and come to ancient Cork, 93." Lady Cork's drawing-rooms were rather peculiar in their arrangement: they did not contain that very usual piece of furniture, a piano-forte, so that if ever she especially desired to have music she hired an instrument for the evening; the rest

of the furniture consisting only of very large and handsome arm-chairs placed round the apartments against the walls, to which they were *made fast* by some mysterious process, so that it was quite impossible to form a small circle or coterie of one's own at one of her assemblies. I remember when first I made this discovery expressing my surprise to the beautiful Lady Harriet d'Orsay, who laughingly suggested that poor old Lady Cork's infirmity with regard to the property of others (a well-known incapacity for discriminating between *meum* and *tuum*) might probably be the cause of this peculiar precaution with regard to her own arm-chairs, which it would not, however, have been a very easy matter to have stolen even had they not been chained to the walls. In the course of the conversation which followed, Lady E——, apparently not at all familiar with Chesterfield's Letters, said that it was Lady Cork who had originated the idea that after all heaven would probably turn out very dull to her *when she got there; sitting on damp clouds and singing God save the King* being her idea of the principal amusements there. This rather dreary image of the joys of the blessed was combated, however, by Lady E——, who put forth her own theory on the subject as far more genial, saying, "Oh dear, no; she thought it would be all splendid *fêtes* and delightful dinner parties, and charming, clever people; just like the London season, only a great deal *pleasanter* because there would be no bores." With reference to Lady Cork's theory, Lady Harriet said, "I suppose it would be rather tiresome for her, poor thing! for you know she hates music, and there would be nothing to steal but one another's wings."

Lady Cork's great age did not appear to interfere with her enjoyment of society, in which she lived habitually. I remember a very comical conversation with her in which she was endeavoring to appoint some day for my dining with her, our various engagements appearing to clash. she took up the pocket-book where hers were inscribed, and began reading them out with the following running commen-



cary: "Wednesday — no, Wednesday won't do; Lady Holland dines with me — naughty lady! — won't do, my dear. Thursday?" "Very sorry, Lady Cork, we are engaged." "Ah yes, so am I; let's see — Friday; no, Friday I have the Duchess of C——, another naughty lady; must n't come then, my dear. Saturday?" "No, Lady Cork, I am very sorry — Saturday we are engaged to Lady D——." "Oh dear, oh dear! improper lady, too! but a long time ago, everybody's forgotten all about it, — very proper now! quite proper now!"

Lady Cork's memory seemed to me to stretch beyond the limits of what everybody had forgotten. She was quite a young woman at the time of the youth of George III., and spoke of Frederick, Prince of Wales, to whose wife she, then the Honorable Mary Monckton, was maid of honor. It is a most tantalizing circumstance to me, now, to remember a fragment of a conversation between herself and my mother, on the occasion of the first visit I was ever taken to pay her. I was a very young girl; it was just after my return from school at Paris, and the topics discussed by my mother and her old lady friend interested me so little that I was looking out of the window, and wondering when we should go away, when my attention was arrested by these words spoken with much emphasis by Lady Cork: "Yes, my dear, I was alone in the room, and the picture turned in its frame, and Lord Bute came out from behind it;" here, perceiving my eyes riveted upon her, she lowered her voice, and I distinctly felt that I was expected to look out of the window again, without having any idea, however, that the question was probably one of the character of a "naughty lady" of higher rank than those so designated to me some years later by old Lady Cork, who, if I may judge by this fragment of gossip, might have cleared up some disputed points, as to the relations between the Princess of Wales and the Prime Minister.

I do not know that Lady Cork's reputation for beauty ever equaled that she had for wit, but when I knew her, at up-

wards of ninety, she was really a very comely old woman. Her complexion was still enviably fine and fair, and there was great vivacity in her eyes and countenance, as well as wonderful liveliness in her manner. Her figure was very slight and diminutive, and at the parties at her own house she always was dressed entirely in white, — in some rich white silk, with a white bonnet covered with a rich blonde or lace veil on her head; she looked like a little old witch bride. I recollect a curious scene my mother described to me, which she witnessed one day when calling on Lady Cork, whom she had known for many years. She was shown into her dressing-room, where the old lady was just finishing her toilet. She was about to put on her gown, and remaining a moment without it showed my mother her arms and neck, which were even then still white and round and by no means unlovely, and said, pointing to her maid, "Is n't it a shame! she won't let me wear my gowns low, or my sleeves short any more." To which the maid responded by throwing the gown over her mistress's shoulders, exclaiming at the same time, "Oh, fie, my lady! you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk so at your age!" — a rebuke which the nonagenarian beauty accepted with becoming humility.

The unfortunate propensity of poor Lady Cork to appropriate all sorts of things belonging to other people, valueless quite as often as valuable, was matter of public notoriety, so that the fashionable London tradesmen, to whom her infirmity in this respect was well known, never allowed their goods to be taken to her carriage for inspection, but always exacted that she should come into their shops, where an individual was immediately appointed to follow her about and watch her during the whole time she was making her purchases.

Whenever she visited her friends in the country, her maid on her return home used to gather together whatever she did not recognize as belonging to her mistress, and her butler transmitted it back to the house where they had been staying. I heard once a most ludi-

crous story of her carrying off, *faute de mieux*, a hedgehog from a place where the creature was a pet of the porters, and was running tame about the hall as Lady Cork crossed it to get into her carriage. She made her poor "Memory" seize up the prickly beast, but after driving a few miles with this unpleasant spiked foot-warmer, she found means to dispose of it at a small town, where she stopped to change horses, to a baker, to whom she gave it in payment for a sponge cake, assuring him that a hedgehog would be invaluable in his establishment for the destruction of black beetles, with which she knew, from good authority, that the premises of bakers were always infested.

The following note was addressed to Lady Dacre on the subject of a pretty piece called *Isaure*, which she had written and very kindly wished to have acted at Covent Garden for my benefit. It was, however, judged of too slight and delicate a texture for that large frame, and the purpose was relinquished. I rather think it was acted in private at Hatfield House, Lady Salisbury filling the part of the heroine, which I was to have taken had the piece been brought out at Covent Garden:—

MY DEAR LADY DACRE,—Will you be kind enough to send *Isaure* to my father? We will take the greatest possible care of her, and return her to you in all safety. I am only sorry that he cannot have the pleasure of hearing you read it; for though it can take its own part very well, you know even Shakespeare is not the worse for the interpretation of a sweet voice, musical accent, and correct emphasis. With regard to the production of the piece on the stage, I do not like to venture an opinion, because my short experience has been long enough already to show me how easily I might be mistaken in such matters.

There is no rule by which the humors of an audience can be predicted. On a benefit night, indeed, I feel sure that the piece would succeed, and answer your kind intention of adding to the attractions of the bill, be they what they might;

but our judges are not the same, you know, two consecutive evenings, and therefore it is impossible to foretell the sentence of a second representation, for no "benefit" but that of the public itself. *Isaure* is a refined patrician beauty, and I am sometimes inclined to think that the Memphian head alone is of fit proportions for uttering oracles in the huge space of our modern stage. My father, however, is, from long experience, the best guesser of these riddles, and he will tell you honestly his opinion as to your heroine's public capacity. I am sure he will find his own reward in making her acquaintance. I am, my dear Lady Dacre, faithfully yours,

FANNY KEMBLE.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON,—Thank you for the book you were so good as to send me. I have read that which concerns the *Cenci* in it, and think Leigh Hunt's reflections on the story and tragedy very good. I am glad you were at the play last night, because I thought I acted well,—at least, I tried to do so. I stayed the first act of the new after-piece, and was rather amused by it. I do not know how the ladies' "inexpressibles" might affect the fortunes of the second act, but I liked all their gay petticoats in the first, extremely. The weather is not very propitious for us; we start to-morrow at nine. I send you the only copy of *Sophocles* I can lay my hand on this morning. Yours ever truly,

F. A. KEMBLE.

A little piece called *The Invincibles*, in which a smart corps of young Amazons in uniform were officered by *Madame Vestris* in the prettiest regimentals ever well worn by woman, was the novelty I alluded to. The effect of the female troop was very pretty, and the piece was very successful.

I had only lately read Shelley's great tragedy, and Mrs. Jameson had been so good as to lend me various notices and criticisms upon it. The hideous subject itself is its weak point, and his selection of it one cause for doubting Shelley's

power as a dramatic writer. Everything else in the terrible play suggests the probable loss his death may have been to the dramatic literature of England. At the same time, the tenor of all his poems denotes a mind too unfamiliar with human life and human nature in their ordinary normal aspects and conditions for a good writer of plays. His metaphysical was almost too much for his poetical imagination, and perhaps nothing between the morbid horror of that Cenci story and the ideal grandeur of the Greek Prometheus would have excited him to the dramatic handling of any subject.

His translation from Calderon's *El Magico Prodigioso* and his bit of the Brocken scene from *Faust* are fine samples of his power of dramatic style; he alone could worthily have translated the whole of *Faust*; but I suppose he really was too deficient in the vigorous flesh-and-blood vitality of the highest and healthiest poetical genius to have been a dramatist. He could not deal with common folk or handle common things; humor, that great *tragic* element, was not in him; the heavens and all their clouds and colors were his, and he floated and hovered and soared in the ethereal element like one native to it. Upon the firm earth his foot wants firmness, and men and women as they are, are at once too coarse and complex, too robust and too infinitely various for his delicate, fine, but in some sense feeble handling.

Browning is the very reverse of Shelley in this respect; both have written one fine play and several fine dramatic compositions; but throughout Shelley's poetry the dramatic spirit is deficient, while in Browning's it reveals itself so powerfully that one wonders how he has escaped writing many good plays besides the *Blot on the Scutcheon* and that fine fragmentary succession of scenes, *Pippa Passes*.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON, — I fear I am going to disappoint you, and 't is with real regret that I do so, but I have been acting every night almost for the last month, and when to-day I mentioned my project of spending this my holiday even-

ing with you, both my aunt and my father seemed to think that in discharging my debt to you I was defrauding nearer and older creditors; and suggested that my brother, who really sees but little of me now, might think my going out to-night unkind. I cannot, therefore, carry out my plan of visiting you, and beg that you will forgive my not keeping my promise this evening. I am moreover so far from well that my company would hardly give you much pleasure, nor could I stay long if I came, for early as it is my head is aching for its pillow already.

As soon as a week occurs in which I have *two* holidays I will try to give you one of them. I send you back Crabbe, which I have kept forever; for a great poet, which he is, he is curiously unpoetical, I think. Yours ever truly,

F. A. KEMBLE.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET.

DEAR MRS. JAMESON, — My mother bids me say that you certainly will suppose she is mad, or else *Mother Hubbard's dog*; for when you called she was literally ill in bed, and this evening she cannot have the pleasure of receiving you, because she is engaged out, here in our own neighborhood, to a very quiet tea. She bids me thank you very much for the kindness of your proposed visit and express her regret at not being able to avail herself of it. If you can come on Thursday, between one and two o'clock, I shall be most happy to see you. Thank you very much for Lamb's *Dramatic Specimens*; I read the scene you had copied from *Philaster* directly; how fine it is! how I should like to act it! Mr. Harness has sent me the first volume of the family edition of the *Old Plays*. I think sweeping those fine dramas clean is a good work that cannot be enough commended. What treasures we possess and make no use of, while we go on acting *Gamesters* and *Grecian Daughters*, and such poor stuff! But I have no time for ecstasies or exclamations. Yours ever most truly,

F. A. KEMBLE.

I have said that hardly any new part was ever assigned to me that I did not

receive with a rueful sense of inability to what I called "do anything with it." Julia in *The Hunchback*, and Camiola in *The Maid of Honor* were among the few exceptions to this preparatory attack of despondency; but those I in some sort chose myself, and all my other characters were appointed me by the management, in obedience to whose dictates and with the hope of serving the interests of the theatre I suppose I should have acted Harlequin if I had been ordered to do so.

Lady Teazle and Mrs. Oakley were certainly no exceptions to this experience of a cold fit of absolute incapacity with which I received every new part appointed me, and my studying of them might have been called lugubrious, whatever my subsequent performance of them may have been. My mother was of invaluable assistance to me in the process, and I owe to her whatever effect I produced in either part. She had great comic as well as pathetic power, and the incisive point of her delivery gave every shade of meaning of the dialogue with admirable truth and pungency; her own performance of Mrs. Oakley had been excellent; I acted it, even with the advantage of her teaching, very tamely. Jealousy, in any shape, was not a passion that I sympathized with; the tragic misery of Bianca's passion was, however, a thing I could imagine sufficiently well to represent it; but not so Mrs. Oakley's fantastical frenzies. But the truth is that it was not until many years later and in my readings of Shakespeare that I developed any real comic faculty at all; and I have been amused in the later part of my public career to find comedy often considered my especial gift, rather than the tragic and pathetic one I was supposed at the beginning of it to possess.

The fact is that except in broad farce, where the principal ingredient being humor, animal spirits and a grotesque imagination, which are of no particular age, come strongly into play, comedy appears to me decidedly a more mature and complete result of dramatic training than tragedy. The effect of the latter

may, as I myself exemplified, be tolerably achieved by force of natural gifts, aided but little by study; but a fine comedian *must* be a fine artist; his work is intellectual, and not emotional, and his effects address themselves to the critical judgment and not the passionate sympathy of an audience. Tact, discretion, fine taste, are quite impossible elements of his performance; he must be really a more complete actor than a great tragedian need be. The expression of passion and emotion appears to be an interpretation of nature, and may be forcibly rendered sometimes with but little beyond the excitement of its imaginary experience on the actor's own sensibility; while a highly educated perfection is requisite for the actor who, in a brilliant and polished representation of the follies of society, produces by fine and delicate and powerful delineations the picture of the vices and ridicules of a highly artificial civilization.

Good company itself is not unapt to be very good acting of high comedy, while tragedy, which underlies all life, if by chance it rises to the smooth surface of polite, social intercourse, agitates and disturbs it and produces even in that uncongenial sphere the rarely heard discord of a natural condition and natural expression of natural feeling.

Of my performance of Mrs. Oakley I have but one recollection, which is that of having once, while acting it with my father, disconcerted him to such a degree as to compel him to turn up the stage in an uncontrollable fit of laughter. I remember the same thing happening once when I was playing Beatrice to his Benedict. I have not the least notion what I did that struck my father with such irrepressible merriment, but I suppose there must have been something in itself irresistibly ludicrous to him, towards whom my manner was habitually respectfully deferential (for our intercourse with our parents, though affectionate, was not familiar, and we seldom addressed them otherwise than as "sir" and "ma'am"), to be pelted by me with the saucy sallies of Beatrice's mischievous wit, or pummeled with the gro-

tesque outbursts of poor Mrs. Oakley's jealous fury.

Our personal relation, which thus rendered our performance of comedy together especially comical to my father, added infinitely to my distress in all tragedies in which we acted together; the sense of his displeasure or the sight of his anguish invariably bringing him, my father, and not the part he was acting, before me; and, as in the play of *The Stranger* and the pathetic little piece of *The Deserter*, affecting me with almost uncontrollable emotion.

GREAT RUSSELL STREET, }  
April 10, 1831. }

MY DEAREST H——: I owe you something like an explanatory note after that ejaculatory one I sent you the other day; you must have thought me crazy; but indeed since all these late alarming reports from Spain, until the news came of John's safety, I did not know how much fear and anxiety lay under the hope and courage I had endeavored to maintain about him.

From day to day I had read the reports and tried to reason with regard to their probability, and to persuade my mother that we had every cause for hoping the best; and it was really not until that hope was realized that it seemed as if all my mental nerves and muscles, braced to the resistance of calamity, had suddenly relaxed and given way under the relief from all further apprehension of it. I have kept much of my forebodings to myself, but they have been constant and wretched enough, and my gratitude for this termination of them is unspeakable.

I heard last night a report which I have not mentioned to my mother for fear it should prove groundless. Horace Twiss showed me a note in which a gentleman assured him that John had positively taken his passage in a government vessel, and was now on his way home; even if this is true, I am afraid to tell my mother, because if the vessel should be delayed a day or two by weather or any other cause, her anxiety will have another set of apprehensions to feed

upon, and to prey upon her with. She desires her best love to you; she likes your pamphlet on *The Education of the People* very much, at the same time that it has not convinced her that instruction is wholesome for the lower orders; she thinks the dependence of helplessness and ignorance a better security (for them, or for those above them, I wonder?) than the power of reasoning rightly and a sense of duty, in which opinion, as you will believe, I do not agree.

Thank you for your account of your visit to Wroxton Abbey [the seat of the Earl of Guilford]; it interested me very much; trees are not to me, as they seem to be to you, the most striking and beautiful of all natural objects, though I remember feeling a good deal of pain at the cutting down of a particular tree that I was very fond of.

At the entrance of Weybridge was a deserted estate and dilapidated mansion, Portmore Park, once a royal domain, through which the river ran and where we used to go constantly to fish. There was a remarkably beautiful cedar-tree whose black boughs spread far over the river, and whose powerful roots, knotted in every variety of twist, formed a cradle from which the water had gradually washed away the earth. Here I used to sit, or rather lie, reading, or writing sometimes, while the others pursued their sport, and enjoying the sound and sight of the sparkling water which ran undermining my bed and singing treacherous lullabies to me the while. For two years this tree was my favorite haunt; the third, on our return to Weybridge from London, on my running to the accustomed spot, I found the hitherto intercepted sun staring down upon the water and the bank, and a broad, smooth, white *tabula rasa* level with the mossy turf, which was all that remained of my cedar canopy; and though it afforded an infinitely more commodious seat than the twisted roots, I never returned there again.

I have had no opportunity of strengthening my love of nature by association; but there is no mood whatever in which I do not find sympathy and fellowship

in its aspect; and I feel an upspringing glow of affection towards the blue summer sky that I never felt towards any creature of my own species.

To-morrow we dine with the F——s, and there is to be a dance in the evening; on Wednesday I act Constance; Thursday there is a charade party at the M——s'; Friday I play Mrs. Beverley; and Monday and Wednesday next, Camiola. I hope by and by to act Camiola very well, but I am afraid the play itself can never become popular; the size of the theatre and the public taste of the present day are both against such pieces; still, the attempt seemed to me worth making, and if it should prove successful we might revive one or two more of Massinger's plays; they are such sterling stuff compared with the Isabelas, the Jane Shores, the everything but Shakespeare. You saw in my journal what I think about Camiola. I endeavor as much as I can to soften her, and if I can manage to do so I shall like her better than any part I have played except my dear Portia, who does not need softening.

I am too busy just now to read *Destiny* [Miss Ferrier's admirable novel]; my new part and dresses and rehearsals will occupy me next week completely. I have taken a new start about *The Star of Seville* [the play I was writing], and am working away hard at it. I begin to see my way through it. I wish I could make anything like an acting play of it; we want one or two new ones so very much.

My riding goes on famously, and Torard thinks so well of my progress that the other day he put me upon a man's horse, — an Arab, — which frightened me half to death with his high spirits and capers; but I sat him, and what is more rode him. Tuesday we go to a very gay ball a little way out of town; Saturday we go to a party at old Lady Cork's, who calls you Harriet and professes to have known you well and to remember you perfectly.

Now, H——, as to what you say of fishing, if you are bloody-minded enough to desire to kill creatures for sport, in Heav-

en's name why don't you do it? The sin lies in the inclination (by the bye, I think that's *half* a mistake). Never mind, your inclination to fish and my desire to be the tigress at the Zoological Gardens have nothing whatever in common. I admire and envy the wild beast's swiftness and strength, but if I had them I don't think I would tear human beings to bits unless I were *she*, which was not what I wished to be, only as strong and agile as she; do you see? I am in a great hurry, dear, and have written you an inordinately stupid letter; never mind, the next shall be inconceivably amusing. Just now my head is stuffed full of amber-colored cashmere and white satin. My mother begs to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Kemble. Always affectionately yours,  
F. A. K.

My determination to *soften* the character of Camiola is another indication of my imperfect comprehension of my business as an actress, which was not to reform but to represent certain personages. Massinger's Maid of Honor is a stern woman, not without a very positive grain of coarse hardness in her nature. My attempt to *soften* her was an impertinent endeavor to alter his fine conception to something more in harmony with my own ideal of womanly perfection. I was a very indifferent actress and had not begun to understand my work, nor was Mr. Macready far wrong when, many years after, he spoke of me as "not knowing the rudiments of my profession."

JOURNAL, 1831.

Thursday, April 21st. Walked in the square, and studied Lady Teazle. The trees are thickly clothed with leaves, and the new-mown grass, even in the midst of London, smelt fresh and sweet; I was quite alone in the square and enjoyed something like a *country* sensation. I went to Pickersgill, and Mrs. Jameson came while I was sitting to him; that Medora of his is a fine picture, full of poetry. We dined with the Harnesses; Milman and Croly were among the guests (it was a sort of Quarterly Review in the

flesh). I like Mr. Milman; not so the other critic.

Friday, 22d. Visiting with my mother; called on Lady Dacre, who gave me her pretty little piece of Wednesday Morning, with a view to our doing it for my father's benefit. It is really very pretty, but I fear will look in our large theatre as a lady's water-color sketch of a landscape would by way of a scene. I walked in the square in the afternoon, and studied Lady Teazle, which I do not like a bit and shall act abominably. At the theatre to-night the house was not very full, and the audience were unpleasantly inclined to be political; they took one of the speeches, "The king, God bless him," and applied it with vehement applause to his worthy majesty, William IV.

Saturday, 23d. After my riding lesson, went and sat in the library to hear Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Hunchback*. Mr. Bartley and my father and mother were his only audience, and he read it himself to us. A real play, with real characters, individuals, human beings, it is a good deal after the fashion of our old playwrights and does not disgrace its models. I was delighted with it; it is full of life and originality; a little long, but that's a trifle. There is a want of clearness and coherence in the plot, and the comic part has really no necessary connection with the rest of the piece; but none of that will signify much, or, I think, prevent it from succeeding. I like the woman's part exceedingly, but am afraid I shall find it very difficult to act.

After dinner there was a universal discussion as to the possibility and probability of Adorni's self-sacrifice in *The Maid of Honor*, and as the female voices were unanimous in their verdict of its truth and likelihood, I hold it to be likely and true, for Dante says we have the "intellect of love," and Cherubino (a very different kind of authority) says the same thing; and I suppose we are better judges of such questions than men. The love of Adorni seems to me, indeed, more like a woman's than a man's, but that does not tell against its verisimil-

itude. Our love is characterized generally by self-devotion and self-denial, but the qualities which naturally belong to our affection were given to Adorni by his social and conventional position. He was by birth and fortune dependent on and inferior to Camiola, as women are by nature dependent on and inferior to men; and so I think his love for her has something of a feminine quality.

In the evening went with my mother to a party at old Lady Cork's. We started for our assembly within a few minutes of Sunday morning. Such rooms — such ovens! such boxes full of fine folks and foul air! in which we stood and sat, and looked and listened, and talked nonsense and heard it talked, and perspired and smothered and suffocated. On our arrival, as I was going upstairs, I was nearly squeezed flat against the wall by her potent grace, the Duchess of St. Albans. We remained half an hour in the steaming atmosphere of the drawing-rooms, and another half hour in the freezing hall before the carriage could be brought up; caught a dreadful cold and came home; did not get to bed till two o'clock, with an intolerable face-ache and toothache, the well-earned reward of a well-spent evening.

[The career of the Duchess of St. Albans was, as far as worldly circumstances went, a curious one. As Miss Mellon she was one of my mother's stage contemporaries; a kind-hearted, good-humored, buxom, rather coarse actress, with good looks, and good spirits of a somewhat unrefined sort, which were not without their admirers; among these the old banker, Mr. Coutts, married her, and dying left her the sole possessor and disposer of his enormous wealth. My mother, who had always remained on friendly though not intimate terms with her old stage-mate, went to see her in the early days of her widowhood, when Mrs. Coutts gave her this moderate estimate of her "money matters:" "Ah, I assure you, dear Mrs. Charles, the reports of what poor, dear Mr. Coutts has left me are very much exaggerated, not I really believe more than a few hundred thousand pounds; to be sure" (after a



dejected pause), "there's the bank, they say about fifty thousand a year."

This small fortune and inconsiderable income proved sufficient to the moderate desires of the young Duke of St. Albans, who married this destitute widow, who thenceforth took her place (and a large one) in the British aristocracy, and chaperoned the young Ladies Beauclerc, her husband's sisters, in society. She was a good-natured woman, and more than once endeavored to get my father and mother to bring me to her balls and magnificent parties. This, however, they steadily declined, and she, without resenting it, sent her invitations to my youngest brother alone, to whom she took a great fancy, and to whose accepting her civilities no objection was made. At her death she left her great wealth to Mr. Coutts's granddaughter, Miss Burdett Coutts, the lady whose excellent use of her riches has made her known all over the world as one of the most munificently charitable of Fortune's stewards.

The Duchess of St. Albans was not without shrewd sense and some humor, though entirely without education, and her sallies were not always in the best possible taste. Her box at Covent Garden could be approached more conveniently by crossing the stage than by the entrance from the front of the house, and she sometimes availed herself of this easier exit to reach her carriage with less delay. One night when my father had been acting Charles II., the Duchess of St. Albans crossing her old work-ground, the stage, with her two companions the pretty Ladies Beauclerc, stopped to shake hands with him (he was still in his stage costume, having remained behind the scenes to give some orders), and presenting him to her young ladies said, "There, my dears; there's your ancestor." I suppose in her earlier day she might not have been a bad representative of their "ancestress."

Monday, April 25th. Finished studying Lady Teazle. In the evening at the theatre the house was good, but the audience was dull and I was in wretched spirits and played very ill.

Dall was saying that she thought in

two years of hard work we might, that is, my father and myself, earn enough to enable us to live in the south of France. This monstrous theatre and its monstrous liabilities will banish us all as it did my uncle Kemble. But that I should be sorry to live so far out of the reach of H—, I think the south of France would be a pleasant abode: a delicious climate, a quiet existence, a less artificial state of society and mode of life, a picturesque nature round me, and my own dear ones and my scribbling with me,—I think with all these conditions I could be happy enough in the south of France or anywhere.

The audience were very politically inclined, applied all the loyal speeches with fervor, and called for God save the King after the play. The town is illuminated too, and one hopes and prays that the Old Heart of Oak will weather these evil days, but sometimes the straining of the tackle and the creaking of the timbers are suggestive of foundering even to the most hopeful. The lords have been vindicating their claim to a share in common humanity by squabbling like fishwives and all but coming to blows; the bishops must have been scared and scandalized, lords spiritual not being fighting men nowadays.

After the play Mr. Stewart Newton, the painter, supped with us,—a clever, entertaining man and charming artist; a little bit of a dandy, but probably he finds it politic to be so. He told us some comical anecdotes about the Royal Academy and the hanging of the pictures.

The poor, dear king [William IV.], who it seems knows as much about painting as *una vacca spagnuola* lets himself, his family, and family animals be painted by whoever begs to be allowed that honor. So when the pictures were all hung the other day, somebody discovered in a wretched daub close to the ceiling a portrait of Lady Falkland [the king's daughter], and another of his majesty's favorite cat, which were immediately lowered to a more honorable position, to accomplish which desirable end, Sir William Beechey [then president of the academy] removed some of his own paint-

ings. On a similar occasion during the late King George IV.'s life, a wretched portrait of him having been placed in one of the most conspicuous situations in the room, the Duke of Wellington and sundry other distinguished *cognoscenti* complimented Sir Thomas Lawrence on it *as his*; this was rather a bitter pill and must have been almost too much for Lawrence's courtly equanimity.

Wednesday, April 27th. To the riding-school, where Miss Cavendish and I discoursed on the *stay-at-home* sensation, and agreed that it is bad to encourage it too far, as one may narrow one's social circle till at last it resolves itself into *one's self*.

Wrote to thank Dr. Thackeray [provost of King's College, Cambridge, and father of my life-long friend Mr. A—T—] for the Shakespeare he has sent me, and Lady Dacre for her piece of Wednesday Morning. In the evening they all drove out in the open carriage to see the illuminations; I stayed at home, for the carriage was full and I had no curiosity about the sight. The town is one blaze of rejoicing for the Reform Bill triumph; the streets are thronged with people and choked up with carriages, and the air is flashing and crashing with rockets and squibs and crackers, to the great discomfort of the horses. So many *R's* everywhere that they may stand for reform, revolution, ruin, just as those who run may choose to read, or according to the interpretation of every individual's politics; the most general acceptance in which they will be taken by the popular understanding will assuredly be *row*.

Friday, 29th. Went off to rehearsal without any breakfast, which was horrible! but not so horrible as my performance of Lady Teazle promises to be. If I do the part according to my notion, it will be mere insipidity, and yet all the traditional pokes and pats with the face and *business* of the part, as it is called, is so perfectly unnatural to me that I fear I shall execute it with a doleful bad grace. It seems odd that Sir Peter always wears the dress of the last century, while the costume of the rest of the *dramatis per-*

*sonæ* is quite modern. Indeed, mine is a ball dress of the present day, all white satin and puffs and clouds of white tulle, and garlands and wreaths of white roses and jasmine; it is very anomalous, and makes Lady Teazle of no date, as it were, for her manners are those of a rustic belle of seventeen hundred and something, and her costume that of a fine lady of the present day in the height of the present fashion, which is absurd.

Mrs. Jameson paid me a long visit; she threatens to write a play; perhaps she might; she is very clever, has a vast fund of information, a good deal of experience, and knowledge and observation of the world and society. She wanted me to have spent the evening with her on the 23d, Shakespeare's birth and death day, an anniversary all English people ought to celebrate. Lady Dacre called, in some tribulation, to say that she had committed herself about her little piece of Wednesday Morning, and that Lady Salisbury, who wants it for Hatfield, does not like its being brought out on the stage.

Lady Dacre says Lady Salisbury is "afraid of comparisons" (between herself and me, in the part). I think Lady Salisbury would not like "our play" to be made "common and unclean" by vulgar publicity. In the evening I went to the theatre to see a new comedy by a Spaniard. The house was literally empty, which was encouraging to all parties. The piece is slightly constructed in point of plot, but the dialogue is admirably written, and as the work of a foreigner, perfectly surprising. I was introduced to Don Telesforo de Trueba, the author, an ugly little young man, all hair and glare, whiskers and spectacles; he must be very clever and well worth knowing. Mr. Harness took tea with us after the play.

[The comedy, in five acts, of *The Exquisites* was a satirical piece showing up the ridiculous assumption of affected indifference of the young dandies of the day. The special airs of impertinence by which certain officers of a "crack" regiment distinguished themselves had suggested several of the most telling

points of the play, which was in every respect a most remarkable performance for a foreigner.]

Saturday, April 30th. Received a letter from John; he has determined not to leave Spain at present; and were he to return, what is there for him to do here? In the evening to Mrs. C——'s ball; it was very gay, but I am afraid I am turning "exquisite," for I did n't like the music, and my partners bored me, and the dancing tired me, and my journal is getting like K——'s head—full of naked facts, unclothed with a single thought.

Sunday, May 1st. As sulky a day as ever glouted in an English sky. The "young morn" came picking her way from the east, leading with her a dripping, dragged May, instead of Milton's glorious vision.

After church, sundry callers: Mr. C—— bringing prints of the dresses for Hernani, and the W——s, who seem in a dreadful fright about the present state of the country. I do not suppose they would like to see Heaton demolished.

In the evening we went to the Cartwrights'. It is only in the morning that one goes there to be tortured; in the evening it is to eat delicious dinners and hear delightful music.

Hummel, Moscheles, Neukomm, Horsley, and Sir George Smart, and how they did play! *à l'encel l'un de l'autre*. They sang, too, that lovely glee, *By Celia's Arbor*. The thrilling shudder which sweet music sends through one's whole frame is a species of acute pleasure, very nearly akin to pain. I wonder if by any chance there is a point at which the two are one and the same thing!

Tuesday, May 3d. I wrote the fourth scene of the fifth act of my play [The Star of Seville], and acted Lady Teazle for the first time; the house was very good, and my performance, as I expected, very bad; I was as flat as a lady amateur. I stayed after the play to hear Braham sing Tom Tug, which was a refreshment to my spirit after my own acting; after I came home, finished the fifth act of The Star of Seville. "Joy, joy forever, my task is done!" I have not the least idea, though, that "heaven is won."

Wednesday, May 4th. A delightful dinner at the B——s', but in the evening a regular crush; however, if one is to be squeezed to death (though 't is an abolished form of torture), it may as well be in good company. All the fine world, and lots of pleasant people besides: Milman, Sotheby, Lockhart, Sir Augustus Cabott, Harness, Lady Dacre, Joanna Baillie, Lady Cabott, etc.

Thursday, May 5th. A rather stupid dinner at the G——s'. I don't like Mr. D——, he 's a general sneerer, a species of intellectual libertine that I hate. I danced one quadrille and a waltz, and then went to Mrs. W——'s, who had what is emphatically called a "good party." Charming music; Mrs. Norton looking radiantly splendid; had a long, pleasant talk with Lord Melbourne, who is delightful.

Friday, May 6th. Real March weather: cold, piercing, damp, wretched, in spite of which I carried Shakespeare to walk with me in the square, and read all over again for the fiftieth time all the conjectures of everybody about him and his life. How little we know *about him*; how intimately we seem to know *him*! I had the square all to myself, and it was delicious: lilac, syringa, hawthorn, lime blossoms, and new-mown grass in the midst of London,—and Shakespeare to think about. How grateful I felt for so much enjoyment! When I got home, corrected the proof-sheets of Francis I., and thought it looked quite pretty in print.

Out so late dancing, Wednesday and Thursday nights, or rather *mornings*, that I had no time for journal-writing. What a life I do lead!

Friday, May 15th. At twelve o'clock to Bridgewater House for our first rehearsal of Hernani. Lady Francis wants us to go down to them at Oatlands. I should like of all things to see Weybridge once more; there 's many a nook and path in those woods that I know better than their owners. The rehearsal lasted till three, and was a tolerably tidy specimen of amateur acting. Mr. Craven is really very good, and I shall like to act with him very much, and Mr.

St. Aubin is very fair. Was introduced to Mrs. Bradshaw, whose looks rather disappointed me, because she "did contrive to make herself look so beautiful" on the stage, in Clari and Mary Copp and everything she ever did; I suppose her exquisite acting got into her face, somehow. Henry Greville is delightful, and I like him very much. When we left Bridgewater House we drove to my aunt Siddons's. Every time I see that magnificent ruin some fresh decay makes itself apparent in it, and one cannot but feel that it must soon totter to its fall.

What a price she has paid for her great celebrity!—weariness, vacuity, and utter deadness of spirit. The cup has been so highly flavored that life is absolutely without savor or sweetness to her now, nothing but tasteless insipidity. She has stood on a pinnacle till all things have come to look flat and dreary; mere shapeless, colorless, level monotony to her. Poor woman! what a fate to be condemned to, and yet how she has been envied, as well as admired!

After dinner had only just time to go over my part and drive to the theatre. My dear, delightful Portia! The house was good, but the audience dull, and I acted dully to suit them; but I hope my last dress, which was beautiful, consoled them. What with sham business and real business, I have had a busy day.

Saturday, May 14th. Received a note from Theodosia [Lady Monson], and a whole cargo of delicious flowers from Cassiobury. She writes me that poor old Forster [an old cottager who lived in Lord Essex's park, and whom my friend and I used to visit] is dying. The last I saw of that "Old Mortality" was sitting with him one bright sunset under his cottage porch, singing to him and

dressing his hat with flowers, poor old man! yet after walking this earth upwards of ninety-seven years the spirit as well as the flesh must be weary. His cottage will lose half its picturesqueness without his figure at the door; I wonder who will take care now of the roses he was so fond of, and the pretty little garden I used to forage in for lilies of the valley and strawberries! I shall never see him again, which makes me sad; I was often deeply struck by the quaint wisdom of that old human relic, and his image is associated in my thoughts with evening walks and summer sunsets and lovely flowers and lordly trees, and he will haunt Cassiobury always to me. I went with my mother to buy my dresses for Hernani which will cost me a fortune and a half.

Horace Twiss and Annie dined with us; he croaks awfully about the times, but then he has lost his place. Mr. Norton came in the evening, and told us Lord Melbourne's dinner, to which we were going, is obliged to be put off as he is quite ill. I wonder every one who has anything to do with public affairs is not quite ill; quite sick of them they certainly must be. Mrs. Norton and Horace had a well-bred *set-to* about politics; he had all the acrid bitterness of *out* and she all the impertinent insolence of *in* place party spirit; it was a very pretty quarrel.

Sunday, May 15th. Walked home from church with Mrs. Montague and Emily and Mrs. Proctor, discussing among various things the necessity for "preparation" before taking the sacrament. I suppose the publican in the parable had not prepared his prayer, and I suppose he would have been a worthy communicant.

Frances Anne Kemble.

## A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

OCTOBER, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE *loquitur*.

A FLEET with flags arrayed  
 Sailed from the port of Brest,  
 And the Admiral's ship displayed  
 The signal: "Steer southwest."  
 For this Admiral D'Anville  
 Had sworn by cross and crown  
 To ravage with fire and steel  
 Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,  
 In the houses there was fear  
 Of the coming of the fleet,  
 And the danger hovering near;  
 And while from mouth to mouth  
 Spread the tidings of dismay,  
 I stood in the Old South,  
 Saying humbly: "Let us pray!

"O Lord! we would not advise;  
 But if in thy Providence  
 A tempest should arise  
 To drive the French fleet hence,  
 And scatter it far and wide,  
 Or sink it in the sea,  
 We should be satisfied,  
 And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,  
 For my soul was all on flame,  
 And even as I prayed  
 The answering tempest came.  
 It came with a mighty power,  
 Shaking the windows and walls,  
 And tolling the bell in the tower,  
 As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly  
 Unsheathed its flaming sword,  
 And I cried: "Stand still, and see  
 The salvation of the Lord!"  
 The heavens were black with cloud,  
 The sea was white with hail,  
 And ever more fierce and loud  
 Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,  
 And the broad sails in the van  
 Like the tents of Cushan shook,  
 Or the curtains of Midian.  
 Down on the reeling decks  
 Crashed the o'erwhelming seas;  
 Ah, never were there wrecks  
 So pitiful as these!

Like a potter's vessel broke  
 The great ships of the line;  
 They were carried away as a smoke,  
 Or sank like lead in the brine.  
 O Lord! before thy path  
 They vanished and ceased to be,  
 When thou didst walk in wrath  
 With thine horses through the sea!

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

## OUT OF THE QUESTION.

### COMEDY.

#### V.

ALONG the road that winds near the nook where the encounter with the tramps took place, Leslie comes languidly pacing with her friend Maggie Wallace, who listens, as they walk, with downcast eyes and an air of reverent devotion, to Leslie's talk.

*Leslie.* "But it's all over,—it's all over. I shall live it down; but it will make another girl of me, Maggie." Her voice trembles a little, and as they pause a moment Maggie draws Leslie's head down upon her neck, from which the latter presently lifts it fiercely. "I don't wish you to pity me, Maggie, for I don't deserve any pity. I'm not suffering an atom more than I ought. It's all my own fault. Mamma really left me quite free, and if I cared more for what people would say and think and look than I did for him, I'm rightfully punished, and I'm not going to whimper about it. I've thought it all out."

*Maggie.* "Oh, Leslie, you always did think things out so clearly!"

*Leslie.* "And I hope that I shall get my reward, and be an example. I hope I shall never marry at all, or else some horrid old thing I detest; it would serve me right, and I should be glad of it!"

*Maggie.* "Oh, no, no! Don't talk in that way, Leslie. Do come back with me to the house and lie down, or I'm sure you'll be ill. You look perfectly worn out."

*Leslie,* drooping upon the fallen log where she had sat to sketch the birch forest: "Yes, I'm tired. I think I shall never be rested again. It's the same place," — looking wistfully round, — "and yet how strange it seems. You know we used to come here, and sit on this log and talk. What long, long talks! Oh me, it will never be again! How weird those birches look! Like ghosts. I wish I was one of them. Well, well! It's all over. Don't wait here, Maggie, dear. Go back to the house; I will

come soon; you must n't let me keep you from Miss Robertson. Excuse me to her, and tell her I'll go some other time. I can't, now. Go, Maggie!"

Maggie. "Oh, Leslie; I hate to leave you here! After what's happened, it seems such a dreadful place."

Leslie. "After what's happened, it's a sacred place, — the dearest place in the world to me. Come, Maggie, you must n't break your appointment. It was very good of you to come with me at all, and now you must go. Say that you left me behind a little way; that I'll be there directly."

Maggie. "Leslie!"

Leslie. "Maggie!" They embrace tenderly, and Maggie, looking back more than once, goes on her way, while Leslie sits staring absently at the birches. She remains in this dreary reverie till she is startled by a footfall in the road, when she rises in a sudden panic. Blake listlessly advances toward her; at sight of her he halts, and they both stand silently regarding each other.

Leslie. "Oh! You said you were going away."

Blake. "Are you in such haste to have me gone? I had to wait for the afternoon stage; I could n't walk. I thought I might keep faith with you by staying away from the house till it was time to start."

Leslie, precipitately: "Do you call that keeping faith with me? Is leaving me all alone keeping — Oh, yes, yes, it is! You have done right. It's I who can't keep faith with myself. Why did you come here? You knew I would be here! I did n't think you could be guilty of such duplicity."

Blake. "I had no idea of finding you here, but if I had known you were here perhaps I could n't have kept away. The future does n't look very bright to me, Miss Bellingham. I had a crazy notion that perhaps I might somehow find something of the past here that I could make my own. I wanted to come and stand here, and think once more that it all really happened — that here I saw the pity in your face that made me so glad of my hurt."

Leslie. "No; stop! It was n't pity! It was nothing good or generous. It was mean regret that I should be under such an obligation to you; it was a selfish and despicable fear that you would have a claim upon my acquaintance which I must recognize." Blake makes a gesture of protest and disbelief, and seems about to speak, but she hurries on: "You must not go away with one good thought of me. Since we parted, three hours ago, I have learned to know myself as I never did before, and now I see what a contemptible thing I am. I flattered myself that I had begged you to go away because I did n't like to cross the wishes of my family, but it was n't that. It was — oh, listen, and try if you can imagine such villainess: I'm so much afraid of the world I've always lived in, that no matter how good and brave and wise and noble you were, still if any one should laugh or sneer at you because you had been — what you have been — I should be ashamed of you. There! I'm so low and feeble a creature as that; and that's the real reason why you must go and forget me; and I must not think and you must not think it's from any good motive I send you away."

Blake. "I don't believe it!"

Leslie. "What!"

Blake. "I don't believe what you say. Nothing shall rob me of my faith in you. Do you think that I'm not man enough to give up what I've no right to because it's the treasure of the world? Do you think I can't go till you make me believe that what I'd have sold my life for is n't worth a straw? No! I'll give up my hope, I'll give up my love, — poor fool I was to let it live an instant! — but my faith in you is something dearer yet, and I'll keep that till I die. Say what you will, you are still first among women to me: the most beautiful, the noblest, the best!"

Leslie, gasping, and arresting him in a movement to turn away: "Wait, wait; don't go! Speak; say it again! Say that you don't believe it; that it is n't true!"

Blake. "No, I don't believe it. No, it is n't true. It's abominably false!"



*Leslie*, bursting into tears: "Oh, yes, it is. It's abominable, and it's false. Yes, I will believe in myself again. I know that if I had cared for — any one, as — as you cared, as you said you cared for me, I could be as true to them as you would be, through any fate. Oh, thank you, thank you!" At the tearful joy of the look she turns on him he starts toward her. "Oh!" — she shrinks away — "you must n't think that I" —

*Blake*. "I don't think anything that does n't worship you!"

*Leslie*. "Yes, but what I said sounds just like the other, when you misunderstood me so heartlessly."

*Blake*. "I don't misunderstand you now. You do tell me that you love me, don't you? How should I dare hope without your leave?"

*Leslie*. "You said you would n't have taken me as a gift if I had. You said you 'd have hated me. You said" —

*Blake*. "I was all wrong in what I thought. I'm ashamed to think of that; but I was right in what I said."

*Leslie*. "Oh, were you! If you could misunderstand me then, how do you know that you're not misunderstanding me now?"

*Blake*. "Perhaps I am. Perhaps I'm dreaming as wildly as I was then. But you shall say. Am I?"

*Leslie*, demurely: "I don't know; I" — staying his instantaneous further advance with extended arm — "No, no!" She glances fearfully round. "Wait; come with me. Come back with me — that is, if you will."

*Blake*, passionately: "If I will!"

*Leslie*, with pensive archness: "I want you to help me clear up my character."

*Blake*, gravely: "Leslie, may I" —

*Leslie*. "I can't talk with you here."

*Blake*, sadly: "I will not go back with you to make sorrow for you and trouble among your friends. It's enough to know that you don't forbid me to love you."

*Leslie*. "Oh, no, it is n't enough — for everybody."

*Blake*. "Leslie" —

*Leslie*. "Miss Bellingham, please!"

*Blake*. "Miss Bellingham" —

*Leslie*. "Well?"

*Blake*, after a stare of rapturous perplexity: "Nothing!"

*Leslie*, laughing through her tears: "If you don't make haste you will be too late for the stage, and then you can't get away till to-morrow."

## VI.

In the parlor with Mrs. Bellingham and Mrs. Murray sits a gentleman no longer young, but in the bloom of a comfortable middle life, with blonde hair tending to baldness, accurately parted in the middle, and with a handsome face, lazily shrewd, supported by a comely substructure of double chin, and traversed by a full blonde mustache. He is simply, almost carelessly, yet elegantly dressed in a thin summer stuff, and he has an effect of recent arrival. His manner has distinction, enhanced and refined by the eye-glasses which his near-sightedness obliges him to wear. He sits somewhat ponderously in the chair in which he has planted a person just losing its earlier squareness in the lines of beauty; his feet are set rather wide apart in the fashion of gentlemen approaching a certain weight; and he has an air of amiable resolution as of a man who having dined well yesterday means to dine well to-day.

*Charles Bellingham*, smiling amusement and slowly getting the range of his aunt through his glasses: "So I have come a day after the fair."

*Mrs. Murray*. "That is your mother's opinion."

*Mrs. Bellingham*. "Yes, Charles, Leslie had known what to do herself, and had done it, even before I spoke to her. I'm sorry we made you drag all the way up here, for nothing."

*Charles Bellingham*. "Oh, I don't mind it, mother. Duty called, and I came. My leisure can wait for my return. The only thing is that they've got a new fellow at the club now, who interprets one's ideas of planked Spanish

mackerel with a sentiment that amounts to genius. I suppose you plank horn-pout, here. But as to coming for nothing, I'd much rather do that than come for something, in a case like this. You say Leslie saw herself that it would n't do?"

*Mrs. Bellingham.* "Yes, she had really behaved admirably, Charles; and when I set the whole matter before her, she fully agreed with me."

*Bellingham.* "But you think she rather liked him?"

*Mrs. Bellingham,* sighing a little: "Yes, there is no doubt of that."

*Bellingham,* musingly: "Well, it's a pity. Behaved rather well in that tramp business, you said?"

*Mrs. Bellingham.* "Nobly."

*Bellingham.* "And has n't pushed himself, at all?"

*Mrs. Bellingham.* "Not an instant."

*Bellingham.* "Well, I'm sorry for him, poor fellow, but I'm glad the thing's over. It would have been an awkward affair, under all the circumstances, to take hold of. I say, mother," — with a significant glance at *Mrs. Murray*, — "there has n't been anything — ah — abrupt in the management of this matter? You ladies sometimes forget the limitations of action in your amiable eagerness to have things over, you know."

*Mrs. Bellingham.* "I think your mother would not forget herself in such a case."

*Bellingham.* "Of course, of course; excuse my asking, mother. But you're about the only woman that would n't."

*Mrs. Murray,* bitterly: "Oh, your mother and Leslie have both used him with the greatest tenderness."

*Bellingham,* dryly: "I'm glad to hear it; I never doubted it. If the man had been treated by any of my family with the faintest slight after what had happened, I should have felt bound as a gentleman to offer him any reparation in my power, — to make him any apology. People of our sort can't do anything shabby." *Mrs. Murray* does not reply, but rises from her place on the sofa and goes to the window. "Does Leslie know I'm here?"

*Mrs. Bellingham,* with a little start: "Really, I forgot to tell her you were coming to-day; we had been keeping it from her, and" —

*Bellingham.* "I don't know that it matters. Where is she?"

*Mrs. Bellingham.* "I saw her going out with Maggie Wallace. I dare say she will be back soon."

*Bellingham.* "All right. Where is the young man? Has he gone yet?"

*Mrs. Bellingham.* "No, he could n't go till the afternoon stage leaves. He's still here."

*Bellingham.* "I must look him up, and make my acknowledgments to him." Rising: "By the way, what's his name?"

*Mrs. Murray,* standing with her face toward the window, suddenly gives tokens of a lively interest in some spectacle outside which has casually caught her notice. She leans forward and inclines to this side and that, as if to make perfectly sure before speaking, and at the moment *Bellingham* puts his question she summons her sister-in-law in a voice of terrible incrimination and triumph: "Marion, did you say Leslie had gone out with Maggie Wallace?"

*Mrs. Bellingham,* indifferently: "Yes."

*Mrs. Murray:* "Will you be kind enough to step here?" *Mrs. Bellingham,* with a little lady-like surprise, approaches, and *Mrs. Murray* indicates, with a stabbing thrust of her hand, the sight which has so much interested her: "Does that look as if it were all over?"

*Bellingham,* carelessly, as *Mrs. Bellingham* with great evident distress remains looking in the direction indicated: "What's the matter now?"

*Mrs. Murray.* "Nothing. I merely wished your mother to enjoy a fresh proof of Leslie's discretion. She is returning to tell us that it's out of the question in company with the young man himself."

*Bellingham.* "Wha — ha, ha, ha! — What?"

*Mrs. Murray.* "She is returning with the young man from whom she had just parted forever."

*Bellingham,* approaching: "Oh, come now, aunt."

Mrs. Murray, fiercely: "Will you look for yourself, if you don't believe me?"

Bellingham. "Oh, I believe you, fast enough. But as for looking, you know I could n't tell the man in the moon at this distance, if Leslie happened to be walking home with him. But is the — ah — fat necessarily in the fire, because?" —

Mrs. Murray whirls away from Bellingham where he remains with his hands on his hips lazily peering over his mother's shoulder, and pounces upon a large opera-glass which stands on the centre table, and returning with it thrusts it at him.

Bellingham. "Eh? What?"

Mrs. Murray, excitedly: "It's what we watch the loons on the lake with."

Bellingham. "Well, but I don't see the application. They're not loons on the lake."

Mrs. Murray. "No; but they're loons on the land, and it comes to the same thing." She vehemently presses the glass upon him.

Bellingham, gravely: "Do you mean, aunt, that you actually want me to watch my sister through an opera-glass, like a shabby Frenchman at a watering-place? Thanks. I could never look Les in the face again. It's a little too much like eavesdropping." He folds his arms, and regards his aunt with reproachful amazement, while she dashes back to set the glass on the table again.

Mrs. Bellingham, in great trouble: "Wait, Kate! Charles, dear, I — I think you must."

Bellingham. "What?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Yes, you had better look. You will have to proceed in this matter now, and you must form some conclusions beforehand."

Bellingham. "But mother?" —

Mrs. Bellingham, anxiously: "Don't worry me, Charles. I think you must."

Bellingham. "All right, mother." He unfolds his arms and accepts the glass from her. "I never knew you to take an unfair advantage, and I'll obey you on trust. But I tell you I don't like it. I don't like it at all," — deliberately getting the focus, with several trials;

"I've never stolen sheep, but I think I can realize, now, something of the self-reproach which misappropriated mutton may bring. Where did you say they were? Oh, over there! I was looking off there, at that point. They're coming this way, are n't they?" With a start: "Hollo! She's got his arm! Oh, that won't do. I'm surprised at Les doing that, unless" — continuing to look — "By Jove! He's not a bad-looking fellow, at all. He — Why, confound it! No, it can't be! Why, yes — no — yes, it is, it is — by Heaven, it is — by all that's strange it is — BLAKE!" He lets the glass fall; and stands glaring at his aunt and mother, who confront him in speechless mystification.

Mrs. Bellingham. "Blake? Why, of course it's Blake. We told you it was Mr. Blake!"

Bellingham. "No, I beg your pardon, mother, you did n't! You never told me it was anybody — by name."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Well?"

Bellingham. "Why, don't you understand, mother? It's my Blake!"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Your Blake? Your — Charles, what do you mean?"

Bellingham. "Why, I mean that this is the man" — giving his glasses a fresh pinch on his nose with his thumb and forefinger — "that fished me out of the Mississippi. I flatter myself he could n't do it now. 'The grossness of my nature would have weight to drag him down,' — both of us down. But he'd try it, and he'd have the pluck to go down with me if he failed. Come, mother, you see I can't do anything in this matter. It's simply impossible. It's out of the question."

Mrs. Murray. "Why is it out of the question?"

Bellingham. "Well, I don't know that I can explain, aunt Kate, if it is n't clear to you, already."

Mrs. Bellingham, recovering from the dismay in which her son's words have plunged her: "Charles, Charles! Do you mean that this Mr. Blake is the person who saved you from?" —

Bellingham. "From a watery grave? I do, mother."

*Mrs. Bellingham.* "There must be some mistake. You can't tell at this distance, Charles."

*Bellingham.* "There's no mistake, mother. I should know Blake on the top of Ponkwasset. He was rather more than a casual acquaintance, you see. By Jove, I can't think of the matter with any sort of repose. I can see it all now, just as if it were somebody else: I was weighted down with my accoutrements, and I went over the side of the boat like a flash, and under that yellow deluge like a bullet. I had just leisure to think what a shame it was my life should go for nothing at a time when we needed men so much, when I felt a grip on my hair,"—rubbing his bald spot,— "it could n't be done now! Then I knew I was all right, and waited for developments. The only development was Blake. He fought shy of me, if you'll believe it, after that, till I closed with him one day and had it out with him, and convinced him that he had done rather a handsome thing by me. But that was the end of it. I could n't get him to stand anything else in the way of gratitude. Blake had a vice: he was proud."

*Mrs. Bellingham.* "And what became of him?"

*Bellingham.* "Who? Blake? He was the engineer of the boat, I ought to explain. He was transferred to a gunboat after that, and I believe he stuck to it throughout the fighting on the Mississippi. It's—let me see—it's five years now since I saw him in Nebraska, when I went out there to grow up with the country, and found I could n't wait for it." After a pause: "I don't know what it was about Blake; but he somehow made everybody feel that there was stuff in him. In the three weeks we were together we became great friends, and I must say I never liked a man better. Well, that's why, aunt Kate."

*Mrs. Murray.* "I don't see that it has anything whatever to do with the matter. The question is whether you wish Leslie to marry a man of his station and breeding, or not. His goodness and greatness have nothing to do with it. The

fact remains that he is not at all her equal—that he is n't a gentleman!"—

*Bellingham.* "Oh, come now, aunt Kate. You're not going to tell me that a man who saved my life is n't a gentleman?"

*Mrs. Murray.* "And you're not going to tell me that a steamboat engineer is a gentleman?"

*Bellingham,* disconcerted: "Eh?"

*Mrs. Murray.* "The question is, are you going to abandon that unhappy girl to her fancy for a man totally unfit to be her husband simply because he happened to save your life?"

*Bellingham.* "Why, you see, aunt Kate"—

*Mrs. Murray.* "Do you think it would be gentlemanly to do it?"

*Bellingham.* "Well, if you put it that way, no, I don't. And if you want to know, I don't see my way to behaving like a gentleman in this connection, whatever I do." He scratches his head ruefully: "The fact is that the advantages are all on Blake's side, and he'll have to manage very badly if he does n't come out the only gentleman in the business." After a moment: "How was it you did n't put the name and the—a—profession together, mother, and reflect that this was my Blake?"

*Mrs. Bellingham,* with plaintive reproach: "Charles, you know how uncommunicative you were about all your life as a soldier. You never told me half so much about this affair before, and you never—it seems very heartless now that I did n't insist on knowing, but at the time it was only part of the nightmare in which we were living—you never told me his name before."

*Bellingham.* "Did n't I? Well! I supposed I had, of course. Um! That was too bad. I say, mother, Blake has never let anything drop that made you think he had ever known me, or done me any little favor, I suppose?"

*Mrs. Bellingham.* "No, not the slightest hint. If he had only"—

*Bellingham.* "Ah, that was like him, confound him!" Bellingham muses again with a hopeless air, and then starts suddenly from his reverie: "Why, the fact

is, you know, mother, Blake is really a magnificent fellow; and you know—well, I like him!"

Mrs. Murray. "Oh! That's Leslie's excuse!"

Bellingham. "Eh?"

Mrs. Murray. "If you are going to take Leslie's part, it's fortunate you have common ground. Like him!"

Bellingham. "Mother, what is the unhallowed hour for dinner in these wilds? One o'clock? I've a fancy for tackling this business after dinner."

Mrs. Bellingham. "I'm afraid, my dear, that it can't be put off. They must be here, soon."

Bellingham, sighing: "Well! Though they did n't seem to be hurrying."

Mrs. Murray, bitterly: "If they could only know what a friendly disposition there was towards him here, I'm sure they'd make haste!"

Bellingham. "Um!"

Mrs. Bellingham, after a pause: "You don't know anything about his—his—family do you, Charles?"

Bellingham. "No, mother, I don't. My impression is that he has no family, any more than—Adam; or—protoplasm. All I know about him is that he was from first to last one of those natural gentlemen that upset all your preconceived notions of those things. His associations must have been commoner than—well it's impossible to compare them to anything satisfactory; but I never saw a trait in him or heard a word from him that was n't refined. He gave me the impression of a very able man, too, as I was just saying, but where his strength lay, I can't say."

Mrs. Bellingham. "Leslie says he's an inventor."

Bellingham. "Well, very likely. I remember, now: he was a machinist by trade, I believe, and he was an enlisted man on the boat when the engineer was killed; and Blake was the man who could step right into his place. It was considered a good thing amongst those people. He was a reader in his way, and most of the time he had some particularly hard-headed book in his hand when he was off duty,—about physics or meta-

physics; used to talk them up now and then, very well. I never had any doubt about his coming out all right. He's a baffler, Blake is,—at least he is for me. Now I suppose aunt Kate, here, does n't find him baffling, at all. She takes our little standards, our little weights and measures, and tests him with them, and she's perfectly satisfied with the result. It's a clear case of won't do."

Mrs. Murray. "Do you say it is n't?"

Bellingham. "No; I merely doubt if it is. You don't doubt, and there you have the advantage of me. You always were a selected oyster, aunt Kate, and you always knew that you couldn't be improved upon. Now, I'm a selected oyster, too, apparently, but I'm not certain that I'm the best choice that could have been made. I'm a *huitre de mon siècle*; I am the ill-starred mollusk that doubts. Of course we can't go counter to the theory that God once created people and no-people, and that they have nothing to do but to go on reproducing themselves and leave him at leisure for the rest of eternity. But really, aunt Kate, I have seen some things in my time—and I don't mind saying Blake is one of them—that made me think the Creator was still—active. I admit that it sounds"—fitting his glasses on—"rather absurd for an old diner-out like myself to say it."

Mrs. Murray, with energy: "All this is neither here nor there, Charles, and you know it. The simple question is whether you wish your sister to marry a man whose past you'll be ashamed to be frank about. I'll admit, if you like, that he's quite our equal,—our superior; but what are you going to do with your ex-steamboat engineer in society?"

Bellingham, dubiously: "Well, it would be rather awkward."

Mrs. Murray: "How will you introduce him, and what will you say to people about his family and his station and business? Or do you mean to banish yourself and give up the world which you find so comfortable for the boon of a brother-in-law whom you don't really know from Adam?"

Bellingham. "Well, I must allow the

force of your argument. Yes,"—after a gloomy little reverie,—“you're right. It won't do. It *is* out of the question. I'll put an end to it,—if it does n't put an end to me. That 'weird seizure' as of misappropriated mutton oppresses me again. Mother, I think you'd better go away,—you and aunt Kate,—and let me meet him and Leslie here alone, when they come in. Or, I say: if you could detach Les, and let him come in here by himself, somehow. I don't suppose it can be done. Nothing seems disposed to let itself be done.”

Mrs. Bellingham. “Charles, I'm sorry this disagreeable business should fall to you.”

Bellingham. “Oh, don't mind it, mother. What's a brother for, if he can't be called upon to break off his sister's love affairs? But I don't deny it's a nasty business.”

Mrs. Murray, going out: “I sincerely hope he'll make it so for you, and cure you of your absurdities.”

Bellingham. “O Parthian shaft! Wish me well out of it, mother!”

Mrs. Bellingham, sighing: “I do, Charles; I do, with all my heart. You have the most difficult duty that a gentleman ever had to perform. I don't see how you're to take hold of it; I don't, indeed.”

Bellingham. “Well, it *is* embarrassing. But it's a noble cause, and I suppose Heaven will befriend me. The trouble is, don't you know, I have n't got any—any point of view, any tenable point of view. It won't do to act simply in our own interest; we can't do that, mother; we're not the sort. I must try to do it in Blake's behalf, and that's what I don't see my way to, exactly. What I wish to do is to make my interference a magnanimous benefaction to Blake,—something that he'll recognize in after years with gratitude as a—mysterious Providence. If I've got to be a snob, mother, I wish to be a snob on the highest possible grounds.”

Mrs. Bellingham. “Don't use that word, Charles. It's shocking.”

Bellingham. “Well, I won't, mother. I say: can't you think of some disquali-

fications in Leslie, that I could make a *point d'appui* in a conscientious effort to serve Blake?”

Mrs. Bellingham. “Charles!”

Bellingham. “I mean, is n't she rather a worldly, frivolous, fashionable spirit, devoted to pleasure, and incapable of sympathizing with—with his higher moods, don't you know? Something like that?” Bellingham puts his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets and inclines towards his mother with a hopeful smile.

Mrs. Bellingham. “No, Charles; you know she is nothing of the kind. She's a girl and she likes amusement, but I should like to see the man whose moods were too lofty for Leslie. She is everything that's generous and true and high-minded.”

Bellingham, scratching his head: “That's bad! Then she is n't—ah—she has n't any habits of extravagance that would unfit her to be the wife of a poor man who—ah—had his way to make in the world?”

Mrs. Bellingham. “She never spends half her allowance on herself; and besides, Charles,—how ridiculously you talk! she has all that money your uncle left her, and if she marries him, he won't be poor any longer.”

Bellingham, eagerly: “And that would ruin his career! Still”—after a moment's thought—“I don't see how I'm to use that idea, exactly. No, I shall have to fall back on the good old ground that it's simply—out of the question. I think that's good; it has a thorough, logical, and final sound. I shall stick to that. Well, leave me to my fate; you—Hollo! That's Blake's voice, now. I don't wonder it takes Leslie. It's the most sympathetic voice in the world. They're coming up here, are n't they? You'd better go, mother. I wish you could have got Leslie away”—

Leslie, without: “Wait for me, there. I must go to mamma's room at once, and tell her everything.”

Blake, without: “Of course. And say that I wish to see her.”

Leslie. “Good-by.”

Blake. “Good-by.”

*Leslie.* "We won't keep you long. Good-by."

*Blake.* "Good-by." As he enters one of the parlor doors, flushed and radiant, Mrs. Bellingham retreats through the other.

*Bellingham*, coming promptly forward to greet Blake, with both hands extended: "Blake!"

*Blake*, after a moment of stupefaction: "Bellingham! You!"

*Bellingham.* "My dear old fellow!" He wrings Blake fervently by the left hand. "This is the most astonishing thing in the world! To find you here—in New England—with my people; it's the most wonderful thing that ever was! They've been—ah—been telling me all about you, my mother has; and I want to thank you—you look uncommonly well, Blake, and not a day older! Do you mean to go through life with that figure?—thank you for all you've done for them; and—I don't know: what does a man say to a fellow who has behaved as you did in that business with the tramps?"—wringing Blake's left hand again and gently touching his right arm in its sling. "By Jove, old fellow! I don't know what to say to you; I—Do you think it was quite the thing, though, not to intimate that you'd known me? Come, now; that was n't fair. It was n't frank. It was n't like you, Blake. Hey?"—affectionately pressing Blake's hand all the time.

*Blake*, releasing himself: "I did n't like it; but I could n't help it. It would have seemed to claim something, and I should have had to allow—they would have found out!"—

*Bellingham.* "That you happened to save my life, once. Well, upon my word, I don't think it was a thing to be ashamed of; at least, at that time; I was in the army, then. At present—well, I don't know that I should blame you for hushing the matter up."

*Blake*, who has turned uneasily away, and has apparently not been paying the closest attention to Bellingham's reproaches but now confronts him: "I suppose you're a gentleman, Bellingham."

*Bellingham*, taking the interruption

with amiable irony: "There have been moments in which I have flattered myself to that degree; even existence itself is problematical, to my mind, at other times; but—well, yes, I suppose I am a gentleman. The term's conventional. And then?"

*Blake.* "I mean that you're a fair-minded, honest man, and that I can talk to you without the risk of being misunderstood or having any sort of meanness attributed to me?"

*Bellingham.* "I should have to be a much shabbier fellow than I am, for anything of that sort, Blake."

*Blake.* "I did n't expect to find you here; I was expecting to speak with your mother. But I don't see why I should n't say to you what I have to say. In fact, I think I can say it better to you."

*Bellingham.* "Thanks, Blake; you'll always find me your—That is—well, go ahead!"

*Blake.* "You don't think I'm a man to do anything sneaking, do you?"

*Bellingham.* "Again? My dear fellow, that goes without saying. It's out of the question."

*Blake*, walking up and down, and stopping from time to time while he speaks in a tone of passionate self-restraint: "Well, I'm glad to hear that, because I know that to some the thing might have a different look." After a pause in which Blake takes another turn round the room, and arrives in front of Bellingham again: "If your people have been telling you about me, I suppose they've hinted—but I don't care to know it—that they think I'm in love with Miss Bellingham, your sister. I am!" He looks at Bellingham, who remains impassive behind the glitter of his eye-glasses: "Do you see any reason why I should n't be?"

*Bellingham*, reluctantly: "N-no."

*Blake.* "I believe—no, I can't believe it!—but I know that Miss Bellingham permits it; that she—I can't say it! Is there any—any reason why I should n't ask her mother's leave to ask her to be my wife? Why, of course, there is!—a thousand, million reasons in my unworthiness; I know that. But is there?"—



*Bellingham*, abruptly: "Blake, my dear fellow — my dear, good old boy — it won't do; it's out of the question! It is, it is indeed! It won't do at all. Confound it, man! You know I like you, that I've always wanted to be a great deal more your friend than you would ever let me. Don't ask me why, but take my word for it when I tell you it's out of the question. There are a thousand reasons, as you say, though there is n't one of them in any fault of yours, old fellow. But I can't give them. It won't do!" *Bellingham* in his turn begins to walk up and down the room with a face of acute misery and hopelessness, and at the last word he stops and stares helplessly into Blake's eyes, who has remained in his place.

*Blake*, with suppressed feeling: "Do you expect me to be satisfied with that answer?"

*Bellingham*, at first confused and then with a burst of candor: "No; I would n't myself." His head falls, and a groan breaks from his lips: "This is the roughest thing I ever knew of. Hang it, Blake, don't you see what a devil of a — a — box I'm in? People pulling and hauling at me, and hammering away on all sides, till I don't know which end I'm standing on! You would n't like it yourself. Why do you ask? Why must you be — ah — satisfied? Come! Why don't you let it all — go?"

*Blake*. "Upon my word, *Bellingham*, you talk" —

*Bellingham*. "Like a fool! I know it. And it's strictly in character. At the present moment I *feel* like a fool. I *am* a fool! By Jove, if I ever supposed I should get into such a tight place as this! Why, don't you see, Blake, what an extremely unfair advantage you have of me? Deuce take it, man, I have some rights in the matter, too, I fancy!"

*Blake*, bewildered: "Rights? Advantage? I don't understand all this."

*Bellingham*. "How not understand?"

*Blake*, staring in mystified silence at *Bellingham* for a brief space, and then resuming more steadily: "There's some objection to me, that's clear enough. I don't make any claim, but you would

think I ought to know what the matter is, would n't you?"

*Bellingham*. "Y—yes, Blake."

*Blake*. "I know that I'm ten years older than Miss *Bellingham*, and that it might look as if" —

*Bellingham*, hastily: "Oh, not in the least — not in the least!"

*Blake*. "Our acquaintance was n't regularly made, I believe. But you don't suppose that I urged it, or that it would have been kept up if it had n't been for their kindness and for chances that nobody foresaw?"

*Bellingham*. "There is n't a circumstance of the whole affair that isn't perfectly honorable to you, Blake; that isn't like you. Confound it!" —

*Blake*. "I won't ask you whether you think I thought of her being rich?"

*Bellingham*. "No, sir! That would be offensive."

*Blake*. "Then what is it? Is there some personal objection to me with your family?"

*Bellingham*. "There is n't at all, Blake, I assure you."

*Blake*. "Then I don't understand, and" — with rising spirit — "I want to say once for all that I think your leaving me to ask these things and put myself on the defensive in this way, begging you for this reason and for that, is n't what I'm used to. But I'm like a man on trial for his life, and I stand it. Now, go on and say what there is to say. Don't spare my feelings, man! I have no pride where *she* is concerned. What do you know against me that makes it impossible?"

*Bellingham*. "O Lord! It is n't *against* you. It's nothing personal; personally we've all reason to respect and honor you; you've done us nothing but good in the handsomest way. But it won't do, for all that. There's an incompatibility — a — a — I don't know what to call it! Confound it, Blake! You know very well that there's none of that cursed nonsense about me. I don't care what a man is in life; I only ask what he is in himself. I accept the American plan in good faith. I know all sorts of fellows; devilish good fellows some of

them are, too! Why, I had that Mitchell, who behaved so well at the Squatick Mills disaster, to dine with me; went down and looked him up, and had him to dine with me. Some of the men did n't think it was the thing; but I can assure you that he talked magnificently about the affair. I drew him out, and before we were done we had the whole room about us. I would n't have missed it on any account. That's *my way*."

Blake, dryly: "It's a very magnanimous way. The man must have felt honored."

Bellingham. "What? — Oh, deuce take it! I don't mean any of that patronizing rot, you know I don't. You know I think such a man as that ten times as good as myself. What I mean is that it's different with women. They have n't got the same — what shall I say? — horizons, social horizons, don't you know. They can't accept a man for what he is in himself; they have to take him for what he is n't in himself. They have to have their world carried on upon the European plan, in short. I don't know whether I make myself understood?" —

Blake, with hardness: "Yes, you do. The objection is to my having been?" —

Bellingham, hastily interposing: "Well — ah — no! I can't admit that. It is n't the occupation. We've all been occupied more or less remotely in — in some sort of thing; a man's a fool who tries to blink that. But I don't know that I can make it clear how our belonging, now, to a different order of things makes our women distrustful — I won't say skeptical, but anxious — as to the influence of — ah — other social circumstances. They're mere creatures of tradition, women are; and where you or I, Blake," — with caressing good comradeship and the assumption of an impartial high-mindedness, — "would n't care a straw for a man's trade or profession, they are more disposed to — ah — particularize, and — don't you know — distinguish!"

Blake, gravely: "I tried to make Miss Bellingham understand from the first just what I was and had been. I certainly never concealed anything. Do

you think she would care for what disturbs the other ladies of your family?"

Bellingham. "Leslie? Well, she's still a very young girl, and she has streaks of originality that rather disqualify her for appreciating — ah — She's romantic! I'm sure I'm greatly obliged to you, Blake, for taking the thing in this reasonable way. You know how to sympathize with one's extreme reluctance — and — ah — embarrassment in putting a case of the kind."

Blake, with a sad, absent-minded tone: "Yes, God knows I'm sorry for you. I don't suppose you like to do it."

Bellingham. "Thanks, thanks, Blake. It was quite as much on your own account that I spoke. They would make it deucedly uncomfortable for you in the family, — there's no end to the aunts and grandmothers, and things, and you'd make them uncomfortable too, with your — history." Mopping his forehead with his handkerchief: "You have it infernally hot, up here, don't you?"

Blake, still absently: "Then you think that Miss Bellingham herself would n't be seriously distressed?"

Bellingham. "Leslie's a girl that will go through anything she's made up her mind to. And if she likes you well enough to marry you?" —

Blake. "She says so."

Bellingham. "Then burning plowshares would n't have the smallest effect upon her. But?" —

Blake, calmly: "Then I won't give her up."

Bellingham. "Eh?"

Blake. "I won't give her up. It's bad enough as it is, but if I were such a sneak as to leave the woman who loved me because my marrying her would be unpleasant to her friends, I should be ten thousand times unworthier than I am. I am going to hold to my one chance of showing myself worthy to win her, and if she will have me I will have her, though it smashes the whole social structure. Bellingham, you're mistaken about this thing; her happiness won't depend upon the success of the aunts and cousins in accounting for me to the world; it'll depend upon whether I'm man enough to

be all the world to her. If she thinks I am, I will be!"

*Bellingham.* "Oh, don't talk in that illogical way, Blake. Confound it! I know; I can account for your state of feeling, and all that; but I do assure you it's mistaken. Let me put it to you. You don't see this matter as I do; you can't. The best part of a woman's life is social" —

*Blake.* "I don't believe that."

*Bellingham.* "Well, no matter: it's so; and whether you came into Leslie's world or took her out of it, you'd make no end of — of — row. She'd suffer in a thousand ways."

*Blake.* "Not if she loved me, and was the kind of girl I take her to be."

*Bellingham.* "Oh, yes, she would, my dear fellow; Leslie's a devilish proud girl; she'd suffer in secret, but it would try her pride in ways you don't know of. Why, only consider: she's taken by surprise in this affair; she's had no time to think" —

*Blake.* "She shall have my whole life-time to make up her mind in; she shall test me in every way she will, and she may fling me away at any moment she will, and I will be her slave forever. She may give me up, but I will not give her up."

*Bellingham.* "Well, well! We won't dispute about terms, but I'll put it to you, yourself, Blake, — yourself. I want you to see that I'm acting for your good; that I'm your friend."

*Blake.* "You're her brother, and you're my friend, whatever you say. I've borne to have you insinuate that I'm your inferior. Go on!" Blake's voice trembles.

*Bellingham.* "Oh, now! Don't take that tone! It is n't fair. It makes me feel like — like the very devil. It does, indeed. I don't mean anything of the kind. I mean simply that — that — ah — remote circumstances over which you had — ah — no control have placed you at a disadvantage, — social disadvantage. That's all. It is n't a question of inferiority or superiority. And I merely put it to you — as a friend, mind — whether the happiness of — ah — all con-

cerned could n't be more promptly — ah — secured by your refusing to submit yourself to tests that might — Come! She's flattered — any woman might be — by your liking her; but when she went back to her own associations" —

*Blake.* "If she sees any man she likes better than me, I won't claim her. But I can't judge her by a loyalty less than my own. She will never change."

*Bellingham.* "Of course. I was only thinking — I" —

*Blake, quickly:* "What do you mean? Out with it, man!"

*Bellingham.* "Don't take it in that way! My dear" —

*Blake.* "If I'm her caprice and not her choice, I want to know it! I won't be killed by inches. Speak!"

*Bellingham.* "Stop! I owe you my life, but you must n't take that tone with me."

*Blake.* "You owe me nothing, — nothing but an answer. If you mean there has been some one before me — She has told me that she never cared for any one but me; I believe her, but I want to know what you mean."

*Bellingham.* "She's my sister! What do you mean?"

*Leslie.* "Oh, what does it mean?" She enters the room, as if she had been suddenly summoned by the sound of their angry voices from a guiltless ambush in the hall. At the sight of their flushed faces and defiant attitudes she flutters, electrically attracted, first toward one and then toward the other, but at last she instinctively takes shelter at Blake's elbow: "Charles, what are you saying? What are you both so angry for? Oh, I hoped to find you such good friends, and here you are quarreling! Charles, what have you been doing? Oh, Charles, I always thought you were so generous and magnanimous, and have you been joining that odious conspiracy against us? For shame! And what have you found to say, I should like to know? I should like to know what you've found to say — what a gentleman could say, under the circumstances!" She grows more vehement as their mutual embarrassment increases upon the men, and Bellingham

fades into a blank dismay behind the glare of his eye-glasses. "Have you been saying something you're ashamed of, Charles? You *couldn't* say anything about *him*, and so you've been trying to set him against me. What have you said about your sister, Charles? — and always pretending to be so fond of me! Oh, oh, oh!" Miss Bellingham snatches her handkerchief from her pocket and hides her grief in it, while her brother continues to stare in entire petrification at her prescience.

Bellingham, finally: "Why, Leslie — Deuce take it all; Blake, why don't you say something? I tell you, I have n't said anything against you, Les. Blake will tell you himself that I was merely endeavoring to set the thing before him from different points of view. I wanted him to consider the shortness of your — acquaintance" —

Leslie, in her handkerchief: "It's fully three weeks since we met, — you know it is."

Bellingham. "And I wanted him to reflect upon how very different all your associations and — traditions — were" —

Leslie, still in her handkerchief: "Oh, that was delicate — very!"

Bellingham. "And to — ah — take into consideration the fact that returning to another — atmosphere — surroundings, you might — ah — change."

Leslie, lifting her face: "You did! Charles, did I ever change?"

Bellingham. "Well, I don't know. I don't know whether you'd call it *changing*, exactly; but I certainly got the impression from aunt Kate that there was some hope on Dudley's part last summer" —

Leslie, quitting her refuge and advancing fiercely upon the dismayed but immovable Bellingham, with her right hand thrust rigidly down at her side, and her left held behind her clutching her handkerchief: "Charles, have you *dared* to intimate that I ever cared the least thing about that — that — horrid — little — reptile? When you *knew* that my life was made perfectly ghastly by the way aunt Kate forced him on me, and it was as much as I could ever do to treat him

decently! I never encouraged him for an *instant*, and you know it. Oh, Charley, Charley, how could you? It is n't for myself I care; it's for you, for you're a *gentleman*, and you let yourself do that! How painfully strange that low, mean, shabby feeling must have been to you! I don't wonder you could n't face me or speak to me. I don't" —

Bellingham, desperately: "Here; hold on! Good Lord! I can't stand this! Confound it, I'm not made of iron — or gutta-percha. I'll allow it was sneaking, — Blake will tell you I looked it, — but it was a desperate case. It was a family job, and I had to do my best — or my worst — as the head of the family; and Blake would n't hear reason, and" —

Leslie. "And so you thought you'd try *fraud*!"

Bellingham. "Well, I should n't use that word. But it's the privilege of your sex to call a spade a pitchfork, if you don't like the spade. I tell you I never professed to know anything personally about the Dudley business. Come, Blake" —

Leslie, turning and going devoutly up to Blake: "Yes, *he* will defend you. He must save your honor since he saved your life."

Bellingham, with a start: "Eh?"

Leslie. "Oh, I know about it! Mama told me. She thinks just as I do, now, and she has been feeling dreadfully about this shabby work she'd set you at; but I comforted her. I told her you would never do it in the world; that you would just shuffle about in your way" —

Bellingham. "Oh, thanks!"

Leslie. "But that you had too good a heart, too high a spirit, to breathe a syllable that would wound the pride of a brave and generous man to whom you owed life itself; that you would rather *die* than do it!" To Blake: "Oh, I've always been a romantic girl, — you won't mind it in me, will you? — and I've had my foolish dreams a thousand times about the man who risked his life to save my brother's; and I hoped and longed that some day we should meet. I promised myself that I should know him, and I always thought how sweet

and dear a privilege it would be to thank him. I want to thank you for his life as I used to dream of doing, but I cannot yet. I cannot till you tell me that he has not said one word unworthy of you, — unworthy of a gentleman!"

*Blake*, smiling: "He's all right!"

*Leslie*, impetuously clinging to him: "Oh, thanks, thanks, thanks!"

*Bellingham*, accurately focusing the pair with freshly adjusted glasses: "If you 'll both give me your blessing, now, I'll go away, feeling perfectly rehabilitated, in the afternoon stage."

*Mrs. Bellingham*, entering the parlor door: "Stage? Why, Mr. Blake is n't going away!"

*Bellingham*. "Oh, no, Mr. Blake has kindly consented to remain. It was I who thought of going. I can't bear to be idle!"

*Mrs. Bellingham*, apart from the others: "Charles, dear, I'm really sorry that I asked you to undertake that disagreeable business, and I'd have come back at once with Leslie to relieve you, — to tell you that you need n't speak, after all, — but she felt sure that you would n't, and she insisted upon leaving you together and then stealing back upon you and enjoying" —

*Bellingham*, solemnly: "You little knew me, mother. I have the making of an iron-hearted parent in me, and I was crushing all hope out of Blake when Leslie came in."

*Mrs. Bellingham*. "Charles, you don't mean that you said anything to wound the feelings of a man to whom you owed your life, — to whom we all owe so much?"

*Bellingham*. "I don't know about his feelings. But I represented pretty distinctly to him the social incompatibility."

*Mrs. Bellingham*. "Charles, I wonder at you!"

*Bellingham*. "Oh, yes! So do I. But if you'll take the pains to recall the facts, that's exactly what you left me to do. May I ask what has caused you to change your mind?"

*Mrs. Bellingham*, earnestly: "I found that Leslie's happiness really depended

upon it; and in fact, Charles, when I came to reflect, I found that I myself liked him."

*Bellingham*. "The words have a familiar sound, — as if I had used them myself in a former existence." Turning from his mother and looking about: "I seem to miss a — a support — moral support — in those present. Where is aunt Kate?"

*Mrs. Murray*, appearing at the door: "Marion! Ma—" She hesitates at sight of the peaceful grouping.

*Bellingham*. "Ah, this is indeed opportune! Come in, aunt Kate, come in! This is a free fight, as they say in Mr. Blake's section. Any one can join." *Mrs. Murray* advances wonderingly into the room, and *Bellingham* turns to his sister, where she stands at Blake's side: "Leslie, you think I've behaved very unhandsomely in this matter, don't you?"

*Leslie*, plaintively: "Charley, you know I hate to blame you. But I never could have believed it if any one else had told me."

*Bellingham*. "All right. Mother, I understand that you would have been similarly incredulous?"

*Mrs. Bellingham*. "I know that you acted from a good motive, Charles, but you certainly went to an extreme that I could never have expected."

*Bellingham*. "All right, again. Blake, if the persons and relations had all been changed, could you have said to me what I said to you?"

*Blake*. "That is n't a fair question, *Bellingham*."

*Bellingham*. "All right, as before. Now, aunt Kate, I appeal to you. You know all the circumstances in which I was left here with this man who saved my life, who rescued Leslie from those tramps, who has done you all a thousand kindnesses of various sorts and sizes, who has behaved with the utmost delicacy and discretion throughout, and is in himself a thoroughly splendid fellow. Do you think I did right or wrong to set plainly before him the social disadvantages to which his marrying Leslie would put us?"

Mrs. Murray, instantly and with great energy: "Charles, I say — and every person in society, *except* your mother and sister, would say — that you did exactly right!"

Bellingham. "That settles it. Blake, my dear old fellow, I beg your pardon with all my heart; and I ask you to forget, if you can, every word I said. *Con: found society!*" He offers his hand to Blake, who seizes it and wrings it in his own.

Leslie, as she flings her arms round his neck, with a fluttering cry of joy: "Oh, Charley, Charley, I've got my ideal back again!"

Bellingham, disengaging her arms and putting her hand into Blake's: "Both of them." Turning to Mrs. Murray: "And now, aunt, I beg *your* pardon. What do you say?"

Mrs. Murray, frozenly: "Charles, you know my principles."

Bellingham. "They're identical on all points with my own. Well?"

Mrs. Murray, grimly: "Well, then, you know that I never would abandon my family, — whatever happened!"

Bellingham. "By Jove, that is n't so bad. We must be satisfied to take your forgiveness as we get it. Perhaps Leslie might object to the formulation of" —

Leslie, super-joyously: "Oh, no. I object to nothing in the world, now, Charles. Aunt Kate is *too* good! I never should have thought of asking her to remain with us."

Bellingham. "That is n't so bad, either! You are your aunt's own niece. Come, Blake, we can't let this go on. Say something to allay the ill feeling you've created in this family."

Blake. "I think I'd better not try. But if you'll give me time, I'll do my best to live down the objections to me."

Bellingham. "Oh, you've done that. What we want now — as I understand aunt Kate — is that you should live down the objections to us. One thing that puzzles me" — thoughtfully scratching the sparse parting of his hair — "is that

our position is so very equivocal in regard to the real principle involved. It seems to me that we are begging the whole question, which is, if Blake" —

Leslie. "There, there! I *knew* he would!"

Bellingham, severely: "Mother, you will allow that I have been left to take the brunt of this little affair in a — well, somewhat circuitous manner?"

Mrs. Bellingham. "Charles, I am very, very sorry" —

Bellingham. "And that I am entitled to some sort of reparation?"

Leslie. "Don't allow that, mamma! I know he's going to say something disagreeable. He looks just as he always does when he has one of his ideas."

Bellingham. "Thanks, Miss Bellingham. I am going to have this particular satisfaction out of *you*. Then I will return to my habitual state of agreeable vacancy. Mother" —

Leslie. "Mamma, don't answer him! It's the only way."

Bellingham. "It is not necessary that I should be answered. I wish merely to have the floor. The question is, if Blake were merely a gentleman somewhat at odds with his history, associations, and occupation, and not also our benefactor and preserver in so many ways, — whether we should be so ready to — ah" —

Mrs. Bellingham. "Charles, dear, I think it is unnecessary to enter into these painful minutiae."

Mrs. Murray. "I feel bound to say that I know we should not."

Bellingham. "This is the point which I wished to bring out. Blake, here is your opportunity: renounce us!"

Blake. "What do you say, Leslie?"

Leslie. "I say that I don't believe it, and I know that I like you for yourself, — not for what you've done for us. I did from the first moment, before you spoke or saw me. But if you doubt me, or should ever doubt me" —

Blake, taking in his left both the little hands that she has appealingly laid upon his arms: "That's out of the question!"

W. D. Howells.

## DICKENS'S AMERICAN NOTES.

DICKENS sailed, or rather steamed, for the United States early in January, 1842. During the previous six months he had been one of the most radical of the English Liberals, dreading a Tory reaction and contributing many a squib and song to the journals for the purpose of aiding those writers who were bent on covering the reviving Tory party with ridicule, contempt, and obloquy. One of his versified invectives, called *The Fine Old English Gentleman*, to be Said or Sung at all Conservative Dinners, is given by Forster; and it breathes a spirit of wrath and scorn against the Tory gentry and nobility which would not misbecome a Chartist in his wildest rage at the pretensions put forward by the privileged classes. Nothing in his criticism of the United States equals it in bitterness. Indeed, in indignantly surveying the political outlook in his own country, he talked to his friends "of carrying off himself and his household gods, like *Coriolanus*, to a world elsewhere!" It cannot be said, therefore, that he set out on his American journey with any prejudice against republican institutions. The trouble with him was that he knew little or nothing of the science of government, of political economy, or of the underlying laws which, with all the protests of individuals from a thousand various points of view, still make human society possible. Nature, in lavishing on him so many precious gifts, had seen fit to deny him either the philosophic spirit or the philosophic mind. No man's eyes were keener to detect the minutest details of any subject; but the brain above the eyes, the power of generalizing details, of connecting them in their right relations, was comparatively left out in his intellectual constitution. He was a humanitarian and a humorist, — one of the best and most delightful of humanitarians and humorists; but he was in no sense a philosopher; and to write anything about the United States in the year 1842, which

was worth the consideration of thinkers, demanded powers which he did not possess. This was not the worst of it. The powers which he did possess beyond any other person then living found but very imperfect expression in the *American Notes*.

As to his lack of philosophic grasp of the subject of the United States and its institutions, two persons may be quoted, *M. de Tocqueville* and *Macaulay*. When in the French chamber of deputies Dickens's book on America was referred to, *De Tocqueville*, in reply, ridiculed the notion that any opinions of Dickens on the matter in debate should be quoted as in any respect authoritative. This was the somewhat contemptuous judgment passed by the philosophical author of *Democracy in America* on the author of *American Notes*. *Macaulay*, before the work was published, wrote to *Macvey Napier*, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*: "I wish Dickens's book to be kept for me. I have never written a word on that subject, and I have a great deal in my head. Of course I shall be courteous to Dickens, whom I know and whom I think both a man of genius and a good-hearted man, in spite of some faults of taste." When the volumes appeared, he gave up the idea of making them even the excuse for an article. "This morning," he writes to *Napier* (October 19, 1842), "I received Dickens's book. I have now read it. It is impossible for me to review it, nor do I think that you would wish me to do so. I cannot praise it, and I will not cut it up. I cannot praise it, though it contains a few lively dialogues and descriptions, for it seems to be, on the whole, a failure. It is written like the worst parts of *Humphrey's Clock*. What is meant to be easy and sprightly is vulgar and flippant, as in the first two pages. What is meant to be fine is a great deal too fine for me, as the description of the Fall of Niagara. A reader who wants an amusing account



of the United States had better go to Mrs. Trollope, coarse and malignant as she is. A reader who wants information about American politics, manners, and literature had better go even to so poor a creature as Buckingham. In short, I pronounce the book, in spite of some claims of genius, at once frivolous and dull. Therefore I will not praise it. Neither will I attack it: first, because I have eaten salt with Dickens; secondly, because he is a good man and a man of real talent; thirdly, because he hates slavery as heartily as I do; and fourthly, because I wish to see him enrolled in our blue-and-yellow corps, where he may do excellent service as a skirmisher and sharp-shooter."

The dullness of the American Notes — dull in the sense of being "Notes" by Dickens — was due to his determination not to refer to the individuals he met, and not to record any of those overwhelmingly enthusiastic receptions and dinners which were so freely given in his honor. The subject of international copyright, on which he made eloquent speeches, and, at the same time, made some interested enemies, was also comparatively omitted from his book. Now what he cast aside was the only important matter in his six months' journey in the United States. Macaulay's contemptuous criticism was in the main true. There are passages here and there — such as the nobly pathetic one describing the emigrants he observed on the steamer between Montreal and Quebec — which are in his best vein; but generally the account of his adventures by stage and steamboat is but the disappointing record of "a most scattering and unsure observance." His genius is not there. He wrote towards the close of his journey to Forster from Niagara Falls: "Oh! the sublimated essence of comicality that I *could* distill from the materials I have!" That distilled essence of comicality he reserved for Martin Chuzzlewit; it is rarely to be observed in the American Notes.

Haydon, the painter, was told by Talfourd that he introduced Dickens to the insolent Lady Holland. "She hated the

Americans," according to Talfourd's statement, "and did not want Dickens to go. She said, 'Why cannot you go down to Bristol and see some of the third or fourth class people, and they'll do just as well?'" When Dickens decided to notice, in his book, none of the first and second class of Americans he met, but to confine himself to the third and fourth, and only to notice them except as they were his accidental companions in a not very extensive journey, it would seem as if a jaunt to Bristol *would* have done "just as well;" and that crossing the Atlantic to meet such "vulgar creatures," as my lady would have doubtless called them, was a wasteful expenditure of time and talents.

We have therefore to seek in other quarters any adequate record of Dickens's impressions of his American journey. Forster devotes two hundred pages of the biography of his friend to the private letters he received from him; and Mr. Fields, in his delightful *Yesterdays with Authors*, prints the racy letters which Dickens sent to Professor C. C. Felton, of Harvard College, during his residence in the United States and immediately after his return to England. "How can I tell you," he writes to Forster from Boston, on January 28, 1842, "what has happened since that first day (of my arrival)? How can I give you the faintest notion of my reception here; of the crowds that pour in and out the whole day; of the people that line the streets when I go out; of the cheering when I went to theatre; of the copies of verses, letters of congratulation, welcomes of all kinds, balls, dinners, assemblies without end? There is to be a public dinner to me here in Boston next Tuesday, and great dissatisfaction has been given to the many by the high price (three pounds sterling) of the tickets. There is to be a ball next Monday week at New York, and one hundred and fifty names appear on the list of the committee. There is to be a dinner in the same place, in the same week, to which I have had an invitation, with every known name in America appended to it. . . . I have had deputations from the Far West, who have

come from more than two thousand miles' distance: from the lakes, the rivers, the backwoods, the log houses, the cities, factories, villages, and towns. . . . 'It is no nonsense and no common feeling,' wrote Dr. Channing to me yesterday. 'It is all heart. There never was and never will be such a triumph.' Of the men he met, he speaks warmly of the professors at the Cambridge University, Longfellow, Felton, Jared Sparks, as "noble fellows. So," he adds, "is Kenyon's friend, Ticknor. Bancroft is a famous man; a straightforward, manly, earnest heart, and talks much of you, which is a comfort. . . . Sumner is of great service to me." As to the people, all was rose-color at first. "There is no man in this town, or in this State [*sic*] of New England, who has not a blazing fire and a meat dinner every day of his life. A flaming sword in the air would not attract so much attention as a beggar in the streets. . . . A man with seven heads would be no sight at all, compared with one who could n't read and write." Such extravagances as these last simply indicate the writer's elation of soul as he felt himself the guest of a nation, with everybody eager to overwhelm him with hospitalities. George Ticknor, a scholar, writer, and leader of society, not easily swept away by enthusiasm, wrote to John Kenyon: "A triumph has been prepared for him, in which the whole country will join. He will have a progress through the States unequalled since Lafayette's." Daniel Webster is said to have declared that Dickens "had done more to ameliorate the condition of the English poor than all the statesmen that Great Britain had sent into Parliament." Dr. Channing, the ascetic saint and sage, while disturbed somewhat by the jollity of Dickens's writings, still thought that his pictures had "a tendency to awaken sympathy with our race, and to change the unfeeling indifference which has prevailed towards the depressed multitude into a sorrowful and indignant sensibility to their wrongs and woes."

In his progress from Boston to New York he was worried and fatigued with

attentions. It was only by a hard fight with landlords that he was able to pay his bills, the committees of the towns on his route insisting on defraying all his expenses. On the steamboat between New Haven and New York he met again with Professor Felton, who was going on to the Dickens dinner and ball at New York. "Like most men of his class whom I have seen," Dickens writes, "he is a most delightful fellow, unaffected, hearty, genial, jolly; quite an Englishman of the best sort. We drank all the porter on board, ate all the cold pork and cheese, and were very merry indeed." It is curious to those of us who remember the late Professor Felton, not only as the most genial of men, but as a sturdy American patriot, a Greek scholar of the first rank, a president of Harvard College universally beloved by the students, to find that Dickens can only compliment him "as quite an Englishman of the best sort," whereas we are inclined to remember him as an American "of the best sort."

It was at New York that, in the midst of ovations, Dickens, irritated by newspaper comments on his speeches regarding copyright, seems to have begun to dislike his entertainers. His American friends advised him not to introduce the subject of copyright into his speeches. He appears to have attributed to cowardice what was intended by them as judicious advice. They doubtless thought the cause he advocated would be hindered rather than advanced by his appearance before the public, not as a guest of the nation whom all men were eager to honor, but as an English citizen urging a change in the domestic policy of the United States. There is nothing that more offends the population of any country than the interference of a foreigner with its laws and institutions. Dickens seemed to think that there was something noble in the courage with which he put at risk his universal popularity, in order to tell the Americans, face to face, that they were guilty of injustice to himself and to his brother English authors. It is positively funny to note the grandiloquent way in which he

writes to Forster. It seems that his "audacious daring" paralyzed his friends with wonder. "The notion," he says, "that I, a man alone by himself in America, should venture to suggest to the Americans that there was one point in which they were neither just to their own countrymen nor to us actually struck the boldest dumb. Washington Irving, Prescott, Hoffman, Bryant, Halleck, Dana, Washington Allston, every man who writes in this country, is devoted to the question, and not one of them *dares* to raise his voice and complain of the atrocious state of the law. It is nothing that of all men living I am the greatest loser by it. It is nothing that I have a claim to speak and be heard. The wonder is that a breathing man can be found with temerity enough to suggest to the Americans the possibility of their having done wrong."

Dickens early adopted a contemptuous opinion of the politics and government of the United States. "I still reserve my opinion," he writes to Forster, "of the national character, — just whispering that I tremble for a Radical coming here, unless he is a Radical on principle, by reason and reflection, and from the sense of right. I fear that if he were anything else, he would return home a Tory. . . . I say no more on that head for two months from this time, save that I do fear that the heaviest blow ever dealt at liberty will be dealt by this country, in the failure of its example on the earth. The scenes that are passing in Congress now, all tending to the separation of the States, fill one with such a deep disgust that I dislike the very name of Washington [meaning the place, not the man], and am repelled by the mere thought of approaching it." After the two months had expired, he writes again to Forster, praising certain qualities of the American people, but arriving at this conclusion: "I don't like the country. I would not live here on any consideration. It goes against the grain with me. It would wash with you. I think it impossible, utterly impossible, for any Englishman to live here and be happy." Individual Americans he of course liked. "Washing-

ton Irving," he writes, "is a great fellow. We have laughed most heartily together. He is just the man he ought to be. So is Dr. Channing, with whom I have had an interesting correspondence since I saw him last in Boston. Halleck is a merry little man. Washington Allston, the painter (who wrote *Monaldi*), is a fine specimen of a glorious old genius. Longfellow, whose volume of poems I have got for you, is a frank, accomplished man, as well as a fine writer." Then again, writing from Washington, he says that "there are many remarkable men in the legislature, such as John Quincy Adams, Clay, Preston, Calhoun, and others, with whom I need scarcely add I have been placed in the friendliest relations. Adams is a fine old fellow, — seventy-six years old, but with most surprising vigor, memory, readiness, and pluck. Clay is perfectly enchanting, an irresistible man. There are some noble specimens, too, of old of the West, — splendid men to look at, hard to deceive, prompt to act, lions in energy, Crichtons in various accomplishments, Indians in quickness of eye and gesture, Americans in affectionate and generous impulse. It would be difficult to exaggerate the nobility of some of these glorious fellows." One wonders, on reading this, that he should afterwards have taken the Hon. Elijah Pogram as the type of American statesmanship. "When Clay retires," he goes on to say, "Preston will become the leader of the Whig party. He so solemnly assures me that the international copyright shall and will be passed, that I almost begin to hope; and I shall be entitled to say, if it be, that I have brought it about." Nothing can more completely show how Dickens's opinion of the country rose or fell, according to the chances of its passing an international copyright bill, than the sentences we have quoted. Senator Preston, on whom he relied, was what is called a whole-souled gentleman, but still a chivalric champion of the slave-holders; and Calhoun, of whom he speaks with praise, was the great logician of liberticide, — a man of high personal character, but

whose incomparable powers of reasoning were devoted to riveting forever the chain of the slave, by closely fitting together every link in that chain of deductive argumentation which seemingly doomed him to perpetual servitude.

Another cause of his discontent with the United States was the infinite fatigue he underwent, owing to the rush of the people to see and welcome him. It is cruel to make one man shake hands with a nation of men. The ovations were pleasant enough at first, but when the charm of novelty wore off they became an insufferable bore. Could Dickens have delegated his popularity to fifty or a hundred subordinates, he and they together might have had an agreeable time; but one person is physically incapable of bearing such a burden of attentions, congratulations, and acclamations as were with generous pitilessness heaped upon him. After he had been hardly more than a month in the country, he disconsolately wrote to Forster, from New York: "I can do nothing that I want to do, go nowhere where I want to go, and see nothing that I want to see. If I turn into the street, I am followed by a multitude. If I stay at home, the house becomes, with callers, like a fair. If I visit a public institution with only one friend, the directors come down incontinently, waylay me in the yard, and address me in a long speech. I go to a party in the evening, and am so inclosed and hemmed about with people, stand where I will, that I am exhausted from want of air. I dine out, and have to talk about everything, to everybody. I go to church for quiet, and there is a violent rush to the neighborhood of the pew I sit in, and the clergyman preaches at me. I take my seat in a railroad car, and the very conductor won't leave me alone. I get out at a station, and can't drink a glass of water without having a hundred people looking down my throat when I open my mouth to swallow. Conceive what all this is! Then by every post, letters on letters arrive, all about nothing, and all demanding

an immediate answer. This man is offended because I won't live in his house; and that man is thoroughly disgusted because I won't go out more than four times in one evening. I have no rest or peace, and am in a perpetual worry." Oh! the perils and horrors of celebrity! And then the very persons who wish to drown him in an ocean of claret and champagne, or suffocate him in a crowd of well-dressed people, for not one of whom does he care a sixpence, are indifferent to the theory of copyright, by which he naturally hopes to derive a revenue from the sale of his works in America! It is not to be wondered at that he became, day after day, more and more antagonistic to his hosts, whether they were aristocratically urbane, or democratically ebullient; that he became spiteful, even wrathful; and that he ended in leaving the country in a sullen mood of discontent, and in writing about it in a way which did little credit even to his powers of observation, satire, and humor.

There can be no doubt that the majority of Dickens's friends and enemies, on both sides of the Atlantic, considered the *American Notes* a failure. Dickens himself wrote to Professor Felton: "The American book has been a most complete and thorough-going success. Four large editions have now been sold and paid for, and it has won golden opinions from all sorts of men." But the truth was that the book satisfied Dickens's great public of readers in no respect, whether judged as a philosophical estimate of American institutions, or as a humorous reproduction of American manners and character. It was shallow, — that might be pardoned; but it was dull, — that was unpardonable. The result was that the serial story of *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which succeeded the *American Notes*, and which is now rightly considered one of the best of his romances, disappointed both author and publishers, because it reached a circulation of only twenty or twenty-three thousand copies.

Edwin P. Whipple.

## APRIL.

No days such honored days as these! While yet  
 Fair Aphrodite reigned, men seeking wide  
 For some fair thing which should forever bide  
 On earth, her beauteous memory to set  
 In fitting frame that no age could forget,  
 Her name in lovely April's name did hide,  
 And leave it there, eternally allied  
 To all the fairest flowers spring doth beget.  
 And when fair Aphrodite passed from earth,  
 Her shrines forgotten and her feasts of mirth,  
 A holier symbol still, in seal and sign,  
 Sweet April took, of kingdom more divine,  
 When Christ ascended, in the time of birth  
 Of spring anemones, in Palestine.

H. H.

## SOUTH CAROLINA MORALS.

WHILE at the Centennial, last summer, I fell into conversation with an old lady (a Northerner) on the street cars. I am, I console myself, eminently peaceable and Christian-like in appearance. "Where are you from?" said she. "From South Carolina," I replied. She started. "What?" she exclaimed; "why, you look just like other people!"

In morals the Southern whites respect and profess to obey the same great fundamental laws as the Northerners and other whites. There are plenty of men among us who can hear the decalogue and feel no self-reproach, and there are also many earnest Christians of blameless, self-sacrificing lives; but it is not to be denied that there are certain peculiarities of the Southern people, arising from their situation and circumstances, past and present, — though chiefly past, — which seriously affect their moral conduct. In all ordinary cases Southerners act morally quite like other people; but whenever the line of conduct to which

they are urged by one of their peculiarities comes under the prohibition of a moral law, they are very apt to disregard that law altogether and go ahead, or put such a forced construction on it as will justify their actions. The peculiarities referred to are three in number: (1.) Dissipation and the doctrines of the code of honor largely prevail among Southerners. (2.) Southerners have slender regard for the rights of the negro. (3.) They are unusually intolerant of opposition or of difference of opinion, especially in regard to political matters.

(1.) The planters of the South used to exhibit in the strongest form the virtues and the vices of all aristocracies. The typical Southerner possessed a liberal and chivalric cast of character which was founded mainly on family distinction, social culture, exemption from toil, and command over the lives and fortunes of his underlings. He would, for example, make large presents to waiters at hotels, or to the domestics at private houses,

where he stopped. He was exceedingly fond of standing treat; he was frank and warm-hearted, strong in his attachments and dislikes, and would stick closer than a brother to a friend in trouble. By his generosity in lending money and going security he was often involved in embarrassment. He was noted for devotion to women, and for personal bravery even to rashness. He was fond of late suppers and choice wines, and delighted in hunting and in the sports of the turf and the pit. Truth was held in the highest estimation, and the least appearance of equivocation would condemn a man to utter disrepute; to give the lie was the worst of insults. He was often engaged in affairs of honor, for to take an insult was an everlasting disgrace; and being quick to resent insults or their appearance, he was equally hasty in offering them when excited or aggrieved; and although he might repent of having said unjust things and apologize a moment after to an honorable opponent, yet nothing could induce him to back out of a contest when he believed himself wronged. Careless of his own money, he was inclined to be careless in all pecuniary affairs, often running heavily into debt and showing habitual negligence in settling small accounts.

These characteristics, originating with the planters, were imitated by all orders. A reputation for gallantry and generosity became highly esteemed in the South. In consequence, many individuals in their efforts to attain it degenerated into braves and spendthrifts; the character of the fire-eater became almost as much admired as that of the gentleman. The passing of high words and blows, canings, cowhidings, and so on, all terminated by the drawing of knives or pistols, together with hostile correspondences and duels, became every-day occurrences in the South, and especially in South Carolina and perhaps Mississippi.

Now in a community where men are quick to wipe out insults with blood, the first effect is naturally to make individuals highly respectful to one another in manner and speech. This effect was very apparent in the conduct of most

Southerners on ordinary occasions. But it is soon perceived that this politeness springs from fear, and then many persons of sensitive or hectoring dispositions will make their conduct habitually aggressive to prove they are not cowards, or to gain admiration. Every Southerner knew that if he preserved his temper and forgave insult on trying occasions, people would say he did it because he feared the pistol of his adversary; hence it became fashionable for every gentleman to act aggressively now and then, and perhaps to fight a duel, and having "vindicated his courage" to keep quiet on the strength of it. Many men, however, were so sensitive about the public condemning them should they make it a rule to be respectful towards opponents (say, in the legislature, at the bar, on the stump, or in the sanctum), that they became professional bullies, *always* acting and speaking insultingly to prove they were not afraid to fight. It was an almost indispensable qualification, certainly a desirable accomplishment, in a legislator, congressman, or editor, to have fought a duel. Consequently the fire-eating element came to preponderate among the statesmen who ruled us or whom we sent from home. The Southern gentleman was celebrated for his affable manners to all, rich and poor, black and white, while the fire-eater was sullen and dogged in his salutations; except when "showing off," he would hardly speak to negroes or whites lower in station than himself at all, and he was continually imagining insults and picking quarrels. A disregard for inflicting pain and shedding blood became lamentably common. All, even boys but just in their teens, were in the habit of wearing a pistol, as the slightest provocation would ordinarily reveal. It became well-nigh impossible to get a jury to convict any one (especially an aristocrat) of the most evident murder, provided he had exhibited daring in committing it, or had given his victim a chance to defend himself.

It also became a sign of gentility to be wasteful of money, to wager on every occasion and about everything, to stake

high amounts, to run into debt, etc.; and it was thought to the last degree degrading for a man to be niggardly in lending money or indorsing for others. But the practical exhibition of such traits has, since the war, been much limited by the want of funds and the necessity of working for a living. Southerners still make largesses to servants, stand treat, game, and run into debt; but they can ill afford to be lavish with their money. Fees and bets are small in amount, and the aristocrat who of old would not wait to receive change, or who would pocket it without looking at it, will now count it over when handed him. Treats are as often invited as proffered, and cheaper refreshments are selected than formerly. Nine men out of ten carry pistols, and personal difficulties, castigations, stabbings, and shootings are yet entirely too common. But there have been only eight or ten duels in South Carolina since the war, — hardly as many as used to occur every year. Men will rarely fight duels when death may mean starvation to their families; and I ought to add that from the same cause pistols are not drawn so quickly as of old, and the tendency is to brandish rather than to shoot, so little can our hot bloods now afford the expenses of a legal trial; though it is still true that juries, both white and black — where the slayer and slain are of the same race — exhibit a strong disposition to let men off who have shown courage in committing crime.

The financial downfall of the aristocracy caused much loss among their creditors; and so the plebeian merchants and others, who used to rival each other in seeking the patronage of influential families, are now cautious to excess in dealing with them. The struggle for existence is undoubtedly working its effects on Southern character. Our business men, who used to ape the free and easy manners of the aristocrats, are now more practical. There is more caviling in making bargains. And even in the quiet streets of Charleston, once so noted for the easy-going appearance of their walkers, there are plainly discernible changes denoting the oncoming of "that hurried

and high-pressure existence," which Mr. Greg so earnestly deplores.

Adversity has produced, too, all its customary demoralization. Thousands upon thousands of Southerners were forced into *bona fide* bankruptcy after the war. But thousands who were better off made the prevalence of insolvency a cloak; and failures in business are well known to the lawyers to be yet too common. Women have been allowed to hold property independently of their husbands since 1868. Under the mask of this right, debtors are every day making over their property to their wives in order to cheat creditors. But worse than this, in every Southern State a few hundred or thousand individuals, who used to be as intolerant as their comrades, have at times since the war turned over to the republicans for the sake of office or plunder. These men have been dubbed "scalawags," and few are genuinely converted. Hundreds of whites, too, who were ardent in their support of the Confederacy have put in their claims as loyal citizens for losses sustained during the war. Many others, knowing the legislature to be bribable, have used money to buy the passage of dishonest bonanza bills, by which they have made large amounts. Men, too, of high repute have lent their names to give respectability to rotten corporations, lotteries, and other enterprises designed to gull the people. And worst of all, the press has, in this State, been deplorably venal. Our corrupt rulers, fearing the papers might stir up the people to resistance — induce them, for instance, to refuse to pay taxes — did not scruple to invest hundreds of thousands of dollars in silly official advertising. Twenty democratic journals were once thus subsidized, and of course silenced.

Many Southerners were driven to drink deeply by their misfortunes, and drunkenness (with all the family misery it entails) is deplorably prevalent to this day. The taste for liquor is partly the effect of the warm climate, which requires stimulants.

(2.) It is a very common saying that the whites and negroes are at the bottom



not unfriendly toward each other; that every white man loves his old "mauma," or faithful old family driver or serving-man, while the negro is attached to his old "marsa" or "missis," who reared him, and with whom, perhaps, he has always stayed. This seems plausible. But there is a fallacy lurking under it. The whites are each of them fond of particular individuals among the blacks, but despise the race as a whole. And the same can be said of the blacks.

The whites are undoubtedly sentimentally attached to old family servants and certain acquaintances among the blacks. But towards other negroes their conduct is sullen and reckless; and for the rights of the race at large they have no consideration whatever, save what springs from compulsion. The old relations have not been forgotten. Every one thinks, and every child is trained up in the belief, that the negro is meant for the use of white people, was brought here and should stay here for no other purpose; that he is a half-way sort of animal, an excellent rice or cotton worker, an incomparable driver, waiter, or bootblack, but utterly incapable of government or culture; that he should be ruled in all things political, social, and industrial by the white man, should be kept in his place, and decisively suppressed if he tries to put on airs. I have seen whites who, actuated by religion or cowardice, were more passive under insult from other whites than Southerners are wont to be. But let a colored person insult them, and their nature seemed wholly altered. To swallow an insult from a negro would be perpetual infamy. Accordingly, the whites do not think it wrong to shoot, stab, or knock down negroes on slight provocation. It is actually thought a great point, among certain classes, to be able to boast that one has killed or beaten a negro. It is quite impossible to convict a white of a crime against a colored man if there be a white man on the jury.

Difficulties between whites and blacks in this State had been, until the recent presidential campaign, decreasing in frequency. The negroes had learned to in-

voke the law. And so freely had they indicted the whites for assaults and batteries (first before the military tribunals, and then in the state courts), that a very wholesome cautiousness had been engendered in the latter. The military were, of course, disposed to put down fire-eating; and the state justices' or circuit courts (with their colored magistrates and juries) are very unsafe places for a white man. This cautiousness, too, has been increased by the prevalence of arson. If a white incurs the enmity of a negro, he is a very bad business man if he does not keep his buildings insured. The negroes, though, are often abused and then paid not to prosecute the case. They will readily withdraw their affidavits for a small consideration.

It seems a rather strange fact that although the negroes are much stronger physically than the whites, the latter often get the better of them in fights where no weapons are used; while if weapons are used they stand no chance whatever. But on thinking, one sees it is not so strange after all. The negroes yet retain their inbred dread of their old masters, and their old inbred dread of *striking whites*,—which used to be, of course, a heinous crime, and brought down a terrible punishment; while the whites yet, as I have said, retain much of their native contempt for and readiness to dash on the blacks. The demeanor of the races in conflict, in fact, often makes me think there is a germ of truth in Herodotus's pretty tale of the suppression of the slave rebellion by the Scythians. It is a well-known fact that the younger generation of negroes, who have grown up since the war, are much more bold in defying white people than those who were slaves.

Reverdy Johnson was startled and indignant at the atrocities of the Ku-Klux. But a moment's reflection would have convinced him that their deeds were not so unnatural as, at first sight, he evidently regarded them. The Ku-Klux Klan with its night visits and whippings and murders was the legitimate offspring of the patrol. Every Southern gentleman used to serve on the night patrol, the

chief duty of which was to whip severely any negro found away from home without a pass from his master.

There used to prevail in the South an inquisitorial, relentless determination to suppress the truth about the maltreatment of the slaves. Atrocities were frequently perpetrated, yet it was persistently asserted that the negroes were uniformly well treated, were contented and happy, and that all reports to the contrary were malicious lies invented by interested politicians or crazy fanatics. While there are few Southerners who could not have written an abler vindication of Uncle Tom's Cabin than its authoress, on every hand she was denounced as a busybody, a mischief-maker, a fanatic, a lunatic, a liar of the first magnitude; and yet I have heard Southerners, who in formal argument would deny the possibility of any and every event in her matchless *exposé*, in moments of jovial conversation relate with great gusto anecdotes of how in the good old times they used to hunt down runaway negroes with hounds and guns, brand them, beat them till senseless, and while patrolling at night flog negroes who had passes, "just to hear them beg and holla." "But all that's gone now," they remark with a sigh, on concluding.

This same determination to keep back the truth is rampant to-day. The most horrible tales of negro murders which have ever appeared in radical sheets at the North would pale before the relation of incidents known to every white man in the South. The intimidation of the negroes is a stern and awful fact. Yet what do Southerners say about it? It is the bloody shirt, the lying inventions of unscrupulous politicians, the last gasp of carpet-baggery and radical devilry. So bitterly do Southerners hate to have the truth come out that it is at the risk of his life that any man dares to speak it. When a political crime is committed, they palliate it, smooth over everything, charge the blame on the murdered victims, and indulge in loud generalities about their good feeling towards the negro, their desire for peace, their willingness to accept the situation. An ex-Confederate, a

leader of the whites in this State, exclaimed when the news of the Hamburg massacre arrived, "Hello, boys, glorious news! They've come down on 'em at Hamburg, — seven niggers killed! Hurrah for Butler!" A conservative white standing by suggested to him that it was a pity the men had been shot after surrendering. "Oh, damn your prisoners. — they were nothing but niggers." A few months afterwards this same gentleman tried to explain away the Hamburg affair to a garrison officer: "You see, we all regret such occurrences, but the negroes provoked the difficulty and it was unavoidable. The killing of the prisoners we all deplored, but the negroes had exasperated the men so they could not be restrained."

(3.) All aristocracies are intolerant. The planters of the South had their intolerance in political matters increased by the fear that opposition to their favorite opinions might rob them of their slave property, or cause the negroes to rise. The treatment of Garrison in Maryland is well known; after his removal to Boston the legislature of Georgia offered a reward for his apprehension, and he would surely have been lynched had it caused his extradition South. The Kansas troubles, the beating of Sumner, and the terrible feeling stirred up by Brown's raid on Virginia need but a reference. Smart negroes were made away with like Helots, and the teaching negroes to read and especially to write was forbidden by law. Native whites non-conforming in opinion — anti-slavery or Union men — had no security but in keeping quiet. If they made themselves conspicuous, they were certain to be so grossly insulted by some fire-eater that unless they appealed to the duello their influence was forever destroyed. The most striking instance I recollect was that of ex-Governor Perry, an aristocrat, but a Union man in his sentiments. He was at one time before the war editor of a paper which began to work mischief to the state-rights cause. A fire-eater who had a pistol case for hire was imported from a distance to edit a rival paper. He began a series of brutal but "spicy" personal attacks on Mr.

Perry and his journal. Mr. Perry continued silent for a time, but at last, to avoid public scorn, he was compelled to resort to the duello. As it happened he killed his man and survived to be appointed provisional governor of the State by President Johnson. He evaded challenges afterwards on the ground that he "had vindicated his courage." No anti-Calhounist could speak out in the legislature or on the forum but some fire-eater would take him up so aggressively that a duel was the only escape from disgrace.

But not in politics alone was intolerance evinced. The aristocrats were also intensely clannish, and would endure no rivalry from plebeians. For instance, at the local colleges the secret fraternities fell into the hands of aristocratic students who excluded all others. Their organizations were then used to control elections in the literary and debating societies, to which all the students belonged, and in the classes. The high offices were given to aristocrats, and aristocrats were appointed to deliver the valedictories and saluatories. If a plebeian student of talent made himself prominent, cold water was thrown on all he did, and it was not unlikely, if he gave promise of winning the first honors or other high prizes, that such a cry would be raised against him as to cause his withdrawal from the race, if not from college. Duels were more common at Southern than at German colleges and universities; and a very ordinary way of putting down plebeians was by forcing them into affairs of honor through bitter personalities in debate or scurrilous remarks made to reach their ears. In practical life the same thing appeared. The aristocrats often *ex gratia* would elect a prominent or smart plebeian to office, if he were content to dance attendance. But if he essayed independence, he was promptly sent to Coventry or insulted till forced to fight or subside. The aristocrats relentlessly crushed any "unworthy" member of their own circle who tried to violate their customs and traditions. Plebeians chancing to give offense to the planters had their negroes whipped and mutilated without cause by aristocratic patrolmen,—to in-

capacitate them for work, damage their market value, or out of pure spite and bravado,—or had a crowd of arrogant hunters tear down their fences at night and chase a fox through their fields, to the immense damage of the crops. This oppression was naturally imitated, as far as practicable, by the lower classes, each of which kept up a caste system among its own members, and rode over the classes below.

Since the war, authority has repressed political tyranny to a considerable extent. But it is yet rife, and a relaxation of authority is instantly followed by its aggressions. The ostracism of white republicans, native or Northern, is rigid, and it breaks out into deadly persecution when opportunity offers. The Ku-Klux beat and killed white republicans as vindictively as negroes; indeed more vindictively, as the remark was common, "Put away their leaders, and we can soon bring the negroes to terms." Especially were they violent against school-teachers and "propagandists" of Northern birth; and during the canvasses on the Mississippi plan, the intimidation of white republicans is equally severe with that of colored. The editor of the first republican newspaper founded in this State after the war was twice horse-whipped, so unaccustomed were the people to the liberty of the press. I should here remark that a fighting editor is absolutely indispensable to a Southern paper. The slightest personality is apt to result in an attempt to chastise the editor; and yet the editors, knowing the public will attribute moderation to fear, are generally very acrimonious.

The desire of the aristocracy to keep down plebeians is as strong as ever, though poverty has much restricted its indulgence. Many impoverished aristocrats just after the war, in danger of being sold out by their creditors, excited such feeling on the subject that the creditors would compromise at great loss rather than subject themselves to peril by proceeding. Nevertheless, many old family homesteads were put under the hammer; but in not a few instances, by the free use of threats, bidders were

frightened off, thus enabling the owners to bid in their own property at a nominal price. I am familiar with one case in which a wealthy plebeian merchant was brave enough to attend such an auction and participate in the bidding. The aristocrats present were furious, said the thing was an outrage, and told the owner to bid higher than he had intended or was able, as they would lend him the money; but the merchant had more than their united means, and secured the estate. A short time afterwards, while driving out with his sister, he was set upon by a kinsman of the aggrieved aristocrat, pulled out, and cruelly beaten. In September last a merchant foreclosed a lien he had on the crop of a planter's widow in — county. He did it because she was pursuing the usual aristocratic course of evading payment and putting him off. The indignity threw the lady into convulsions which caused her death. She was hardly buried before her three grown sons, all under twenty-five, were mounted and on their way to the merchant's. They found him in a lawyer's office in town, put everybody out but him, and closed the door. His screams and cries for mercy alarmed all the village. A crowd collected, and tried to interfere. But one of the young men came out on the steps with a cocked pistol in each hand, and kept them off till the victim was insensible, beaten to a jelly, gashed all over, and had one ear cut off. They then came out and rode off. The merchant lay at the point of death for weeks, is yet (two months since the fray) in bed, and is maimed for life. The affair was mentioned in no paper, and the young men have never been indicted.

But the aristocracy have been compelled to unbend considerably. Plebeians advance money on their crops, own mortgages on their lands, employ their sons as clerks, etc. Furthermore, plebeians own most Southern property now, since the gentlemanly aristocrats have taken ill to money making, to which the plebeians are used. So the commercial classes are beginning to acquire something like their normal position, with all

the respect due to it, though the aristocrats choke it down hard.

The negroes also believe in and profess to practice the usual moral code. But in obedience to moral laws they are far less advanced than the whites; and there are, in their case, certain peculiarities produced by past or present circumstances which often lead them to disobey or pervert their theories of right. For instance, the negro used to know that he was wrongfully held in slavery, and did not scruple to feign sickness in order to avoid work, or to lay hands on any article of his master's which he could appropriate without being detected. These things continue, though their cause is removed. It is not considered wrong among negroes to steal from or in any manner cheat whites. They trespass for wood in forests, or take rails and planks off fences. Their nightly depredations are notorious. No work can be got from them unless they are superintended. Hired laborers take too many holidays, are sick half the time, and in every way shirk work. The stealing propensity is the bane of the negroes in politics. They know that their legislators and other officers steal the public deposits, but, knowing the whites pay the taxes, they applaud the theft, and every one is eager to be elected so that he may have a share in the spoils. Prominent negroes (I know myself of a congressman and a state senator who have done it) have frequently made incendiary speeches, saying the taxes should be raised till the whites are ruined and property depreciated in value, when lands sold for delinquent taxes can be bid in at low rates by colored men, who will soon have all the country to themselves. These men, on being accused of advocating confiscation, openly acknowledge it, and justify themselves by saying that the whites used to steal their wages, and now the negro's time has come.

Lying is at this day the negroes' worst failing. They are the most bare-faced perjurers ever seen in courts of justice; and especially are they experts in giving

false testimony to save fellow blacks prosecuted by whites.

It is perhaps well that the carpet-baggers assumed their leadership, as their passions, which might otherwise have sought gratification in blood, were thereby diverted almost exclusively to plunder. The readiness of white men, indeed, to use the pistol has kept them respectful to some extent, though, as I have said, they fearfully avenge any grievances from whites by applying the torch to out-buildings, gin-houses, and often dwellings. But to white children they have been extremely insolent and threatening. White ladies have to be very prudent with their tongues, for colored domestics give back word for word, and even follow up words with blows, if reprimanded too cuttingly. It has also since emancipation been notoriously unsafe for white ladies to venture from home without an escort.

The possession of weapons greatly added to negro insolence. They have delighted from the outset to carry weapons demonstratively, to trespass on forbidden premises for game, etc. If a negro is overcome in a fight by a white man, those of his race present will dash in to aid him. The white spectators will then interfere to help their comrade, and a free fight is often the result. The beating of a white by a black produces white interference, followed promptly by colored interference. And in collisions between whites and blacks the friends of the respective parties think themselves bound to interfere, *not to stop the fight*, but to help out their comrade. If a white man shoots a colored man, an excited mob of blacks will try to lynch him. His friends rally to the rescue, and there is often a riot. The conditions are reversed if a white man is shot by a negro. The existence of so vindictive a spirit between the races convinces me that the presence of United States troops is often essential to peace and good order in the South.

The negroes outdo Squire Western in the use of filthy language, and the women are as foul-mouthed as the men, and as profane. Chastity is the exception

among them. Tens of thousands of negroes live together as man and wife without marrying. The married ones are every day quitting each other and taking up with illicit partners. I trust I shall be excused for referring to the above facts. Had I omitted to do so I should have left untouched one of the most momentous features in the sociology of the South.

The negro in ordinary relations with both his own and the white race is good-natured to jollity; but arouse his passions and he is terribly revengeful. They quarrel and fight savagely with each other. Murders are frequent, and they mutilate persons (white or black), whom they kill, in a shocking manner. The women in their rage are tigresses.

Most of the equity and civil business (though our chancery affairs are administered by the law judges) in our courts is supplied by the whites. But the bulk of the criminal business is supplied by the blacks. A white is rarely seen in a Southern court for any crime other than murder or assault and battery. Whenever larceny, burglary, arson, and similar crimes are committed in the South, no one is suspected of the crime save negroes. Out of three hundred and fifty-five prisoners now in our state penitentiary, three hundred and twenty-five are colored! The negro is fanatical in his religion, but deplorably loose in his morals; and though his animal passions are largely repressed by the idea of a God of vengeance, and the terrors of hell set before him every Sunday, yet these theoretical restraints need to be supplemented by swift and terrible legal penalties for every transgression, — that is, as long as the negro continues as he is. But I sincerely trust some means will be found to elevate him to a higher moral plane by education.

My account would be incomplete were I to omit mentioning two considerations which account for the vices of the negro. The first is this: so often were the slaves whipped and humiliated before each other, often for no cause, that punishment came to be looked on as no disgrace. This sentiment, I am sorry to

perceive, has survived the fall of slavery. Imprisonment, even for degrading crimes, like stealing, is looked on as no disgrace, and the moment the convict leaves the jail or penitentiary he resumes the place in colored society that he left, finds himself for a week the object of general interest as he discourses on his adventures in the great "penny-tenshun" in the far-off city they have so often heard mentioned, begins life anew, and is treated as if nothing had happened. Discharged convicts have often been elected to the legislature! The second consideration is the prevalence of drunkenness. I fear drink is destined to prove as much the bane of the negro as of the Indian. All his earnings with which he might make home

comfortable or increase his property are spent for it. It intensifies his quarrelsomeness, disposition to mob whites, bad treatment of his family, etc. Every Saturday afternoon the negroes swarm into the towns from the country, and as far as their means will permit indulge in potations of poisonous whisky. On these occasions street fights and riots are the invariable results. The negro women, unluckily, are almost as much given to drinking as the men.

But the negroes are not without example. Intemperance, owing perhaps to the climate, has always been as notoriously a failing of the Carolinas as of Kentucky itself; and the war has increased it as mentioned before. In drunken brawls the whites rival the negroes.

*A South Carolinian.*

## A MECHANICAL DICTIONARY.<sup>1</sup>

THERE is a curious interest nowadays in watching the efforts of the compilers of popular manuals, digests, and dictionaries to keep up with the pace of scholarship and invention. Philosophers, historians, inventors, hurry forward their discoveries and contrivances, and the makers of text-books toil after them. The race between the things we have to learn and the means by which we have to learn them is almost as close as that between heavy guns and iron-clad vessels. When the recorder has laboriously brought up his work, as he thinks, to the latest point of scientific attainment, the *savant* announces a new theory or a new series of facts, and text-books and compendiums, suddenly become obsolete, must be revised to meet a new standard. Or if the theorist and discoverer pause after some notable advance to take breath

or to look for a new lead, behold, their latest acquisition is already popularized in the lyceum lecture or magazine, their last invention in a scientific record or dictionary. Meanwhile the public struggles hard to keep up with the movement. We are all expected to be more or less *au courant* with whatever is doing in science, literature, and art. We are not required to know it, but we must know about it. Countless lectures, periodicals, — general and technical, — compendiums and text-books are addressed, not as formerly, each to its own select audience of specially interested persons, but to everybody. We are all expected to take an interest in everything, as far as may be an intelligent interest, and to this end we must take in what we can hold of the knowledge that is heaped up for us in every subject of human study. What

<sup>1</sup> *Knight's American Mechanical Dictionary. A Description of Tools, Instruments, Machines, Processes, and Engineering; History of Inventions; General Technological Vocabulary; and Digest of Mechanical Appliances in Science and the Arts. By*

EDWARD H. KNIGHT, Civil and Mechanical Engineer, etc. Illustrated with upwards of Six Thousand Engravings. New York: Published by Hurd and Houghton. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. 1877. Three vols.

we cannot hold must still be at hand, laid away in some form in which we can easily seize it and in a place where we can at once find it. Individually we may disapprove of this effort to dabble in so much knowledge, which after all has for most of us little to do with real acquisition; but we cannot help it. It is forced upon us by the habit of the world, by what is expected of us, and by the fact that to keep up intelligent intercourse with each other, or to have intelligent conceptions of the things by which we are surrounded,—the things which occupy our neighbors, the things which we use and see every day,—we must learn the main facts and relations of a far greater variety of subjects than we can in any wise master.

Hence comes the need of an immense amount of work in condensing and arranging for the access of the many the accumulations of the few, work of which a great part is very ill done, but which is now as imperatively demanded as the work of original study, and at present probably employs as many hands and as much labor. The more the store of knowledge accumulates, the farther the act of condensation must be carried, till the innumerable facts to which the daily reader has to recur have been set forth in the most condensed form that they will admit of. For as art grows longer, time grows shorter. Not only have we a great deal more than our grandfathers to learn, or at least to take note of, but the hurry of our day compels us to do it at a much more rapid pace. A century and a half ago, when his contemporary, Leibnitz, had exhausted the whole cycle of human learning by study of its original sources, there was some severity in Pope's sarcasm, —

"Index-learning turns no student pale,  
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail."

Now we may shrug our shoulders and take it without wincing. Any one who wishes to keep at once his color and his place in cultivated intercourse, and to follow any specialty besides, is likely to find that for common uses index-learning is his only wear. He knows that index knowledge is very different from mas-

tery; but he knows that he must have general ideas about a great many things that he cannot master, and that he may at any time want to have recourse to a great many facts about such things. He makes it a point, then, if he is a scholarly man, that the nucleus of his library shall be of what are called books of reference; that is to say, in reality, of indexes. If he is not scholarly, but an active-minded man of ordinary attainments, it is likely that the books of reference will be pretty much all his library. In his own domain, the special student finds it important to have books which may rank as indexes, showing comprehensively the chief points of his study in their order and relations, and pointing him at once to the source to which to trace any detail he may be in search of, and so relieving him of the necessity of burdening his memory with a multitude of subordinate facts until they come to have their true significance for him, when they will lie easily on it. Even the finished expert cannot afford to turn his back when he finds a really good index of his own study at his hand, to stimulate a memory that will sometimes flag, to save time at need by facilitating a quick review, or by tracing a remembered fact to its forgotten source.

But if indexes are become so essential, it is all-important that they should be made as well as can be, and by people who are well up to their work. This is not so simple a matter as it may seem. To make a good digest or cyclopædia or dictionary — all these are only indexes in the larger sense — requires peculiar skill and unusual knowledge. A clever writer in *The Saturday Review* counted lately two things among the hardest of human undertakings, which everybody thinks he can do: one, to make a translation; the other, to make an index. To index well even a book of any value is a task of considerable difficulty, requiring much judgment and thorough knowledge of the subject of the book; the difficulty of making a good index of the larger kind may be instanced by the fact that for all the labor that has been spent in efforts, a thoroughly good dic-



tionary of the English language has never yet been made.

It is worth while here to note the difference between an encyclopædia and a dictionary, both indexes of the widest range. An encyclopædia is not a larger dictionary and a dictionary a smaller encyclopædia. It is true that as they are executed they verge upon each other, and the names are applied with more or less confusion; but their original ideas differ more in kind than in compass. An encyclopædia is a condensed account, as complete as may be, of the whole field of human knowledge, or of a particular section of it, arranged indexically, and in most cases alphabetically, for the sake of reference, each subject being treated consecutively, with all its particulars under one head, or at most under few. Such a work, if of great extent, absolutely requires a sub-index of its own. The grouping of details under topics, while it is of great advantage to one who consults the work with reference to a subject of any complexity, makes it troublesome to find such small particulars as come in question from moment to moment in conversation or in thought, unless there is some finger-post to point the way to them. The encyclopædia of this typical kind which is best known among us is perhaps the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; any one who is acquainted with it knows how necessary the index is in consulting it. Other encyclopædias are still more characteristic examples, as the French *Encyclopédie Méthodique* or the more technical *Encyclopédie Roret*. A dictionary pure and simple, on the other hand, distributes every detail which it includes into alphabetical order, subdividing things as much as possible and leaving each item to stand by itself, and necessarily with no means of classification whatever. There is no coherence, but only chance juxtaposition. Practically there are few encyclopædias which do not more or less conform to the standard of the dictionary by introducing in alphabetical order the most important details of their several topics and referring them to their appropriate heads; and there are many dictionaries which

aim at supplying more or less the uses of encyclopædias, perhaps call themselves such, treating comprehensive subjects at some little length, and referring their details to them. Yet the distinction remains, and is real.

There is of course a corresponding difference in the uses of encyclopædias and dictionaries. The first are the ready resource when one wishes to look up a subject and get a comprehensive idea of its aspects and connections, to find how to follow it farther and learn the sources of its knowledge. We turn to the second when we want a quick answer to some question of detail. The man of leisure or of studious bent will recur oftener to his encyclopædia, because when he wants to examine a particular point, he wishes also to know its relations, and is or should be careful in his loosest and slightest studies to keep a thread of connection and system in all he knows. The man of affairs will go more to his dictionary, because he wants an answer to his immediate question in the shortest form and will not give his time to tracing out its connections. Thus if the encyclopædia commands more of the attention of the studious man, the dictionary will probably have two to one in its favor for popular use. The natural result of the growing tendency to general and discursive study or reading, and the popular desire to get at the surface information of a great variety of branches of knowledge, is a steady and increasing demand for encyclopædias and dictionaries of all kinds, general and special. The busy preoccupation of our day, the haste of people to get at the particular thing they want, make the dictionary form of index more and more popular. The cyclopædias, especially the more popular ones, such as *Chambers's* and *Appleton's*, for example, are gradually approximating to this form by their subdivision of topics and filling in as much as possible of their detail in cross reference. The *Conversations-Lexicon* of *Brockhaus*, the most popular of German encyclopædias, which was first published in 1812, and has gone through many editions since, pointed the way to

this adaptation. It has been the exemplar of the two works we have just cited, and of others in England and the United States. It is natural that Americans, with their discursive habits in education, their unruly curiosity on all sorts of subjects, and their hasty ways, should addict themselves especially to dictionaries. Among the logical and orderly French, on the other hand, the preference has been for the more systematic form, though of late years the publication of a *Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture*, and of a great many technical dictionaries, attest among them, too, a growing tendency to the disintegration of encyclopædias.

The scholar sees with regret the apparent substitution of discursive and superficial education for systematic and thorough, forgetting perhaps how often it is really the substitute, and apparently the only practicable one, for no education at all; and he looks with no great favor on the whole apparatus of popularized learning. The prevailing movement, however, like all the great collective movements of civilized men, is too important and significant to be disposed of in a breath. It has its disadvantages and its advantages, which it is outside our present purpose to discuss. The movement exists, and it cannot be doubted that the rapid advance of the leaders in discovery and invention, whether they are aware of it or not, is enormously accelerated by the stimulating pursuit of the desultory crowd that straggles after them. So it always has been in the great ages of the world's progress in all its walks, and so it probably always will be. How the race between the teachers and the popularizers will end, whether the field will grow so wide and the course so long that the followers will give up in despair, leaving the leaders to continue alone, cannot be foreseen.

Some departments of knowledge lend themselves to the dictionary form, while others invite a cyclopædic treatment. Scientific subjects, for instance, require a consecutive treatment. Literary, statistical, and technological matters are

better suited to endure, if necessary, a minutely indexical handling. But the maker of a good dictionary on whatever subject must be a person thoroughly acquainted with that subject. It is not a work to be entrusted to the first comer. He must be in the first place a man of systematic mind, able to analyze and to combine his material, with skill in arrangement and classification, and capacity to distinguish between what is essential or non-essential, important or insignificant. He must have the power of precise and condensed statement, a sense of proportion, and be able to carry a multitude of details in his mind and shape them into a consistent whole. He must have long experience and a keen judgment, not only of what ought to be known but of what people are likely to want to know,—a judicial habit of balancing authorities and weighing evidence. When to these endowments is added special erudition in one branch of knowledge, or in several, we have a combination of qualifications which few men possess. In the mere judgment of what should be included in a dictionary and what left out we often find the makers singularly at fault. For example, we remember seeing in a popular English dictionary a pronouncing list of Scripture proper names, in which, it was said, all were included except a small number which were only once mentioned in the Bible, or at most but very few times. Now it is likely that a good many copies of the dictionary will be worn out before anybody resorts to it to learn the pronunciation of Joseph or John, but the reader who chance, on a name that is mentioned but once in the Bible may very probably not have learned its pronunciation, and may come to the dictionary only to be disappointed in his reasonable hope of finding it. It is not for their familiarity but for their rarity that people look up things in dictionaries. Again, the things that are most likely to escape the memory, or to need clearing up when we find them noticed, are not leading facts but minor ones. The former ought naturally to be given; as many as possible of the latter should

be included. But the more important may often be stated in as brief form as the less; and so the rules of proportion that control the treatment of other literary work are very much modified in dictionary-making, and complexity, not importance, becomes the measure of amplification. A dictionary should contain, then, as many particulars as possible, its limits being determined only by the consideration of its bulk and cost, and nothing that pertains to its subject is to be considered an impertinence in it unless it occupies the place of something more desirable. But because an exhaustive treatment of almost any branch of knowledge in its present condition is impracticable, and a great amount of detail must therefore always be omitted, it becomes at once an imperative and a difficult matter to decide what people will most want to find in a book of reference. Allowing due room for the scope of special knowledge and systematic arrangement, there will always remain a wide border-land for the exercise of common sense and experience. No wonder, then, that the making of dictionaries is a precarious undertaking, that the only real and satisfactory test of their serviceableness is experience, that those prove commonly the best which grow by successive accretion and by the overhauling of successive compilers.

Knight's Mechanical Dictionary is uncompromisingly a dictionary. It is compiled with the intention of making it a book of ready reference. Hence every item is treated as a separate heading in its proper alphabetical order, and the principle of subdivision is carried out as minutely as possible, so that every detail for which it is consulted may be found with the least effort and delay. The subject of the work lends itself more kindly than many to this treatment. It is not a dictionary of mechanics, that is to say, not a compendium of the laws of physical forces and their applications to mechanism. If it were this, it would have been impossible to execute it satisfactorily without letting the systematic treatment encroach upon the alphabet-

ical, and giving it more or less the character of an encyclopædia, since the intelligent statement of the laws of force requires grouping and connected explanation. Its title seems intended to set forth the fact that it is rather a synopsis or index of mechanical appliances. Being this, it might invite but does not require a systematic arrangement, and for easy practical reference it is undoubtedly best as it is, in rigorously alphabetical subdivision. Besides this, it is a point of considerable importance, in a work which it may reasonably be hoped will be a permanent record, that it shall be possible in successive editions to keep it up with the progress of the mechanic arts, and there is obviously no form which allows of interpolations and changes here and there with so little disturbance of its general mass as that of a dictionary.

Nevertheless, the author has made an effort to give as far as possible the advantages of an encyclopædia to those who wish to examine a subject *in extenso*, by making for each craft or manufacture a special index, which appears under the appropriate heading in alphabetical order and includes the various appliances and processes which are peculiar to the craft. Thus the book is sown with sub-indices, and the headings under which these are given are themselves grouped into a synopsis at the beginning of the work; and every word in the body of the book which is included under one or other of them bears a reference to the caption under which the index itself is to be found. This system is the feature which most distinguishes the work from others of its class, and it gives it a decided advantage over any other that we have seen. A person who wishes to trace out the mechanical appliances that belong to any subject can, by looking over the list of index topics in the beginning, select the one that suits his purpose, and turning to the appropriate index get, by following out the references to the articles included under it, an idea of all that the book contains on that subject. Or if he turns first to any one of the particular terms which are comprised in the index, he is there referred back to it, and

so given his starting point for the rest. This enables him to cover his ground with a moderate amount of labor, and is perhaps as fair a substitute as could well be supplied for the advantage of a systematized cyclopædia; it cannot of course afford the same facilities for systematic consultation, but it leaves the peculiar serviceableness of the dictionary unimpaired.

The amount of labor that has been devoted to this part of the work is suggested by the fact that in the synopsis are more than one hundred and fifty indexes, and under them are arranged about fifteen hundred titles. The index of agricultural implements alone contains very nearly five hundred names. The classification of such a mass of material is no easy matter. A great many of the articles will class themselves naturally enough, but a great many will have characteristics which leave room for question, and require a simultaneous consideration of the whole body of topics to determine by what analogies they can be most clearly grouped, and where the line can best be drawn between comprehensiveness and specialism. There will be many particulars of doubtful relationship, and many which belong equally to two or three families. This will lead to assigning them to more than one index, and where to stop in this will be a question between clearness and compression. It is likely that no two men would be found to adopt exactly the same classification, and therefore that any one who examines the work will find some things that he would have classified differently. It is, however, not so important exactly what system is adopted as that it should be a system which is well suited to the whole field it covers, and to which the reader can easily seize the clew, and that it should be consistently carried out, without either too great diffuseness or too great conciseness. In the book before us, so far as we can see, it is done on the whole with excellent judgment. The author's procedure is very systematic and consistent. The plan adopted is based on distinctions purely mechanical,

relating rather to mechanism than to the abstract principles of mechanics, and is executed with unwavering and sometimes rather autocratic rigor, though the articles of double or doubtful relationship are guarded by a good number of cross references. The resolution to limit the number of categories and at the same time to make the system comprehensive leads, once in a while, to results which take the reader a little by surprise, as, for instance, when he finds the ballot-box included among calculating and measuring implements. That the ballot-box has occasionally been used in elections as a calculating implement, and with considerable precision, cannot be disputed, but one would hardly have looked for it in the list. Nevertheless, we think the classification will hold. Again, it is with a slight sense of the unexpected that one finds "pile-driver," "pile-carpet" or Wilton carpet, and "Voltaic-pile," all indexed together under the heading of Piles.

Such a work as this is baffling to the general reviewer. He is diverted at every turning of a leaf from the object he has in his mind by the amount of interesting matter that meets his eye. The exhaustive treatment is evidently out of the question for him. The scope of the dictionary is wider than might perhaps be expected from its title. For not only do all the manufactures and industrial arts have their mechanism, but every science has its apparatus, and every human occupation its tools, to all of which the dictionary is meant to serve, as far as may be, for an index. Thus, to take a few examples at random, under the head of Metal Working we find indexed more than three hundred appliances and terms; under Fine Arts, more than a hundred and fifty; of Optical Instruments, a hundred and seventy; various kinds of Meters (the thermometer, hydrometer, etc.), more than two hundred; Domestic Appliances, a hundred and eighty, from an almond-peeler, or a baby-walker, to a steam-cooking apparatus. Of Musical Instruments, a hundred and seventy are described; under the heads of Joint and

Saw are given, respectively, eighty and one hundred and sixty forms. If we look over the enormous mass of detail included in these three quarto volumes, it is easy to believe that to accumulate the material digested in the twenty thousand subjects they are said to comprise has occupied a large part of the author's time for twenty-five years, as we are told, and that eight of those years have been spent in directly preparing the work for the press. In the compilation of such a work the limit must be an arbitrary one, for there is no natural limit: the field of human industry is practically boundless, and its appliances uncounted. The individual reader will perhaps wonder why room is given to this or that matter, which appears to him insignificant, or why a greater importance is not given in the general scheme to his own specialty, and he will probably look now and then for something that he will not find; but for the whole body of readers we should judge that the range of the book was as wide, and its apportionment as judicious, as could well be demanded. Certainly it is altogether more comprehensive than any similar manual, English or American, that has come under our notice.

Of the execution of such a work it is not safe to speak with too much assurance; excepting that if it were badly done it would not be difficult to find it out. To test its value and accuracy throughout would require the prolonged examination of a considerable number of specialists, or from an individual an amount of labor only second to that of making a dictionary for himself. But so far as a pretty careful inspection goes, the work sustains itself excellently. Its strongest point is naturally in technology, — the appliances and processes of the industrial arts. For this the long experience of the author in the United States Patent Office gave him peculiar advantages. It is inevitable, and for its use probably desirable, that American machines, tools, and processes should fill a much larger part of it than foreign, although there is abundant evidence of careful study of foreign technology.

There is evidence, too, of a very full and apparently accurate acquaintance with the technical terms and processes of the various mechanical trades. A cardinal virtue in such a work, and one much rarer with dictionary makers than it ought to be, is the author's faculty of clear, condensed statement. The descriptions of machines and tools are commonly models of precision, directness, and clearness, without a word wasted. Two characteristics impress themselves strongly on the reader who examines the book: first, the practical straightforwardness of its whole treatment, its freedom from diffuseness or attempt at display, the skill it shows in seizing the essential points of its subject and setting them before him; second, the noticeable unity of the whole work, which has the air of having been wrought in almost every particular by the same hand. The matter shows evidence of being carefully kept in hand to the last, the latest volume (for they were published successively) being brought well up to date in respect of recent inventions and discoveries. On the other hand, the author's desire for freshness and conciseness has not led him altogether to neglect matters of historical or even literary interest which concern his subject, and the reader will find the history of the most important inventions sufficiently told, and occasionally enlivened, as where the account of the Siren is illustrated by a quotation from Pepys, quaintly expressing his incredulity at being told that the rapidity of motion of a fly's wing could be computed from the pitch of its hum.

A point which deserves notice is the good judgment which Mr. Knight has shown in selecting the machines which he illustrates in each department of mechanism, seldom, it would seem, occupying his pages with inventions of questionable merit, or with those that have become obsolete, except as they are of value in illustrating the history of invention. The same practical sense is shown in the management of the illustrations, of which there are some seventy-five hundred. These are wood-cuts, very well executed, chosen with no attempt at picture

making, but admirably clear diagrams or representations, showing their purpose with great distinctness and unencumbered with useless detail. A few only of the full-page illustrations make greater pretense and have less justification for their presence. Another excellence is the citation of authorities, which might, we think, have been carried farther with advantage.

As the author gets away from the central range of his subject his grasp relaxes a little, his hold on his matter is less careful, and his information has more the air of being at second hand. Thus we notice the absence of certain scientific instruments which we should have expected to see included, and though his scientific statements are usually clear and well up to the mark, there are occasional lapses. As an instance we notice that in describing the action of the prism he adheres to the old-fashioned theory that the primary colors are red, blue, and yellow, ignoring the recent investigations of the German physicists, which have settled it that the primaries are red, green, and purple. So, too, concerning such outlying matters as musical instruments or building construction we find now and then a slip, or a statement that is evidently taken without sufficient examination from some other work. Once in a while the author's habit of directness in putting things leads him to a *naïve* decisiveness in matters that are only his-

toric probabilities or matters of opinion, as where we find him saying of the tomb of Atreus at Mycenæ that "the soffit of each course was then cut to the required angle with its bed by means of a temple; or of the American railway car that it "excites the admiration of the average Briton, and will yet be the favorite form of car the world over."

These, however, are minor faults; that such a work should be altogether free from them is not to be hoped. To have completed it on so comprehensive a scheme and with such excellence of execution and general accuracy as has apparently been attained in it is for a single writer a remarkable achievement. Its permanent value can be established only by its continued use. But it appears to have the advantage in range and serviceableness over all its competitors. Of making such a book there is no end. The progress of discovery and invention will require it to be revised and enlarged from time to time, but its form and arrangement make it peculiarly apt for that sort of treatment. Having well occupied its ground it may be expected to keep it. The habit of the time makes such a work more and more necessary. We may look to see it take its place on the shelves of libraries, public and private, beside the hale and venerable works of Ure and Brande, whose pages supplement its own, and share their vigorous longevity.

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### THE HAPPIER GIFT.

DIVINEST words that ever singer said  
Would hardly lend your mouth a sweeter red;  
Her aureole, even hers whose book you hold,  
Could give your head no goldener charm of gold.

Ah me! you have the only gift on earth  
That to a woman can be surely worth  
Breathing the breath of life for. Keep your place.  
Even she had given her fame to have your face.

S. M. B. Piatt.

## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHEN Malthus wrote his book on population, some indignant critics, with the talent for misrepresentation with which such people are apt to be endowed, maintained that the practical outcome of his views would be a return to the ancient customs of exposing infants or sacrificing them to Moloch. Warned in this way, I hardly dare to indulge in Malthusian talk about the increase of books; and yet the subject is a tempting and a worrying one. That books multiply in a high geometrical ratio seems undeniable, though in what sort of ratio our means of making any good use of them increase I have never computed. And then the most discouraging thing about it is that when they have once been born, we preserve them artificially, and do our very best to insure an immortal existence to every one of them. A book is a tough-lived thing in any case, and decomposes but slowly under ordinary circumstances of atmosphere and vermin: when carefully protected it may endure almost indefinitely. The awful consequences of this incessant production, unchecked by at least partially equivalent destruction, are seldom thought of, because the evil is yet in its infancy. Libraries of a million volumes may be tolerated by society, but when these millions come to be multiplied by millions, what is going to be done? Prescient thinkers, contemplating the modest extension of Gore Hall, at Harvard, which is now nearly finished, have already alluded to the time when Gore Hall is to cover every inch of the college yard; but this is a narrow view of the case. To appreciate it properly we should look forward to a future era when Gore Hall shall have met the Boston Athenæum and the Public Library, the three institutions covering all the space from Dorchester to Arlington, and when the entire population of Eastern Massachusetts shall be employed in collating and cataloguing books and sorting pamphlets. For my part I

see no prospect of a natural check to the process until all the ingredients of the earth's crust fit for entering into the composition of books shall have been exhausted. When we fall into the sun, it will be only a repetition *en gros* of the literary bonfire which Ximenes lighted in the public square of Granada.

But how is history going to be either written or read, with such an accumulation of materials as is going on? The report of the Geneva Arbitration fills twenty stout volumes, and if Congress sends a committee South to investigate Ku-Klux outrages, it is sure to result in at least a dozen volumes of testimony. When a man sits down to write the history of England, one volume will carry the story over a thousand years, from the invasion of Cæsar to the Norman conquest. A second will go over two hundred years, down to Edward I. To get through the wars of the Roses will take two more volumes. Then a dozen will barely suffice for the Tudors, and twenty or thirty for the Stuarts, while the Hanoverian period, if treated with equal minuteness, would require fifty or sixty,—and all because of the accumulation of material. Where, when, and how is this sort of thing to stop?

—Whether the respective Roman Chariot Race pictures of Gérôme and of Wagner have not excited much comparative criticism, adverse to Gérôme? Privately, of course, for it must be a crime of some kind against something to speak doubtfully of Gérôme, when his American public pays from six to eight thousand dollars for some of his minor pictures. With the public taste which attaches princely values to Gérôme's notable works—the Roman Chariot Race among them—there can be no quarrel. The merchant prince who secured the latter considered it a rare treasure, and it has been publicly exhibited as such. Everybody saw Wagner's Chariot Race at the Centennial Exhibition. It was



somewhat in keeping with the foreign art display at Philadelphia (a few exhibits excepted) that this should not have been the original Chariot Race, or even its successful counterfeit. Foreign artists thought they saw in Memorial Hall not an antechamber to the Temple of Fame, but the seam in brother Jonathan's pocket. The original Chariot Race, but half as ambitious in size, and vastly superior in coloring, happens to be the property of a lucky English gentleman. It was exhibited at Vienna, and made Wagner's fame.

Wagner may have borrowed the idea from Gérôme, but he has not laid himself open to the charge of servile imitation. It was perhaps an ambition of the professor of the Munich Academy to eclipse the pet of the French Academic school. In handling the peculiar subject, demanding consummate harmony and intensity of action, it was and ought to have been the artist's purpose not to have the eye consider separately a brilliancy of coloring, or a grace and beauty of form, or the mind the antiquated story. To my eye Wagner's picture fulfills this essential. With Gérôme's, the eye and mind immediately fall to analyzing. This yields a quiet delight; for there is the beauty of the sky, the exquisite coloring, and the grand perspective as seen in the magnificent proportions of the amphitheatre. But its life is more symbolic of action than the thing itself, if we except the sky, for in that there is the purity and the even pulse of nature. The imperfect suggestion—contained in the mottled rows of men, mechanically straight and stiff, and in the horses, looking for all the world as if copied from Assyrian sculpture—that the Circus Maximus is filled with excitable human beings watching the thrilling chariot race, merely emphasizes the vacuity of the picture. Eliminate this symbolism of life from Gérôme's painting, and the canvas would acquire a classic solemnity and beauty from the silent grandeur of the amphitheatre and the touch of nature in the sky. From the Emperor Domitian down, the spectators have the posture of self-conscious moderns sitting for a photograph.

Where are the children, the hangers-on of the stables, the friends of the chariot-eers, the priests and fair women, whom Wagner, on the contrary, picturesquely represents as perched on the middle wall, the *spina* of the arena? Gérôme avoids everything that might appear undignified to his academic taste. Think of the dignity of a Roman populace at a chariot race! If the Roman of the empire were truly half tiger, half voluptuary, it were cruelty indeed to compel him to sit out Gérôme's dumb show with complacency and composure. The Gérôme painting is eminently respectable, but so very stupid.

For once, at least, Wagner seems to have found in himself a trace of that "divine frenzy" which was the genius of Rubens. He fills his canvas with flesh and blood and irradiates it with stimulated spirit. He chooses the most dramatic situation in the race, and gives it scope and intensity of action. The scene is beyond the turning goal. The spinning chariots, checked at the turn, are getting off again in full career. The decisive moment has arrived. The action and strife are almost heroic, as out of the dust and confusion of the turn three chariots emerge, on almost equal terms, and dash into the foreground. All the excitable blood of mettled horse and intrepid charioteer boils, and their nerves bound. The horses are in full plunge, ears erect, eyes afire, nostrils nervously distended, and foam flaking from the bit. The handsome young daredevil Roman who drives the foremost four is wild over the advantage he has won. His voice rings loud and quick, his whip cracks, the race is still too tame for him. His concern is on the left; his eyes almost see through the back of his head; he knows that the surly, bearded charioteer, who takes the race so coolly, is close after him with a team that share with their driver a dangerous perseverance and pluck. The galleries are in a tumult of wild gesticulation and cheers; even the cold Domitian and his servile attendants are carried away by the thrilling scene. The picturesque groups on the middle wall of the arena are trans-

ported by the dash of the young charioteer, and swing their arms and shout encouragement. The contest is the focus of light and action in the picture. The architectural detail is complete. The grandeur of the setting and the fierceness and earnestness of the sport fulfill the imaginative conception of a chariot race in the days of imperial Rome.

—I summon all good Bostonians who cherish the spirit of 1776 to resist another invasion from Old England. A hundred years ago the British threatened the liberty of our government: to-day they attack the purity of our pronunciation. Our English neighbors have begun to say "hāouse," or rather "hēouse," for house, "rēound" for round, etc., etc.! Perhaps this is old news to you, but I first heard of it two years or so ago, when I found that all the English actors who supported the comedian Toole were nasally addicted to the mispronunciation. I made little account of the circumstance then, nor was I much disturbed upon learning half a year afterward that many Englishmen of high literary traditions had the same vile habit, and that even a part of Oxford had succumbed to it. But a fortnight since the barbarism reached my ears through the lips — or perhaps I should say the nose — of one of our own Phil-Anglican swells, who told me that it was quite the correct thing, that our "best" people were generally adopting it, and that it would soon find its way into the dictionaries. It is strange how "the whirligig of time brings in his revenges" here, and lays upon classic Oxford the burden of contempt which once was cast upon rural New England with its "hāows" and "cāows." But never mind about poetic justice now. Let all of us who love our mother and her tongue — which is about the best part of her — clasp our Worcester's dictionaries to our hearts and solemnly relegate such inelegancies of speech to the nation over the seas which is "too lazy to enunciate."

—There ought to be a movement for the Prevention of Cruelty to Readers. No man has the right to spoil the pleasure and comfort of people who are pleased

with his manner of writing by the wanton murder of his *dramatis personæ*. I feel that I have been swindled out of several hours of enjoyment by the way in which Mr. William Black has ended his Madcap Violet. The first half of this book is very entertaining. The characters of Drummond and Violet are sketched with no great depth or subtlety, it is true, but with a free and skillful hand, and a certain friendliness of tone that gains singularly upon the sympathies. When our feelings are fully enlisted, Drummond's sister, who is represented as a good sort of person, does a stupid but hateful thing which poisons the lives of everybody in the book. This shows not only bad art but bad heart, or at least a great lack of right feeling. There is no reason in art or morals for the slow torture to which the readers of the book are subjected from the middle to the close. The only emotion excited by it is one of anger and grief. It is not touching, it is simply exasperating. We see no Fate slowly settling down on the doomed lovers. We merely perceive Mr. Black putting out their eyes, and killing them when they begin to grow heavy on his hands. It was said to be the custom of the stage-drivers of Nevada, after an overturn of their vehicles, to go about among the maimed survivors and knock them all on the head with a monkey-wrench, to prevent their annoying the company with lawsuits. Mr. Black seems to have adopted the same prudent policy. He evidently could think of no better way than this to dispose of two of the most engaging people he has ever created. His taste for murder as a solvent appears almost a mania in this book. He wants Violet to miss her steamer to New York, and can think of no other means to effect this than by killing the harmless little poet of the furniture shop, — so that at the close there is not a household mentioned in the story without its corpse. It is not the awkwardness of all this to which I so much object, as its wanton cruelty. The book is spoiled by it. It is as if your cook should put wormwood in your omelette, simply because leaving out the

wormwood is the conventional way of making omelettes. I believe if authors believed in their characters they could not treat them so monstrously. This wanton use of death is utterly unlike the spirit of tragedy and serious romance. It is petty and heartless. If it is done in a book otherwise clever, as one of Mr. Black's is sure to be, it shows that the writer cares more for an easy and effective way of getting at the end of his story than he does for the comfort of his readers or the natural development of his characters. I admit that I say these things more in anger than in sorrow.

—I wonder if most people realize the sort of contempt which painters generally have for one of their guild who lays down the brush to wield the pen or lecture upon the subject of art. In the first place they are apt to regard it as a confession of failure, to be on the lookout for another dogmatist or a possible discloser of professional secrets. That such a course would afford a larger field, or give another outlet to the artistic instinct, they would, I think, be very loath to admit. Any that I have ever heard speak on the subject seem to regard Ruskin, Hamerton, and others of that sort, as meddling go-betweens rather than benefactors, inasmuch as they have filled the Philistine mind with conceit rather than penetration. In fact, an analytical paper on art is apt to be as a red rag before the inflammable eyes of the impressionable worker on canvas. Perhaps he is, individually, right in thus resenting whatever *interferes* with his fancies, his spontaneity, or even his whims. Certainly all the modern men who have disregarded dogma only afterwards to found schools of their own turned a deaf ear to all interference from outside; though, unlike some of ours, that was after they had served a long apprenticeship to their trade. Most of the old artists who did such great things must have been as intellectual as creative, while now, among many modern artists, it seems to be a fashion largely to divorce intellect from impression. I have often wondered if the constant narrowing down of vista

necessary to the limits of a canvas has not something to do with finally cramping the minds of so many painters, — I won't say artists, — so rare is it to find one that can see an inch beyond his own pet school or master. Yet that very narrowness, so far as it goes, often achieves better results than where the artist is capable of more mental but less artistic grasp, — or perhaps where he is less capable of imitating somebody else. We all know artists who can write well and theorize broadly on the subject of art, but do they not paint their best pictures in words? On the whole, it is hard to believe that successful picture making — in contradistinction to great creative art — is a thing that enlists the intellect beyond that part of it to which belong the perceptions and senses.

—Why can we not have more of the dramatic form in our novels? Why should not novel-writers in a dialogue which is kept up to any length indicate who is the speaker by a name or contraction at the head of the speech? Conversation loses by even the faintest seeming of being reported. Perhaps the realizing power of the author is affected by the feeling that he is reporting rather than constructing. The eternal repetition of "said Wiggins" has a deadening effect, and it is infinitely worse when, as occasionally in Tom Brown at Oxford, we are left to discover the speaker by a mathematical computation. On the other hand we do not want a too slavish adhesion to the dramatic form. A writer should never fear to break in upon his dialogue with such explanations as, for example, "K—— was somewhat taken aback by this and paused a little before he replied," etc. What we want is that frequent and unobtrusive gliding from one form to the other found in *The Pilgrim's Progress* and *Boswell's Johnson*. Perhaps—the matter is worth considering—these celebrated works may owe somewhat of their interest to this very characteristic. An innovator in this respect would not at any rate be without some countenance. Each of the forms has its own advantages and its own disadvantages, but those two books seem

to have so combined them as to secure the advantages of both without the disadvantages of either.

— My grudge against the postal card is that it is gradually developing an affection of the eye — in others as well as myself — which on the hint of Mr. Grant White's "heterophemy" I may call *heteropsis*; that is, the tendency to read against your own will postal cards not addressed to yourself. There is a fascination about the thing which is very like kleptomania. I knew a clerk in the post-office who had his salary reduced, to make allowance for the time which he spent in this way. He would have lost his place, too, if I had not pointed out to the postmaster the frailty of the human eye in this matter. I ingeniously dropped on the postmaster's table a card addressed to his unmarried sister: as we were talking, he picked it up and read an impassioned declaration written by myself but signed with imaginary initials. He smiled, I tore up the card, and the clerk was retained. But clerks can be trained; other people cannot, — for example, myself. What misplaced confidence it is for people to address postals to other persons, under my care! Yet they constantly do it. But that is not half the trouble about postal cards. They also expose you to the worst imprudences of friends who are profuse of intimate advice, but so sparing of their pennies that they can't afford an envelope to hold it in. They force you to suffer the grossest errors of taste on the part of well-meaning but mistaken acquaintances. They have the unpleasantness of the telegram without its necessity and without the sacredness which the telegram had before Congress so far yielded to *heteropsis* as to destroy the privacy of the wires. Postal cards have only two advantages, that they are handy for printed circular announcements, and that they can't become dead letters. But their disadvantages are many and cannot be controlled by law or by custom, unless every one follows my example and announces that after a fixed date he will read no more postal cards except formal circular announcements, — and possibly excepting also postals ad-

dressed to others than himself. But indeed, why could not government withdraw the postal and give us instead a very small piece of stamped (one cent) paper, gummed for folding and fastening in the decent fashion of old?

— I notice that one of your contemporaries rejoices in the high physical vitality possessed by some popular preachers, who can preach to vast crowds daily with a certain magnetic effect, of which the robust body insures an inexhaustible supply. Men vastly superior to them in mental and spiritual insight could neither attract nor hold such crowds. It occurs to me that they ought not to desire to do so. I write just now in a house where is hanging that delicate, ethereal portrait of Dr. William E. Channing, by his friend, Allston. The small mouth and slender lips are closed over the thin voice; it waits within the reticent lungs for the moment of ethical ardor to mold a clarion, silvery and fine, craving breathless silence through which to reach the ear. In the mean time "robustious" gentlemen are pelting crowds with platitudes.

I am told "a thousand sermons, constructed by the finest brains the country possesses, and warmed all through with love and zeal, fall dead every Sunday, which if they were preached by strong men would work miracles of movement and transformation." Then every parish where a lofty soul with Paul's contemptible body is settled should be furnished with a speaking-trumpet. There might be competitive trials for the position of stentor. A training school might be established to teach the calisthenic gestures which should accompany the exploding vowels. In the mean time the writer of the sermon would have to follow the speaker in dumb show. In course of time a class of trained men would arise, deep-chested, unmatched in mouth, with cheeks like cherubs emitting blasts; and a healthy rivalry would spring up in parish committees to provide their heavenly minded clergyman with his æolian attachment. Then revivals would become superfluous. Perhaps women who preach might persuade persons like Miss

Von Hillern to develop her speaking rather than her walking powers. The latter will be serviceable if women are ever going to the polls; the former if they take largely to preaching. Will any cynic say that woman will never surrender the privilege of being her own mouth-piece?

Are we not importing too much robustness into a claim for popular admiration? I recollect that Weston finished within the prescribed time his five hundred miles amid the rapturous applause of crowds. It was late on Saturday night. He mentioned that he would attend divine service the next day, and sent to the chorister a request to have the hymn sung, "Nearer, my God, to thee!"—five hundred miles nearer than all the rest of us. Truly, there is something spiritual in gymnastics.

But how characteristic it is of this people which adores sonority and sensation! It is the abomination of desolation, "*standing where it ought not.*" But a Yankee loves dearly to live loud in the ears of men. At the destruction by fire of a Fall River mill, a brave young fellow saved several of the female operatives at the risk of his own life. Not content with the heroic conduct he went instantly to a photographer's and was "took."

—Probably few of The Atlantic's readers have any definite knowledge of the Chicago Sunday Lecture Society, whose circular has lately come to my notice. This society began work in the spring of 1874, with a cash capital of six dollars, and has had only one donation since then, amounting to ten dollars. Yet it has given three courses of lectures, to audiences aggregating 61,770 persons, and now has a fund of a little more than four hundred dollars. The admission fee to each lecture was only ten cents. The lectures have been somewhat various in quality, though some that have been given belonged to the highest class of such entertainments; and the society, having established its strength, is now about to drop mere entertainment, and to direct its efforts entirely toward popular instruction and

improvement. The most admirable characteristic of this society is that it is not a charity. It gives the lectures at *cost price*, and it pays for its lectures and advertising, and for the largest public hall in Chicago. The whole management is carried on, down to the details of ticket-selling, etc., by the executive committee, young men who originated the scheme and have given their services to it without compensation. The plan has been imitated in St. Louis and Milwaukee with great success; and it seems to me a very effective and much needed criticism on the expensive and in great part valueless system which the "lecture bureaus" have gradually succeeded in fastening on the public.

—I want to dissent emphatically from the dictum set down in the January Club that the prices of books should rise with their literary value. I do not speak as a publisher, and I cannot, I fear, speak as a writer, but I protest, in behalf of the great, greedy public that feeds on authors' brains I protest! To raise the prices of an author's works as he grows in reputation would simply make it more difficult to get them as it became more necessary to have them. The number of those who would want his books would increase with his fame, but, on the plan proposed, the number of those who could afford them would just as rapidly diminish. The case of the artist is not a parallel at all. Were he Raphael himself, he could sell but one picture; the author can sell as many books as a press can print, if they are only good enough. If there is to be discrimination in the prices of books, according to their intellectual, and not their leather and paper value,—and I see no reason why there should not be,—let it run the other way. Let the poor books be damned with high prices, and the good books be sold as cheap as possible, so that all the people to whom publishers' prices are still a nightmare may have their fill. Then a premium will be put on ignorance that shall make bad books hard to buy, and keep bunglers and upstarts out of authorship. The good writers will be provided for by the size

of their editions, which we, the people, will look after, and the poor writers — well, the poor writers can have the business.

— Is it true that there is to be established at Harvard a Deronda professorship? The literature of the subject really seems to call for this; and as Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, I see, has been lecturing on George Eliot before the Boston University, I hope that the authorities at your Cambridge seat of learning may be waking up to this great want of the time. The lecture room of the new professor ought to be in the Zoölogical Museum, for convenient reference in a general way to matters pertaining to the Stone Age and various geological strata, which might throw valuable light on George Eliot's genius. A chemical laboratory adjoining the lecture room would also be necessary, in order to assist the scientific atmosphere and aid the class in establishing suitable habits of analysis. A special lecture-room edition of the work to be expounded should be prepared by interleaving that great ethnic novel-romance with pages from Herbert Spencer and Gall and Spurzheim, and from other works, as the professor might select. I believe that if the thing is done at all it ought to be done thoroughly. Moreover, the chair should be a movable one, like those connected with Cornell, which are frequently found situated in parlor-cars *en route* from New York and Boston to Ithaca.

— I have received from an acquaintance in Lancaster, England, an account of the old King's Arms Inn at that city, an establishment something over a hundred years old (the house dates back to 1625), which Dickens celebrated in his *Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices*. It is quite illustrious in its way, Queen Adelaide having reposed under its roof, as well as the present Prince of Wales, and other persons less royal but equally eminent, among them Lord Brougham, the Baroness Burdett Coutts, the Earl of Derby, Charles Dickens, and Mr. Ruskin. The house has a fine Elizabethan staircase, and appears to be crammed with ancient furniture and works of

art of real value. For example, there is a bedstead which was made for King James the Second, wonderfully carved; there are pieces of old China and Venetian vases, formerly in the collection of the Duke of Hamilton; there are rich hangings of Gobelin tapestry; and in the Dickens room hangs a specimen of elaborate Florentine needle-work which Mr. Ruskin has described at length and with eloquence in one of his Oxford lectures, the *Ariadne Florentina*.<sup>1</sup> I have not made the most of this description, for I have left out certain portraits "attributed" to Sir Godfrey Kneller and Sir Peter Lely. But what is of present importance is that in this remarkable assemblage of objects of *vertu* — and all in a simple travelers' house! — there is a clock invented by Benjamin Franklin. It is said to be one of only three which he devised (and, I suppose, superintended in the making), has only three wheels, and strikes the hour. On the face is an inscription: "Dr. Benjamin Franklin, Inventor." All these objects are, for some reason, to be sold at auction, next May. I think some of our energetic Philadelphia friends, who have lately got into the habit of opening their pockets wide, ought to purchase this apparently curious relic and set it up in Independence Hall, or some other seemly place, to tick out the interval until the Bicentennial Exhibition for which some other city will have the pleasure of paying. The best thing by far that we could do in the premises of the King's Arms would be to purchase the whole establishment, transport it to these shores, and engage the proprietor at a liberal salary to run it as a model and training school for American hotel keepers who have sense and modesty enough to study the methods of civility, simplicity, and quiet comfort. But as that is n't very likely to be done, we 'd better have the Franklin clock.

— The other day, after finishing William Morris's *Sigurd*, I turned, as a good many readers are sure to do, to his story of the *Fostering of Aslaug* in the last volume of the *Earthly Paradise*, and re-

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 212, 213 of that pamphlet.

read that. The daughter's dream, or vision, of her illustrious parents, sitting side by side in the serene and home-like paradise of the North—"God-home," what an alluring word it is!—was full of balm to a heart which had been freshly broken by the immortal sorrows of Sigurd and Brynhild; while the closing passage of the poem seemed of twofold interest, first as containing a very graceful and skillful transition from mythology to history, and then as linking, in a peculiarly intimate manner, that great story which Mr. Morris insists upon as the "*Iliad of our race*" with the more modern and somewhat more authentic tale which Mr. Tennyson and simultaneously a true poet among our own countrymen have just strikingly illustrated.

Aslaug, the daughter of Sigurd and Brynhild, married Ragnar Lodbrok, the Dane who invaded England and died there very horribly, having been thrown into a deep cave of venomous serpents, where he amused himself until the snakes had had their will of him by shouting songs of triumph and defiance. This ghastly but highly honorable solo affected strongly the imagination of many an ancient writer, and, says Mr. Morris,

"In the old Danish tongue is writ  
Full many a tale concerning it.  
The days through which these lovers passed  
Till death made end of all at last.  
But so great Ragnar's glory seemed  
To Northern folk, that many deemed  
That for his death, when song arose  
From that Northumbrian adder-close,  
England no due atonement made  
Till Harold Godwinson was laid  
Beside his fallen banner, cold  
Upon the blood-soaked Sussex mold,  
And o'er the wreck of Senlac field  
Full-fed the gray-nebbed raven wheeled."

Now, then, we have the tale of that costly expiation twice told in one season, and in such a manner that we become "each all Saxon" in our grief over Harold's defeat and death. There has been so much said and so well said about the laureate's Harold, that it would be quite impertinent to expatiate upon his portraiture, but I really hope that none of your readers will let it make them wholly overlook Mr. William Leighton's Son of Godwin. The latter is a careful study, the result of an almost life-long

attachment to his theme on the part of the author, and a really admirable piece of blank versification. It is curious ill-luck for Mr. Leighton that, after his modest effort was actually in press, the great master's forceful fragment should suddenly have been flung to the world; but our countryman's lesser light is a clear and steady one, and we ought not to suffer it to be entirely put out.

—The literature created by people whom De Morgan in his *Budget of Paradoxes* groups together as "paradoxers" is so considerable that in the subject-catalogue of Harvard College Library it has been found desirable to make a special subdivision of "*Eccentric Literature*." This peculiar department embraces quite a wide variety of subjects, and represents various shades and degrees of oddity, from works on "pantarchy" and universal language by Stephen Pearl Andrews down to books and pamphlets which appear as void of meaning as if the type with which they were printed had been jumbled together by pure accident. Such works usually abound in initial capitals, words and sentences in italics and small capitals, interjections, sarcastic abbreviations, uncouth compounds, and reduplicated exclamation points; in short, in all the little devices which go to betray the dogmatic fervor, combativeness, and anxiety of the authors. Their style is generally disjointed, explosive, and vituperative. They rarely, if ever, exhibit the faintest trace of humor, but seldom fail to show the most settled conviction that the welfare of mankind, if not even the further continuance of the human race upon the earth, is absolutely contingent upon the immediate and unquestioning adoption of their opinions. The state of mind of their authors is apt to be far from enviable. Most of these writers have called upon men of science and been snubbed as unendurable bores; and they have written long memorials to learned societies, which have been unceremoniously pitched into the waste-paper basket. Under this harsh discipline they have come to regard themselves as martyrs, and hence their hysterical cantankerousness and ill-con-



cealed desire to cuff their fellow-creatures are quite comical to contemplate.

Of this class of authors, the circle-squarers, discoverers of perpetual motion, and mathematical or etymological interpreters of prophecy are the most numerous and combative. Anything that is a sufficiently absurd paradox, however, will serve to arouse the proselyting zeal of these eccentric writers. A small group of them in England have lately taken it into their heads to inveigh against the rotundity of the earth and the Copernican theory of the solar system. The most conspicuous of these paradoxers is one John Hampden, who "with dauntless breast" withstands the petty tyranny of the Royal Geographical Society and of the scientific world in general, and boldly maintains that the earth is motionless and flat, and that the sun "revolves horizontally" above it at a distance of not more than eight hundred miles. This valiant defender of intellectual freedom publishes a monthly journal entitled *Terra Firma*; or, *The Truth Seeker's Oracle and Scriptural Science Review*, in which—to quote its impassioned language—"with the first dip of our pen we throw down the gauntlet to the whole scientific world, and declare our intention to show that all the geographers, all the astronomers, all the philosophers, all the scientific and educational professors of Europe are, on one particular subject, all wrong, all in error, all guilty of maintaining and upholding one of the most delusive fictions ever imposed on the ignorance and credulity of mankind." So sure is Mr. Hampden of the soundness of his views that he offers a prize of ten guineas to any one who will confute them; and any one who will prove that any curvature of the earth is traceable upon the twenty miles' length of the Bedford Canal shall be rewarded at the rate of ten guineas per mile. Mr. Hampden admits that ships circumnavigate the earth, but maintains that they

"swing round the circle" in an enveloping stream like the Homeric *oceanos*. He has published a map which, as he naïvely tells us, is "so damaging to the prestige of the mock science of the day that it was refused admission by the committee of the council on education to the exhibition at South Kensington in the spring of 1876!" A collaborateur of this paradox is a Mr. Carpenter, author of a volume entitled *Theoretical Astronomy exposed by Common Sense*. Of this "admirable" work *Terra Firma* informs us that "it was not printed from a written copy, but set up in type by the author himself from the first line to the last. Can this be said of any other book of its size and intrinsic worth in Europe?"

Apparently these men have a dim notion of what they are trying to maintain; but sometimes the insanity of the paradoxer goes a step further than this. I was once visited by a very refined and cultivated gentleman who informed me, in all due modesty, that he thought he had facts at his command which would overthrow the undulatory theory of light and establish a new theory. His manner was so unlike that of a paradoxer that I listened with respectful attention until I had elicited the fact that he knew nothing whatever of Fresnel or Cauchy, or even of Airy or Humphrey Lloyd, and was entirely ignorant of the higher mathematics. When I asked him to expound his own theory, he assumed an air of cunning secrecy. After a few conversations, in which nothing could be got from him, I began to take account of his intensely melancholy bearing, and made up my mind that he was insane and really had no theory at all, but only labored under the delusion that he had one. I have since learned that this was a very sad case of insanity; but it seems to me that it throws a good deal of light on the mental condition of the writers of eccentric literature in general.

## CREOLE LOVER'S SONG.

FOR BARITONE OR CONTRALTO.

Words by EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

Music by DUDLEY BUCK.

*Allegro non troppo.*

*p* *ped.* \* *ped.* \* *p* *mf*

*dim.* *p*

Night wind,      whis-pering wind,      Wind of the Ca-rib

sea!      The palms and the still      la-goön,      Long for thy coming

*p* *tranquillo.*

soon;      But first my la-dy find:      Hasten, nor look be-

*poco agitato.* *accel.* *accel.*

*f* *rall.* *p*

- hind, To - night, to-night Love's herald be. The

*f ped.* *p* *colla voce.* *tempo.*

feath'- ry bam - boo moves, The dew - y plantains weep; From the

*pp* *ped.* *ped.*

*poco rall.* *tempo.*

jasmine - thicket bear The scents that are swooning there, And

*poco rall.* *tempo.*

*poco rall.*

steal from the or - ange groves The breath of a thou - sand loves, To

*ritard. f* *p*

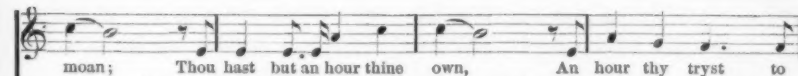
*Sva.*.....

bear to her ere she sleep.  
*tempo.*

And the lone bird's ten-der song— That  
*mf*

rings from the ceiba tree; The fire-fly's light and the glow Of the moonlit waters  
*f* *p* *mf* *p* *ped.* \*

low— All things that to night be-long, And can do my love no wrong.....  
*cres.*



*p poco lento.*

Whisperer, tar-ry a space! She waits for thee in the

*arpeggiando.*

*mf tempo 1.*

night! She leans from her casement there, With the star-blooms in her

*tempo 1.*

*p*

hair, And a shadow falls like lace From the fern-tree o-ver her

*p*

*rallent.* *Poco maestoso. con passione.*

face, And over her mantle white. Spir - it of air and

*rit. sf sf*

*mp*

fire! To-night my herald be! Tell her I love her

*sf* *mp* *p*

*ped.* \*

*sempre cres.*

well, And all that I bid thee, tell, And fold her ev - er the

*f*

*ff* *poco rall.* *tempo.*

nigh - er, With the strength of my soul's desire; Wind!

*colla voce.* *tempo.* *p*

wind of the Ca - - rib sea!

*rall.* *ff* *ped.*



## RECENT LITERATURE.

MR. LEIGHTON, we understand, had his drama<sup>1</sup> all stereotyped and ready for publication before the subject of Mr. Tennyson's Harold was known. The coincidence is an odd one, and inevitably leads to a comparison of the two tragedies; but though Mr. Leighton must suffer, and would doubtless expect to suffer, by the comparison, we are not sure that the simultaneous publication is any disadvantage to him. On the contrary, it gains for his work a serious consideration which writers making their first appearance in literary drama can seldom secure in this country. Mr. Leighton's play is the work of a sympathetic student of history and a self-possessed, modest lover of poetry, rather than of a strongly creative mind. Neither does it contain any of those lines and phrases which in Mr. Tennyson's tragedy recall (however fleetingly) the warmly receptive quality of the laureate's genius, his power of picturing things with a stroke. The tremendous fateful power of Harold's falsehood in Mr. Tennyson's presentation throws into unfavorable contrast the cursorness with which Mr. Leighton touches it. The whole situation is too minutely mapped out in this American treatment of the theme: the English author's touch has the breadth of a different and a native familiarity. But in two or three points Mr. Leighton has, we think, decided more wisely than his famous fellow-dramatist. Harold's motive for going to Normandy, as here given, — namely, the wish to bring back to his mother the younger son Wulfnoth or Wolnoth, Duke William's hostage, — is better than the mere whim of going "to hawk and hunt" in Flanders, assigned by Mr. Tennyson. So, too, King Edward's objection to his absence is more strongly brought out in *The Sons of Godwin*. Mr. Tennyson leaves Edith's grief at the thought of giving up Harold to be imagined. Mr. Leighton, though he is not very trenchant in his representation, and fails through excess of rhetoric over feeling, at least tries to give us that emotion. And finally, the American author takes us

on to the fields of York and Hastings, while the English poet keeps all the battling just beyond the edge of his page, where we can not see it. On the other hand, Mr. Leighton falls into the great error of leaving Aldwyth out of the play: Harold is advised to marry her, and an allusion shortly afterward shows that he has taken the advice; but that is all that we hear about this important event. The choice of Archbishop Aldred as the source of intrigue, instead of Aldwyth, is not good. It diverts too much attention to a person in whom we have no interest. And this dispersion of interest, together with the use of long speeches and soliloquies, is the great defect of the work.

— Whatever may be the historical value of the sagas of the North,<sup>2</sup> no one will deny that from a literary point of view they are eminently worthy of study. They are the clear and strong utterances of a warm-blooded and clear-sighted race, which measured the world fearlessly by its own standard; they deal with large primitive passions which we, amid the refinements of a later civilization, have lost the power to sympathize with, though not the power to comprehend. Hence the wild tragic force which faces us everywhere in these Northern romances. It was the time when the individual in his relation to society was supreme, when the individual was strong, and society as yet crudely organized and therefore weak. The very first chapters of the *Saga of Thorstein Viking's Son* give striking instances of this. First the brothers Viñl and Veseto woo King Alf's daughters, and when refused carry them off by force; then the berserk Harek challenges King Ring of Sweden to fight with him, and if he is conquered to surrender to him his kingdom and his daughter Hunvor. The king is old and dares not accept the challenge; and the princess in her distress sends a messenger to the outlaw Viñl, whose son Viking fights in single combat with the berserk and slays him. Occurrences like these abound in all the earlier sagas. Passion, bare and un-

<sup>1</sup> *The Sons of Godwin. A Tragedy.* By WILLIAM LEIGHTON, JR. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1877.

<sup>2</sup> *Viking Tales of the North.* The Sagas of Thorstein Viking's Son, and Fridthjof the Bold. Translated from the Icelandic by ROSMUS B. ANDERSON,

A. M., Professor of the Scandinavian Languages in the University of Wisconsin, etc., and JÓN BJARNASON. Also Tegner's *Fridthjof's Saga*. Translated into English by GEORGE STEPHENS. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

adorned, be it wrath, avarice, or sensuality, is a sufficient motive for any action, and a motive which society was forced to recognize; and where hostile passions clash, strength is the only arbiter.

It is plain that in an age which was so poorly provided with legal and moral restraints, individual traits, both good and bad, must have become almost grotesquely emphasized. In primitive man the purely animal passions are those which are apt to assert themselves the most strongly; and the resemblance to this or that animal lay near enough to suggest the thought of mental if not physical kinship (and even instances of the latter occur in the sagas) and the frequent adoption of animal names. Among the Norsemen, as among most savage races, names like Bear (Björn), Wolf (Ulf), Fox (Rav), etc., are kept alive by long ancestral tradition, and are met with even at the present day.

Where mental characteristics were so pronounced, the drawing of character naturally became a very simple process; and it is refreshing to note with what bold distinctness the sagaman paints not only his heroes but even the more subordinate actors. They are all drawn as it were *en profile*, or rather cut like large silhouettes that stand forth with a grim clearness of outline against the pale hectic horizon. Therefore, while reading a saga one is never in danger of misplacing his sympathies, even though the author is strictly impartial and never steps out of his rôle to approve or condemn. In the tale of Thorstein Viking's Son, for instance, the history of Njorfe's and Viking's friendship in good and evil days is related with a singular simplicity and pathos which appeal to the heart as no comment or exhortation in the first person could ever have done.

As a literary performance the Saga of Thorstein is not equal to Njola and Gisli the Outlaw; but they differ so widely in scope and character that it is hardly fair to compare them. The wars between the sons of Viking and the sons of Njorfe are full of fine and stirring incidents, and the element of supernaturalism, which here and there blends with the stern realism of the tale, instead of interrupting its progress gives it rather an added charm. The story-teller is evidently so fully convinced of the truth of all he relates that no one will have the heart to quarrel with his methods and still less to cast doubt upon his veracity.

The Saga of Fridthjof the Bold is a con-

tinnation of Thorstein Viking's Son's saga, and both are here very properly bound in the same volume. The beauty of the former saga, which Tegnér has interpreted in his wondrously melodious and full-sounding verse, has been recognized among nearly all European nations, and in England and Germany it has become almost a fashion for literary *dilettanti* to win their spurs by some novel maltreatment of Tegnér's great poem. The question has seldom been raised whether the Swedish poet represented the saga age faithfully when he made the noble Fridthjof a romantic lover of the Minnesinger type, and endowed him with an emotional volubility wholly foreign to the stern and silent race from which he sprang. If, as Mr. G. W. Cox thinks, Fridthjof is a solar myth, it is of very little consequence whether the qualities with which Tegnér invested him are Greek, or Norse, or German. But as we cannot help clinging to a vague hope that he has actually lived, we are profoundly grateful to Professor Anderson for placing the original legend and Tegnér's version of it side by side in the present volume, and thereby giving every reader who will take the trouble the opportunity of making up his mind as to the historical identity of the hero in his ancient and his modern costume. That Tegnér has produced a great and noble poem we and all the world will admit, but we venture to suggest that it might have been even greater if it had adhered more closely to historical truth.

Professor Stephens's version of Fridthjof's saga we have never been able to admire, although it is tolerably free from blunders and very faithful to the text; but it is too distinctly the work of a well-meaning and painstaking philologist; the divine *áflatus* is lacking.

The translation of the Icelandic prose saga by Professor Anderson and Mr. Jón Bjarnason is uniformly good, and is performed with a linguistic discrimination and taste which, considering the difficulty of the task, are worthy of high praise. We notice that they have followed closely in the footsteps of Dr. Dasent and William Morris as regards the adoption of archaic phrases, but for all that their book is a much more readable one than, for instance, *The Story of the Volsungs and Niblungs* which Morris and Magnusson have contrived to render into a language remoter from the comprehension of modern readers than that of the original text. The introduction is free from all extraneous matter, and furnishes

(what few introductions do furnish) a clew to the proper interpretation of the work. We earnestly hope that the present volume may be merely a forerunner of a long series of similar translations done by equally competent men. If the great sagas of the North were generally known among us, they could hardly fail to produce a healthful influence upon the future of American literature. At all events such has been the result in other lands. In Germany they have produced Wagner's *Nibelungen Ring* (the text of which was taken from the *Volsunga saga*), in Denmark they brought forth *Oehlenschläger*, in Norway a *Björnson*, and in Sweden a *Tegnér*.

—The popular suspense as to Mr. Bret Harte seems now in a fair way of meeting with relief. A doubtful sort of quietus was provided in *Gabriel Conroy*, which forced many of the romancer's admirers to think that he had sunk his prospects in a sort of "Smith's pocket" of exhausted fiction-matter. But Mr. Harte's latest publication<sup>1</sup> will give his readers the very different calm of satisfied expectation. *Thankful Blossom* is beyond question a captivating, spirited, and well-told story. The author, as it seems to us, has never done a better piece of writing in its kind than the opening description of a freezing April evening. It is peculiarly one of his gifts to call our attention first to some matter of this sort, seemingly immaterial in itself, and presently by his ingenious handling to convince us that the narrative could not possibly have been so well taken up in any other way. He begins here with the mud of the morning's thaw stiffened "into a rigid record of that day's wayfaring on the Baskingridge road," over which the American army had been moving; the setting of the scenery which follows, and the preparatory pause when "with the coming-on of night came too an icy silence that seemed to stiffen and arrest the very wind," are singularly good; and we are thus brought with perfect precision to the horseman whose approach is marked by the cracking of the freshly formed ice in the road. Then, how the military horseman alights near the Blossom farm, and the suggestions of a tender tryst, the suspense, and the rising moon that lifted herself over the hills and looked at him, "blushing a little as if the appointment were her own,"—all this is brought

in with much niceness. We speak of it because this element in Mr. Harte's writing is not half enough prized, and because, moreover, the fitness and logical succession of these first pages are characteristic of the present tale throughout. It is a no less conscientious than delightful piece of work. The character of *Thankful*, sparkling, mobile, is given with charming lightness and freshness; and her unformed, changeable phase has just the elusiveness of a dew-drop, which trembles as a thing of the moment only among the leaves of a rose. All the other persons are well conceived, and are sketched in Mr. Harte's best style of forcible reserve. A critic, we observe, has attempted to mildew the incidental picture of *Martha Washington* by likening it to *Thackeray's Rachel Esmond*; but for this we find no justification: one cannot say how, with the limitations of person and period, Mr. Harte could have made his *Lady Washington* different, without injury. And if we speak of *Thackeray* it must be said frankly that Mr. Harte has treated *Washington* far more profoundly and to better purpose than the author of *The Virginians*, although upon a canvas so much smaller than the English novelist's. But the sensible reader, who is not obliged to write a notice of this pretty romance, will not feel called upon to bring a thing so entirely itself into competition with what is wholly something else; and critics not injured by their craft may honestly congratulate Mr. Harte on having now proved that he knows how to work with other than Californian ore. The brief compass of the tale and its larger merit contrasted with the author's much inferior and more bulky novel will, we suppose, bring up the old question whether Mr. Harte's inspirations are not shaped with special reference to the short story.

—If contrast is all that is needed, the third<sup>2</sup> and fourth<sup>3</sup> volumes in the *No Name Series* make each other successful. They have in themselves, however, qualities that render them individually good. *Is That All*, a story laid in an American country town, is very slight, and though the situation is fresh it is not made the most of. In *Kismet*, on the other hand, the situation, if we leave out the scenery is far from unhackneyed, and is made rather too much of: the story, we mean, drags in spite of the really clever,

<sup>1</sup> *Thankful Blossom*. A Romance of the Jerseys, 1779. By BRET HARTE. Illustrated. Boston: James B. Osgood & Co. 1877.

<sup>2</sup> *No Name Series*. *Is That All*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1876.

<sup>3</sup> *No Name Series*. *Kismet*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

entertaining conversation. But the author-ess (?) of *Kismet* has a singularly forcible gift of stamping her male persons with characteristics of their own, albeit Livingston is a *fide* creature whose ennui might naturally proceed from his having been captured and made to parade himself under the showmanship of a long succession of novelists. The men in *Is That All* are very unsatisfactory, excepting Colonel Pryor; and the whole affair suffers from the pale intellectual light under which it is shown. Yet there is a singular keenness of observation and a neatness in the writing of *Is That All*, no less than in some of the characterization, which is very praiseworthy; and it is success enough for one venture in fiction to have penciled the ladies and gentlemen here depicted with so unerring a refinement. But penciling is the best word we can give to the art of the book, which to *Kismet* is as a hard-lined sketch to a painting. There is much more life in *Kismet*, and if its emotion is not very stupendous it is certainly interesting. We might carry our antitheses farther, but are content with pointing out that both novels have many of the little ingenuities of action and conversation which feminine writers sometimes deploy without too much consciousness, and that both give grounds for hoping that light, agreeable, and well-executed American novels may become more plenty than they have been.

—The Messrs. Roberts' anonymous series flowers out very freshly in its fifth volume. This book<sup>1</sup> is full of spring and summer coloring, apt to the approaching season on the eve of which it appears, and it drops from the press with an inspiring click as of the first base-ball that flies from the bat, announcing the end of winter. It is, in fine, a bright, attractive story of base-ball matches and matches of a more gentle sort, agreeably peppered with villainy in small quantities, so as to sustain the relish. But there is so much clever observation of character, such charming description of nature, such excellent humor heightened by refinement, that the book—dealing with a popular American theme hitherto untouched—is a notable triumph of current story-writing. Miss Milton, Dick Softy, Grandhurst, and old Snevel are capably drawn, and the author has managed his plot very prettily. The style, though good, is somewhat too detached, and in spots shows inexperience.

<sup>1</sup> *No Name Series. The Great Match, and Other Matches.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

<sup>2</sup> *The Story of Sigurd, the Volsung, and the Fall*  
VOL. XXXIX. — NO. 234.

—Mr. Morris's Norse epic has come upon us quietly. While attention is clamorously invited to inferior and ephemeral works, and discussion is rife over much which is hardly worth the reading, a great poem of almost solitary beauty, profound, complete, intensely interesting and significant by virtue of its subject to all who have a trace of Scandinavia in their speech and lineage, arises upon the world of letters with all the familiar mystery of a new day. *Sigurd, the Volsung*, is the second great English epic of our generation (let us pause and reflect how rich we are), and it ranks after Tennyson's *Arthurian* in order of time only. It fully equals that monumental work in the force and pathos of the story told, while it surpasses it in unity and continuity of interest, and may fairly divide with the *Idylls of the King* the suffrages of the reading world on the question of poetical form.

The story of *Sigurd* is founded upon, and indeed closely follows, the *Völsunga* saga, the Icelandic prose form of the *Niebelungen Lied*. It is a subject which has long haunted Mr. Morris's imagination. In 1870 he published in connection with Eiríkr Magnússon, translator of the *Legends of Iceland*, a literal prose version of the saga, accompanied by metrical versions of some of the lays of the elder Edda on which that in its turn is supposed to have been founded some time in the prolific twelfth century. In his brief preface to this prose translation, Mr. Morris speaks of the *Völsunga* saga as "the most complete and dramatic form of the great epic of the North . . . that story which should be to all our race what the *Tale of Troy* was to the Greeks,—to all our race first, and afterwards, when the change of the world has made our race nothing more than a name of what has been,—a story, too,—then should it be to those that come after us no less than the *Tale of Troy* has been to us." And in the fourth volume of the *Earthly Paradise*, in his introduction to the *Fostering of Aslaug*, the poet makes affectionate allusion to the fascination exercised over him by the whole mighty drama of which *Aslaug's* story is but a doubtful episode, and to his dream of one day giving it a fuller illustration:—

"A fair tale might I tell to you  
Of Sigurd who the dragon slew  
Upon the murder-wasted heath;  
And how Love led him unto Death

of the *Níðlungs*. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

Through strange, wild ways of joy and pain.  
 Then such a story should ye gain,  
 If I could tell it all aright,  
 As well might win you some delight  
 From out the wofullest of days.  
 But now have I no heart to raise  
 That mighty sorrow laid asleep,  
 That love so sweet, so strong, so deep,  
 That as ye hear the wonder told,  
 In those few, strenuous words of old,  
 The whole world seems to rend apart  
 When heart is torn away from heart.  
 But the world lives still, and to-day  
 The green Rhine wendeth on its way  
 Over the unseen golden curse  
 That drew its lords from worse to worse  
 Till that last dawn in Atli's hall  
 When the red flame flared over all,  
 Lighting the leaden, sunless sea."

Certainly, if the resolute work of genius in many departments of art could effect the ascendancy of any body of legend over the heart of a race, the great Niebelungen tragedy must have won largely on our affections during the last few years; and Mr. Morris has now accomplished more in this direction than all his predecessors. The Icelandic saga is especially superior to the Germanic lay in its presentation of the character of Brynhild, to which it gives added splendor and symmetry, while rendering it intensely and most movingly human. And the Brynhild of Mr. Morris's Sigurd rises by the unearthly grandeur of her traits and mystery of her sufferings, and by the inviolate purity of her passion, a whole heaven above the most illustrious heroine whether of Greek story or of romance.

The poem has a singular equality of beauty; and, noble as the opening passage is, there is hardly even a transient falling away from the level of it, until the last word of the fateful tale is told.

"There was a dwelling of kings ere the world was waxen old;  
 Dukes were the door-wards there and the roofs were thatched with gold;  
 Earls were the wrights that wrought it, and silver-nailed were its doors;  
 Earls' wives were its weaving-women, queens' daughters strewed its floors;  
 And the masters of its song-craft were the mightiest men that cast  
 The sails of the storm of battle adown the bickering blast.  
 There dwelt men merry-hearted, and in hope exceeding great  
 Met the good days and the evil, as they went the ways of fate;  
 There the gods were unforgotten, yea, whiles they walked with men,  
 Though e'en in that world's beginning rose a murmur now and again,  
 Of the midward time and the fading, and the last of the latter days,

And the entering in of the terror, and the death of the Peoples' Praise.

Thus was the dwelling of Volsung, the King of the Midworld's Mark,  
 As a rose in the winter season, a candle in the dark," etc.

King Volsung was the grandfather of that Sigurd whom the poet calls the Peoples' Praise. Sigmund, the father of the hero, was the last of ten sons, the nine of whom, together with their royal old father, were treacherously slain by Siggeir, king of the Goths, who had married their only sister, "the snow-white Signy." Sigmund escaped and took refuge in the woods, where Signy ministered to him for a season. The story of these two is in itself exceedingly thrilling, and we can with difficulty pass it by without quotation, but it is kept in due subordination to the yet more sublime and memorable tale of Sigurd, who was the posthumous child of Sigmund by a late marriage with Hiordi, the daughter of Eylimi, the king of the Isles. The account of the fostering of Sigurd includes the comparatively familiar tale of the mighty smith Regin, the king of the Dwarfs, who forged for Sigurd out of the fragments of Sigmund's glaive his immortal sword, the Wrath:—

"The Light that had lain in the Branstock, the hope of the Volsung tree,  
 The Sunderer, the Deliverer, the torch of days to be."

Regin gave Sigurd instruction in all manner of magic lore and told him, in the course of that fore-ordained tuition, the mystical story of his own ancient but now nearly accomplished life:—

"Then unto this land I came, and that was long ago  
 As men-folk count the years; and I taught them to reap and to sow,  
 And a famous man I became: but that generation died,  
 And they said that Frey had taught them, and a god my name did hide.  
 Then I taught them the craft of metals, and the sailing of the sea,  
 And the taming of the horse-kind, and the yoke-beasts' husbandry,  
 And the building up of houses; and that race of man went by,  
 And they said that Thor had taught them, and a smithyng carle was I.

Then I taught them the tales of old, and fair songs fashioned and true,  
 And their speech grew into music of measured time and due,  
 And they smote the harp to my bidding, and the land grew soft and sweet;  
 But ere the grass of their grave-mounds rose up above my feet,

It was Bragi had made them sweet-mouthed, and  
 I was the wandering scald;  
 Yet green did my cunning flourish by whatso  
 name I was called,  
 And I grew the master of masters. Think thou  
 how strange it is  
 That the sword in the hands of a stripling shall  
 one day end all this!"

For Sigurd, incited by Regin, slew Fafnir, the brother of Regin, who in the guise of a serpent guarded upon the Glittering Heath the renowned Treasure-Horde, which brought doom sooner or later to all who possessed it. And he slew Regin also, when the treachery of the latter was manifest, and bound the fateful Horde upon his divine steed, Greyfell, and fared forth to the land of the Niblungs, or Niebelungen. But he halted upon his way, on the height of Hindfell, and at the crisis of the story; for there he found the armed maiden, Brynhild, sleeping, and awoke her because the hour was come. We may live and read long before we meet with poetry more noble in thought, more celestially sweet and satisfying in form, than the pages which describe the meeting and mutual recognition of these immortal lovers. The "wise rede" of Brynhild to Sigurd before their parting, the counsel which she gave him, and which she deprecated while giving with so divine a humility and courtesy as but the echo of his own unformulated wisdom, have been done into English more than once. We give a few random extracts:—

"Be wise and cherish thine hope in the freshness  
 of the days,  
 And scatter its seed from thine hand in the field  
 of the peoples' praise.  
 Then fair shall it fall in the furrow, and some  
 the earth shall speed,  
 And the sons of men shall marvel at the blossom  
 of the deed;  
 But some the earth shall speed not; nay, rather  
 the wind of heaven  
 Shall waft it away from thy longing—and a gift  
 to the gods thou hast given,  
 And a tree for the roof and a wall in the house of  
 the hope that shall be,  
 Though it seemeth our very sorrow, and the grief  
 of thee and me.  
 Wilt thou do the deed and repent it? Thou hadst  
 better never been born!  
 Wilt thou do the deed and exalt it? Then thy  
 fame shalt be outworn!  
 Thou shalt do the deed and abide it, and sit on  
 thy throne on high,  
 And look on to-day and to-morrow as those who  
 never die.  
 Love thou the gods, and withstand them, lest thy  
 fame should fail in the end  
 And thou be but their thrall and their bondsman,  
 who wert born for their very friend;

For few things from the gods are hidden, and the  
 hearts of men they know,  
 And how that none rejoiceth to quail and crouch  
 alov.

I have spoken the word, beloved, to thy matchless  
 glory and worth;  
 But thy heart to my heart hath been speaking,  
 though my tongue hath set it forth,  
 For I am she that loveth, and I know what thou  
 wouldst teach  
 From the heart of thine unlearned wisdom, and  
 I needs must speak thy speech."

They then swore vows of eternal fidelity, vows which were broken, as we know, because the two fell victims to a cruel snare. Almost every reader is familiar with the outline of that heart-rending story, and we will not anticipate the interest of the few who are not so, by recounting it here.

After all, quotation, however copious, is vain, as every worthy reader will acknowledge when he turns the last page of the poem, and feels for a moment as if the whole earth were made void by its ending. We have tried to select those passages which best show how deeply Mr. Morris has entered into that "dark and true and tender" heart of the North, which the world, after ages passed in the worship of Greek ideals, is only just beginning to fathom.

It remains to say a few words about the peculiarities of Mr. Morris's manner and the measure which he has so happily adopted for this his greatest work. It is natural, first of all, to compare the latter with the metre of his translation of the *Æneid*, his last long poem, and it is very remarkable that a verse which is so nearly the quantitative equivalent of the fourteen-syllabled measure chosen by the poet for his translation should be as distinguished for its wayward and unwearied melody as the latter was for a perfectly mechanical and intensely disagreeable sing-song. Our disappointment and exasperation with *Æneids*—for we had thought Mr. Morris the one man on earth fit to make a perfect English translation of Virgil—are yet too recent to be mentioned with due critical calmness; but in return he has now, as it seems to us, fixed forever the most appropriate form of rhymed verse for an English epic. A hexameter composed like this, of iambic and anapaestic feet with a constant variety of relative arrangement and a fluctuating cæsura, has many of the qualities which render the Latin hexameter most delightful; and we would like well, in our solemn dubiety about English hexameters, to see a translation into the measure of Sigurd both of the

Georgics and the *Æneid*, as scholarly as Mr. Morris's own and as musical as this might be. The foundation of the verse is of course that of the original German Niebelungen, of which Carlyle wrote so charmingly when the Lied first came into fashion. "A strange charm lies in these old tones, where in gay, dancing melodies the sternest tidings are sung to us; and deep floods of sadness and strife play lightly in little curling billows, like seas in summer. It is as a meek smile, in whose still, thoughtful depths a whole infinitude of patience and love and heroic strength lie revealed." But Mr. Morris has rounded and enriched the metre of the lay by the much more liberal employment of anapaests, a foot which he had shown himself capable of managing with peculiar grace in *Love is Enough*. The nearest approach to the effect of this finished and beautified measure has been made by Mr. Swinburne in some of his choruses, and particularly in that very famous one from *Atalanta in Calydon*, —

"Before the beginning of years  
There came to the making of man," etc.

which is indeed precisely similar, except that two lines are made of one.

Concerning Mr. Morris's unsparing rejection of Latin words and his free employment of archaic expressions, it need only be said that these peculiarities are so exactly suitable to the character of his present work as to blend with its faultless general harmony and be hardly noticeable in it.

— Mr. Van Laun is a writer who deserves the thanks of the public for the good service he has done the cause of letters by his excellent translation of Taine's *History of English Literature*,<sup>1</sup> as well as by his faithful rendering of Molière; and now, in writing his history of French literature, he fills what has always been an awkward void in the book-shelves of those who were unfamiliar with the French and German languages. Mr. Van Laun, it need hardly be said, is an ardent follower of Taine, and in this book he employs, *hanc passibus aequis*, his master's method. He holds that "the history of a literature is the history of a people," and that "we might as well say that a plant is classified by a description of its color, form, and texture, as to boast that we had recorded the literature of a nation before connecting it with, and showing its origin from, and dependence upon,

that nation's history." Neither of these statements will probably be denied by any thoughtful man, and in his theories Mr. Van Laun is satisfactorily sound. This statement does not imply any fault-finding with what he has accomplished; no one can imagine that the adoption of Taine's theories about the proper way of writing literary history is all that is needed to write a book that shall equal that Frenchman's masterpiece; and a man can yet have done his task in even a commendable way, without coming near what, with all its faults, is possibly a work of genius. This is certainly true of books which aim at giving needed information; and although Mr. Van Laun by no means confines himself to the meagre stringing together of facts, he nowhere rises to any great height, any more than he generally falls below the level of respectability. He gives a brief but continuous account of the history of France, or at least of those portions of the history which are of especial bearing in determining an author's development, so that while the reader's memory is not swamped under a crowd of superfluous details, it is yet possible for him to see the relations between the different men and their times. It is a bird's-eye view of early French literature that is to be found in this volume, rather than a complete history; there are names omitted and subjects passed over lightly which the more serious student will have to look up elsewhere; and even the celebrated writers have to put up with very few pages. What is the best point in the book is the importance given to showing the connection between the history and the literature; this is clearly, if briefly, made out to the elucidation of both, but the direct literary exegesis is far from presenting any novelty or especial merit. This requires something more than the management of facts with exactness, and this something more, the perception of an author's peculiar power together with the ability of explaining it, is lacking. How accurate a notion, for instance, would the reader get of Montaigne from the meagre description Mr. Van Laun gives of him? Not that what he says of the writings of the great essayist is not, in the main, true enough, but it is completely inadequate. The discussion of his portrait is particularly unsatisfactory, and this is the more unfortunate because, according to Mr. Van Laun, "the whole character of the man — nay, the whole character of the satirical Frenchman, of whom he was the

<sup>1</sup> *History of French Literature*. By HENRI VAN LAUN. Vol. I. From its Origin to the Renaissance. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1876.



antetype — is expressed in the portrait." He goes on to say: "One might take him, at the first glance, for a French Shakespeare, in gown, fur tippet, and ruffe, with a loose, low-crowned hat to hide the absence of veneration. But a closer attention soon reveals the difference. . . . Perspicacity is here, and clearness, and power of concentration, but little imagination and less constructiveness. The eyes are small, but they denote shrewdness and reflection," etc., as if large eyes usually expressed shrewdness. The vague allusions to phrenology are a most alarming symptom in a man whose business really lies with what was inside of the writers' heads, and not with their bumps of veneration and constructiveness. It is impossible not to think of what short work Montaigne would have made of his critic.

This is perhaps the most marked case of Mr. Van Laun's incompetence to do more than guide the reader through the rudiments of the study of literature; he is incapable of properly appreciating, or at any rate of profiting by his appreciation of the great writers. So long as he confines himself to those authors who did not rise above mediocrity, he does well enough; but when he comes to the occasional great man who stands out like a peak in the general level, Mr. Van Laun gets out of breath before he has climbed half high enough to describe all his merits, and slides down into commonplace with the most depressing haste. The conclusion of the whole matter is that this history of French literature is a useful hand-book for the reader and for the student who is not investigating the subject exhaustively, but it is not a book with any new presentation of its subject, or that throws any great light on literature. The succeeding volumes will yet be looked for with interest, because the information which Mr. Van Laun industriously accumulates cannot fail to be of service.

On page 190 he uses "lays" for "lies," and on page 311 is to be found the awkward word "predeceased," meaning "died before." It is a word that would make even a newspaper reporter grit his teeth.

— Mr. John Dennis has written an interesting book on English Literature.<sup>1</sup> It will be noticed that he bears a name already famous in the by no means crowded list of English writers; but two men more unlike than the critic of the last century and the one of the present it would be hard to find.

<sup>1</sup> *Studies in English Literature.* By JOHN DENNIS. London: Edward Stanford. 1876.

The other Mr. John Dennis had a very savage way of falling on his foes from behind with a tough cudgel, and of trampling on them with heavy shoes. Yet, with all his roughness, the right was often on his side; and although he spoke of Pope as "a young, squab, short gentleman whose outward form, though it should be that of a downright monkey, would not differ so much from human shape as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding," — a compliment which, with others of the same sort, such as calling the celebrated poet "as stupid and as venomous as a hunchbacked toad," won for him immortality in the *Dunciad*, — although he did that and worse, some of his comments on Addison's *Cato* are by no means devoid of sense. He wrote as he felt about people he did not like; but now the edge has been taken from what was once called the scalpel of the critic, and he is become as mealy-mouthed as if he were criticising anonymously the books published under his own name. This of course is an exaggeration, and so far as it would seem to decry Mr. Dennis, our contemporary, it does him injustice. What is meant is to call attention to the different methods of literary critics of the present day. Of these, this author is a very good example. Mr. Dennis is not what can be called a brilliant writer, but his book has many claims to attention. He has read well; he knows his authors, and that is something; and he knows other authors well, so that there is a pleasant air of good letters about the volume without any ostentatious display of learning. He has chosen interesting subjects for his essays: Daniel Defoe, Matthew Prior, Southey, Wesley, Pope, The Warton, Sir Richard Steele, English Lyrical Poetry, English Rural Poetry, and The English Sonnet; but, as is only natural, the same thing that makes the men in this list interesting to him has done the same thing for other writers, so that there is some unavoidable triteness at times in what he says; but yet this is not a frequent fault. These subjects are all such as can bear a good deal of comment, and Mr. Dennis is never wearisome; even if not astoundingly brilliant, he is never foolish; his opinions he has felt for himself; he does not merely echo the common judgment even when he agrees with it. Indeed, it is a fault with these essays that they end rather suddenly, and the reader who is going on peaceably and pleasantly is stopped by a rather violent jolt, — the effect, proba-

bly, of the limits put by the editors of the magazines in which the papers originally appeared.

All the articles on the different men are good, for Mr. Dennis is a sympathetic student of character, but there is something disappointing in that on English lyrical poetry. The subject is too vast for one article, and in endeavoring to do justice to a great number of poems the writer has become commonplace. The stream grew shallow by spreading over a large surface. Before condemning Waller as he does, it would have been fairer to mention his *Go, lovely Rose*, as well as his *Lines to a Girdle*, part of which is quoted, though all the rest, with slight exceptions, is justly passed over. The essay on English rural poetry has very much the same fault. It is also to be regretted that the sonnet did not secure more thorough treatment. In spite of these fault-finders, however, the book is deserving of praise; it cannot be read without helping to foster a love of good literature, and a man who aids that deserves well of his kind. Those who read him will not have a chance to appropriate startling opinions which they will be able to quote with effect, but they will feel persuaded to give their attention to the men and subjects written about so pleasantly.

—Readers of Dante, who know the excellence of Witte's edition of the *Commedia*, will be glad to learn that this acute critic and profound Dante scholar has recently published an edition of the *Vita Nuova*,<sup>1</sup> which does for that book what this editor has already done for the *Commedia*, in finally determining the text and in discreet choice of notes and illustrations. In both books Witte has completed his task with the utmost thoroughness, and there is no man living better equipped by study and tact for this work. To sing his praises as a commentator is wholly unnecessary; he is well known as the great authority on Dante; and now, as a man no longer young, he offers this late fruit of a life of honorable toil to the world, or rather to that small section of the world that studies the great Italian poet.

In the volume before us we find the text settled by the rigidest examination of the various MSS., with foot-notes stating the various readings of different authorities;

and with another set of foot-notes conveniently separated from these, which form a concise commentary on the text. The introduction contains a brief account of the *Vita Nuova*, and is followed by lists of the MSS., and of the different editions, so that both the beginner and the more advanced reader will find here all that they need for the study of this book, which, if for nothing else, would be of importance from the light it throws upon Beatrice's position in the *Commedia*. Often, however, it stands on its own merits, and many read it without observing what Mr. Rossetti, noticing the way in which it forebodes the *Commedia*, calls "the strain like the first falling murmur which reaches the ear in some remote meadow, and prepares us to look upon the sea." It has a charm, as is frequently pointed out, for the young and for lovers; with them it finds its surest audience, and for them especially it remains a classic.

This volume is dedicated to an American, Mr. Charles E. Norton, whose contributions to the Dante literature receive here warm and deserved commendation from the man most capable of judging their real worth. It is to be hoped that Witte will be able to give us his edition of the *Convito*. It can hardly bring him more honor than he has already won in this field, where exactness and elegance of scholarship are the same thing; where, too, the ardor of the worshippers makes up for the smallness of their number.

#### FRENCH AND GERMAN.<sup>2</sup>

It cannot be said that Auerbach has done himself much credit by writing his new stories, the *Neue Dorfgeschichten*.<sup>3</sup> His early sketches of peasant life first brought him into prominence as a writer of fiction, showing as they did his love of nature, part of which was his birthright as a German,—for poetry and science were the main attractions for those of his fellow-countrymen who did not follow the trade of war,—and part of which was his own sensitiveness to uncomplex impressions. They further testified to his skill in observing the rustic character; that is strongly marked in Germany and stood in so vivid contrast to the monotony of the civilized Germans, just as the popular

had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

<sup>2</sup> *Nach Dreissig Jahren. Neue Dorfgeschichten.* Von BERTHOLD AUERBACH. 3 vols. Stuttgart. 1876

<sup>1</sup> *La Vita Nuova di Dante Allighieri.* Ricoretta, coll' ajuto di testi a penna ed illustrata da CARLO WITTE. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1876.

<sup>2</sup> All books mentioned under this head are to be

idioms are conciser and more picturesque than the classical written language, that he was attracted to the study of the peasants, whom apparently he had good means of knowing. In all his novels the reader finds the people from the lower walks of life alone possessing clearly marked active traits. In *On the Heights*, Walpurga, the wet-nurse, heroine of fiction as she is, and artificial as the composition of the story may be, stands out clearly, while the king is a mere abstraction, like a Muse or one of the Graces in old-fashioned poetry. When Auerbach leaves his peasants he is apt to give us certain qualities packed together under one hat rather than a living human being, but the peasants are drawn with a loving and partial hand. In this volume he takes up again the threads of those of the more important short stories, and shows how these last thirty years have wrought a change in the conditions of life in Germany. At the same time, besides this patriotic interest, there is the artistic one of the greatness of the change in Auerbach, who has lived the time of one generation of men since he left these characters, never expecting, doubtless, to call them back, gray-haired and venerable, to entertain the public once more. What has life taught him? Does he retain his child-like simplicity and sentimental optimism? Are moonlight and fields of grain and the songs of birds still the unfailing panaceas for disappointment in love, in business, for revolt against injustice, and similar sufferings? The answer is a singular one. Time has passed over his head, but his heart is as young as ever. Simplicity he has in a great measure lost, for the ingenuousness of youth can hardly be retained even when Fate grants the old man the fulfillment of his early dreams. So that although the new Germany is triumphant, Auerbach hardly succeeds in looking at life so directly as he once did, and there is an air of effort, at times, where once his pen moved easily. This is especially noticeable in the first of the stories, which is the sequel to the *Frau Professorin*, wherein was told the tale of the painter who married the peasant girl and then grew tired of her, and began to detest her rustic ways which did not observe the strict laws of conventional etiquette, so that finally they separated. Here we have the painter again, returned to the village where he had met his wife, in order to do penance there for his coldness during the rest of his days. It must be confessed he chose a singular way

of paying respect to the memory of his departed spouse, for the very first thing he does is to fall in love with a girl whom she had treated as her own daughter, and he would have married her if he had not fallen down-stairs and killed himself in a brawl with his brother-in-law, who was offended at his fickleness. What the meaning of the story is it is not easy to make out, more especially because an old but artificial friend of the hero is disinterred and utters a serious warning against this second match; but his advice fares no better than advice in real life.

The other stories are more intelligible. The second is a continuation of the *Tolpatsch*, whose son is the hero. He goes back from America to visit his father's old home, and also to get a wife from the same place. There is nothing startling in the story; there are frequent references to the new state of things in Germany, which show Auerbach's content with the present, but neither this nor the third and last tale, continuing *Die Sträflinge*, bears the mark of any improvement in the art of story-telling during the last thirty years. The sun shines as bright in these later volumes as in the early ones, and the full moon is as frequent a visitor in one as in the other, and the birds are coming or going and singing as mystically as ever. It is singular that a man can retain for thirty years, or, more accurately, for sixty years, this confidence in his child-like interpretation of nature. The fact would seem to be that Auerbach reached with one step a height where he has since always remained. He has had no subsequent intellectual growth. He brings these attractive peasants on the scene, and so long as they are honest and mystical in their talk, like Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's young heroines, and admire sunsets, moonrises, singing birds, flowers, grain-fields, and trees, they get good husbands, who fall in love with them as suddenly as if they fell on the ice; moreover, these virtuous peasants generally secure husbands or wives who live in much higher social circles. Life, according to this author, is the most good-natured disposer of events that could be found. Every one gets a prize as surely as every soldier in the French farce gets a decoration. This amiable optimism reminds one of the usual Christmas stories with their ostentatious generosity and kindness, and certainly it is not the highest art. The doctrine of cheerfulness has its place in fiction, of course, but in this case it

labors under the disadvantage of making every reader feel as if he knew a great deal better than the author what was the true way of looking at things. After all, these stories are hardly better than fairy tales, for in fact a close observation of the world shows that even those who are fondest of natural scenery and of detecting analogy between it and the moral world have their share of sorrow, suffering, and disappointment, and Auerbach's interpretation of the whole matter is not satisfactory.

—M. Philarète Chasles was by no means so great a man as he thought himself, but yet this volume of his memoirs<sup>1</sup> will be found of interest, on account of his descriptions of various people whom he met and of some of the strange scenes of his life. His father was one of those who voted the execution of Louis XVI., and maintained till his dying day a most bitter hatred of kings and their ways. He gave his son a careful education, and, following the advice of Rousseau that every boy should learn some manual trade, he had him work in a printer's office when a boy. It was while engaged in this way, at the age of fourteen, that the young Philarète Chasles was one day suddenly seized and thrown into a real mediæval dungeon for three months. On his release by Chateaubriand's interposition, he was sent to England to avoid similar interruptions of his studies. This precocious experience taught the lad much, and gave him a chance to learn what was going on outside of France. He saw Coleridge, Bentham, and other eminent Englishmen, but even these advantages did not profit him as much as they should have done, for the writer of these lines heard him declare in a lecture on English literature at the Collège de France ten years ago that boxing-day was the day which was universally devoted by Englishmen to *le boxe*, or prize-fighting. But in this volume he gives very little space to those glib generalities of which he was very fond and which continually brought him into error, and in narration he does very well. His style is always bad, but it is less tiresome here than elsewhere. The book labors under the misfortune of being in good part an apology and an explanation of the envious ways of others, yet it is well worth reading. This volume comes down to about 1830, and gives

us some particulars about Chateaubriand, Madame Récamier, Gautier, Balzac, and others, which we have not space to transcribe.

—The reader, if a person of active intelligence, has probably already made the swift generalization that no Frenchman is able to see clearly or describe fairly a foreign land, and that Philarète Chasles, who always boasted of his knowledge of England, was as clever as the best. But here is a book about this country which destroys any such hasty conclusion. M. de Molinari has collected in a volume<sup>2</sup> the letters he wrote hence to the *Journal des Débats* between the end of June and the beginning of October of last year, and it would not be easy to name a more accurate report upon this country by any stranger; and his success is the more astonishing in view of his apparently slight knowledge of the language. He was a most busy traveler; his stay was a brief one, but he did not waste a day; the summer, it will be remembered, was very hot, but, not deterred by his sufferings in Philadelphia and New York, after a brief trip to Niagara and through Canada to Saratoga, he set sail for Charleston, visited also Savannah, Augusta, Atlanta, Mobile, and New Orleans, went up the Mississippi to St. Louis, thence made his way to Chicago and back to New York again through Cincinnati and Philadelphia, starting for home after a hasty visit to Boston. Now a book like De Tocqueville's cannot be written after a trip of this sort, but it is surprising how good a book can be written when the right man takes the journey, and puts in his letters home only what he sees, without venom and without flattery, and what he hears from trustworthy people. M. de Molinari has a very pleasant humor which keeps him safe from the black pessimism that seizes so many travelers after they have had to put up with discomforts, and he records inconveniences without deducing from them the hopeless degradation of all Americans. For instance, in recounting his stay at one of the huge hotels in Saratoga, after speaking about the dancing he saw, "gentlemen and ladies dancing without gloves," he goes to his room, No. 1315, and finds his bed not made, and the next morning his boots not blacked. "Is this an accidental omission or a widespread vengeance of the negro servants upon

<sup>1</sup> *Œuvres de Philarète Chasles. Mémoires. Tome Premier. Paris: Charpentier. 1876.*

<sup>2</sup> *Lettres sur les États-Unis et le Canada. Adressées au Journal des Débats à l'Occasion de l'Exposi-*

*tion Universelle de Philadelphie, par M. G. de MOLINARI, Membre Correspondant de l'Institut. Paris: Hachette. 1876.*

the white race?" And then he laughs at all the splendors of the hotel, with two miles of parlors, ten acres of carpets, etc., and such neglect of duty as he had suffered from. But he is far from confining himself to these trivial, superficial matters, and yet he does not neglect them any more than he does the hot duel between gargling oil and sozodant, which pursued him from one end of our land to another and gave him a good deal of amusement.

He gives considerable space to comments on our wide-spread habit of bragging, our tremendous conceit, those vices which are so continually denounced by an unwelcome minority. In summing up, after singing the glories of our material successes, he says, "However, there is another side to this splendid medal. While devoting their unequalled energy, perhaps too exclusively, to creating the material of civilization, the Americans have neglected or have given only cool attention to those arts and sciences which have for their object the cultivation of man and the wise government of society. American literature is excessively poor, and especially during the last few years has produced very few works of science or of imagination which deserve to be mentioned. The fine arts have only begun to be cultivated; excellent pianos are made in the United States, but no artists are found there. The material of instruction is beyond reproach; the schools are large, well warmed and ventilated, the desks and chairs of the scholars are of the best sort, but the courses of instruction are simply copied from ours, and the only noteworthy improvement in late years is the teaching of Greek to girls. . . . The increase of private schools along-side of the free public schools does not prove that the public instruction in the United States deserves absolutely all the extravagant eulogy given them in the plat-

forms of the political parties and in public speeches." A more serious evil, he goes on to say, is the indifference of the public to the proper management of politics. He enumerates our sufferings from professional politicians who have the elections almost entirely in their own hands. "Every American, black or white, is an elector, and all important offices are filled by election. Only, the elections are made by the politicians and for themselves; and such is the power of their organization that the mass of voters in their hands is like a flock of sheep in the hands of their shepherd. It is necessary to vote for the candidates whom they chose in their conventions, or to lose one's vote."

He shows how excessively our money is squandered by those who assume to take charge of it, and concludes thus: "The schooling the Americans are making at their own expense merely proves, in my opinion, that republican institutions admit corruption like everything else in this world; perhaps, too, that absolute democracy is not the last word of the wisdom of nations. Nevertheless I shall not go so far, and from the singular sight I saw I shall simply draw two conclusions which seem to be of a kind that may be accepted by moderate men of all parties: first, that it will not be sufficient for us to go to election meetings, disguised as troubadours or Turks, in order to improve seriously our politicians; secondly, that if there is much to admire and even imitate in the United States, there is also something to be neglected."

Those who object to this author's strictures will find plenty of amusing descriptions of the different cities he visited. We regret we have not space to quote some of the things he said about Boston, which was one of the last places he visited. He certainly gives in a few pages some of the more striking traits of the city.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Chase and Hall, Cincinnati: *The Problem of Problems, and its Various Solutions; or, Atheism, Darwinism, and Theism.* By Clark Braden.

Edmonston and Douglas, Edinburgh: *Oils and Water Colors.* By William Renton.

Eighth Annual Report of the Board of Railroad Commissioners. January, 1877.

Estes and Lauriat, Boston: *Half-Hour Recreations in Natural History.* Part 12. *Mental Powers of Insects.* By A. S. Packard, Jr.

*History of the Early Settlers of Sangamon County, Illinois.* By John Carroll Power. Assisted by Mrs. S. A. Power. Under the Auspices of the Old Settlers' Society.

Henry Holt & Co., New York: *Philosophical Dis-*

*cussions.* By Chauncy Wright. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by Charles Elliot Norton. — *Leisure Hour Series.* The Convicts and their Children. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Charles T. Brooks. — *The Heritage of Langdale.* By Mrs. Alexander.

Hurd and Houghton, New York: *Biographical and Historical Essays.* By Thomas De Quincey.

J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia: *Life in South Africa.* By Lady Barker.

Longmans, Green, & Co., London: *A Thousand Miles up the Nile.* By Amelia B. Edwards. With upwards of Seventy Illustrations, engraved by G. Pearson after Finished Drawings executed on the Spot by the Author.

Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co., New York: *A Yacht Voyage. Letters from High Latitudes. Being Some Account of a Voyage in 1856, in the Schooner Yacht Foam, to Iceland, Jan Mayen, and Spitzbergen.* By Lord Dufferin, Governor General of the Dominion of Canada. — *The Splendid Advantages of being a Woman, and Other Erratic Essays.* By Charles J. Dunphie. — *The Shadow of the Sword.* By Robert Buchanan.

Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston: *Poems of Places.* Edited by Henry W. Longfellow. France. Vols. I., II. — *The History of the Bunker Hill Monument Association during the First Century of the United States of America.* By George Washington Warren.

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*ley.* Consisting of the Papers relating to Sir Roger which were originally published in *The Spectator.* With an Introductory Essay by John Habberton. — *The Jukes. A Study in Crime. Pauperism, Disease, and Heredity.* By R. L. Dugdale. With an Introduction by Elisha Harris, M. D.

Scribner, Armstrong, & Co., New York: *Michael Strogoff, the Courier of the Czar.* By Jules Verne. Translated by W. H. G. Kingston. With Ninety Full-Page Illustrations. — *An Introduction to Political Economy.* By Arthur Latham Perry, LL. D.

*Second Annual Report of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.*

A. Williams & Co., Boston: *The Life and Industrial Labors of William Wheelwright in South America.* By J. B. Albéret, late Minister of the Argentine Republic to France and England. With an Introduction by the Hon. Caleb Cushing.

Edwin A. Wilson, Springfield, Ill.: *Second Coming of Christ.* By James H. Brooks.

## ART.

It was not a bad suggestion of one of the Boston daily papers that those who intended going to see Turner's picture, known as *The Slave Ship*, which has lately been added to the loan collection at the Art Museum, should not read beforehand Ruskin's description of that famous work. For most of our art-lovers the advice came too late; while as if to make the warning doubly vain, the management of the museum have had the description printed upon cards and plentifully distributed about the hall.

To those who have not yet seen it, it may be interesting to know that *The Slave Ship* is an oil-painting, not a water-color, as we find many had supposed, about four feet in width by about three in height. It is, however, covered by a sheet of plate-glass, confirming at a first glance the mistaken notion with regard to the material with which it is painted. It was the English, we believe, who first conceived the idea of protecting in this way their most valuable oil-paintings, regarding them apparently as too precious to be seen. The picture stands upon an easel in a corner of the large picture gallery, not inclined forward, as it should be, but backward, at such an angle that objects in front of it are reflected in the glass almost as clearly as in a mirror. Under these circumstances it is almost impossi-

ble to see the picture, and rash to attempt to criticise it technically.

It was Turner himself who gave the picture its title. His account of it in the *Academy Catalogue*, 1840, when it was first exhibited, was: "Slaver throwing overboard the dead and dying. Typhoon coming on." Ruskin, however, fixes the time as *after*, not before a storm; and at sunset: and in this we have no doubt he is right. The weather is evidently clearing up, and it is equally plain that it is an evening sky. We feel convinced, indeed, that what originally suggested the picture was a sunset seen by the artist under conditions similar to those mentioned by Ruskin: it was not on the Atlantic, however, for Turner was never on the open ocean. The "typhoon coming on," like the "throwing overboard," we have no doubt was an after-thought; the former invented, perhaps at the last moment, to explain the latter.

It is difficult to conceive why the artist should have disfigured his picture by this story of "man's inhumanity to man," — marring one of the most glorious aspects of nature by the introduction of one of the most hideous of crimes. The only excuse to be offered for him is the morbid imagination which, as we are told, made him regard the color scarlet, so largely used in

the clouds of this picture, as the type of death. To this may be added, in further extenuation, the *bourgeois* taste of the British public, — a taste fully shared by Turner himself, — which demands that every picture shall have a story and a title, the more striking and sensational the better.

The picture is indeed marred in a double sense. The details introduced to give color to the title are as badly executed as they are horribly conceived. They violate all truth and all probability. Their ludicrous even more than their horrible character is entirely out of keeping with the time and place. It is only by resolutely shutting our eyes to them, by striving to forget them, that we can obtain from the picture any legitimate and satisfactory impression. Fortunately, they are few in number, and occupy comparatively but little space.

If we adopt what seems to be the most probable interpretation, the scene represented is a weird and fantastic but glorious sunset, — the happy sequel of a fearful storm. The gale is just over; a dense mass of rain cloud still lingers on the left; but a brisk breeze has sprung up from a fair-weather quarter, and is driving before it the streaming fragments it has torn from this last remnant and rear-guard of the tempest, chasing them in wild disorder across the sky. The sun shines out through the parted clouds, still enveloped in a thin white and golden mist, which spreading upward is rent here and there in the right-hand upper corner, showing through the interstices the pale and tender blue of the open sky. Lower down, and reaching to the horizon, scarlet and golden, crimson and purple clouds lie stretched in level lines, all their splendor reflected in the tossing waves. The sea is chiefly divided into two great waves, one, on the left of the picture, dark with the shadow of the overhanging rain cloud, the one on the right glittering in the sunshine and hardly to be distinguished from the sky above it. Between them lies a deep hollow, dazzling with light and color reflected from the sun and the clouds. This hollow, or "trough of the sea," is somewhat capriciously broken up into smaller waves; and in it are floating the half hideous, half ludicrous objects supposed to have been thrown overboard from the ship. It is also thickly peopled with marine monsters, more grotesque than terrible.

The ship, a nondescript craft, one third ship and two thirds lugger, is in the middle

distance toward the left of the picture, rising upon the crest of the dark wave, her hull completely hidden by foam and spray, with no sail set but a jib, and heading partly toward, but more to the left of the spectator. The only damage she appears to have sustained is the loss of her mizzen topmast, which, with a blue and white flag attached to it, is among the floating *débris* in the foreground. It is a little surprising that the immense lug-sail yards attached to her two aftward masts should not have been the first to go.

The point of view is placed high in the canvas, a common practice with Turner; we seem to be looking down on the waves from an eminence, which has the not altogether desirable effect of diminishing their apparent height. As a composition the picture seems wanting in balance, producing an uncomfortable sensation of blankness on the right, as though something that ought to be there had been taken away, making the water appear as though it were running down hill out of the picture from left to right. This may be in part owing to the color on the bright wave on the right having faded. Some strong accent seems to be required in this part of the picture, to restore the equilibrium, to make us feel that there is a horizon somewhere, even though we cannot see it.

The sky in this picture naturally first attracts attention. It is the region where Turner reigns supreme, acknowledged sole master in the art of representing the varied phenomena of the atmosphere. The day is past for criticising the conventionalisms and make-shifts to which he was obliged to have recourse in order to suggest — for no human power can fully imitate — the splendors he was the first to attempt to portray. We can only be glad that he dared so much and succeeded so well.

The lower part of the canvas is much less satisfactory. As an attempt to represent the open sea it is a failure. The wave upon which the vessel is riding suggests a little the "lift" of the true ocean swell and something of the color of what sailors are apt to call "black," not blue water; but everywhere else we are evidently "on soundings." The forms of the water in the hollow between the waves are to us incomprehensible. They are so much mixed up with the shapes — or the shapelessness — of other things that it is difficult to make them out; and we cannot but suspect that Turner has sometimes turned and twisted them in order to



display to the best advantage his little collection of monstrosities, rather than sought to give the true aspect of something that he had really seen. One singular fact about the sea in a storm is to some extent intimated,—the apparent obliteration of all perspective. To the novice the sea always appears, during a gale, unaccountably small; nothing distant can be seen, and one is more impressed by the nearness than even by the size of the waves. Something of this effect may be seen in the horizontal bars of scarlet and crimson clouds in this sea view of Turner's. These clouds have no perspective; it is impossible to say how far off they are, or whether any one of them is nearer than the others. There is indeed an extraordinary mingling of sea and sky, so that it is impossible to say where one ends and the other begins. Especially in the illuminated trough of the sea which leads the eye along a blazing pathway to the sun, one strives in vain to distinguish how much is cloud, how much is driving spray, and how much water. There may be a little exaggeration in this; but no more than is fairly permissible to one who, having received a strong impression from an actual sunset and an actual storm, should attempt, while still under its influence, to describe the scene in words, or to reproduce it upon canvas.

One thing at least is certain: we have here a work conceived and executed under the impulse of a strong emotion, one which cannot fail to excite a corresponding emotion in the spectator. Not in every idle looker-on, no doubt, for if "a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it," still more does a work of art, a poem, or a picture need to address itself to a receptive and appreciative mind. Nor will the emotion be always, or, we may say, ever precisely that felt by the author or painter; and especially in the case of the painter it will be difficult to convey the exact impression he had in his own mind, using, as he does, a language at once so definite and so vague,—definite beyond all power of words in describing the outward appearance, but only able to hint the hidden meaning, the inner thought.

—Among the paintings by Mr. F. Hill Smith, recently exhibited at Williams and Everett's, there was a little sketch, called in the catalogue a New England Interior. The scene is an unfinished garret in a common Yankee country house. The sloping walls are of rough, unpainted boards; the one window, toward the right, has its sash

thrown up to its utmost limit; the sunlight comes pouring in, making a brilliant square patch on the bare floor, while outside is a bit of sky and the tops of trees. Beside the window, on the left, a square brick chimney rises through the floor, and in front of it is a wash-stand of a pattern very common fifty years ago, painted bright yellow. On the other side of the window is a large square blue chest; on top of this, a brown trunk with a rounded lid, and on a shelf above, a ewer with a broken handle. In the left-hand corner, on the floor, is another blue box, of smaller dimensions than the other, while in the middle of the room stands a bedstead with low, round-topped posts of yellow maple. The bed is covered with a striped counterpane, brown and white, and partly conceals the patch of sunlight on the floor. There is no living thing in the room; nor do we care that there should be. The whole garret seems pervaded and glorified with light, with a suggestion, also, of heat. The blue chest, the yellow wash-stand, the red bricks, are made, or rather are seen to be as gorgeous in color as gems; while the whole scale of lights and darks is so thoroughly understood and felt, and so accurately rendered, that, bright and glowing as the other objects may be, we still feel that it is really the sunlight that makes that spot on the floor brightest of all. Whatever else this little sketch may be, it is at least an admirable study of light and color—without much delicacy of sentiment, somewhat coarse in execution, painted rapidly though not carelessly, but plainly showing that the artist was really *moved* to paint it and did his work under the influence of a genuine and strong impression.

In melancholy contrast to this bright little canvas are two pictures which we saw at the late exhibition of the Boston Art Club: one called *Waiting for Breakfast*, and the other *The Young Oarsman*, both by one artist and both, like Mr. Hill Smith's sketch, New England Interiors.

In the first the scene is laid in a somewhat old-fashioned kitchen. A woman, past middle age and hard-featured, is bending over a cooking stove frying cakes, while a little girl, fresh from her morning toilet, stands watching the process with folded hands. A coffee-mill of time-honored pattern is conveniently screwed to a projecting stud; against the kitchen wall, high up on a shelf, stands the inevitable Connecticut clock; under it swings by a cord the familiar round

red worsted pincushion, while the indispensable almanac is suspended by a string from a nail beside the door. Through this door, which stands open, we have a peep into the pantry, with its ranges of drawers below and shelves above, not forgetting the molasses jug on the floor in the corner. All these details and many others were carefully and faithfully given: the drawing throughout, except perhaps in the little girl's figure, was correct, the perspective everywhere right, and every object had its proper local color. And yet the result was not a success. The picture was not interesting: to some it appeared to be positively displeasing. One cause of this failure was evident at a glance. There was a want of concentration, both in the interest and in the light and shade. The eye wandered distractedly over the whole and found no resting-place. But the final cause which was at the bottom of all the trouble was that the artist had had no unity of purpose and could therefore give to his work no unity of effect. There was not wanting a certain degree of refinement, nor even a slight suggestion of pathos in the treatment of the subordinate details, which, however seemed to have deserted the artist when he approached the human figures. It was impossible to resist the fancy that he had taken far more pleasure in the yellow wall and the coffee-mill and the peep into the pantry, decidedly the best parts of the picture, than in either the woman or the child. He seemed to have *missed* his picture. One could not help wishing there had been some one at his

elbow to say to him: "Paint what you like; if it is the still life, paint that; don't put figures into your canvas merely because you think they ought to be there to make a picture and give it a story and a name. Whatever attracts you, whatever is to you a *motive* and not a mere subject, find out in what its charm consists and paint that. Do not be ashamed of painting pots and pans; the greatest masters have not disdained them, and they afford most admirable training for the artistic instinct." Michael Angelo said high art was "to paint a common fish from the market so as to show why it should be painted at all."

In the other picture there is a boy sitting in a child's bath-tub, which he pretends is a boat and which he is supposed to be rowing with a broom and the stick of his hobby-horse for oars. But he is doing nothing of the sort; he sits quite still and stolid, with no expression on his face either of childish glee or of sober earnestness. Here, as in the first picture, the real subject is the room with its furniture; the boy is merely an accessory added to make what is sometimes called an anecdote picture. But the room, though in one sense admirably painted, is wanting in effect; it is not seen pictorially; and the subject is one which of all others demands pictorial treatment to make it interesting. It is an ordinary bedroom of a well-to-do citizen, furnished handsomely but without taste; and until the Household Art Reform inaugurated by Messrs. Eastlake and Morris is fully accomplished, such subjects had, perhaps, better be avoided.

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## MUSIC.

"The best things, badly performed, become only the more insufferable."—CHRISTOPH WILLIBALD GLUCK.

"The highest aim of the performing artist, of the virtuoso, must be the perfectly pure reproduction of the composer's thought, and this can be insured only by a complete appropriation of the latter's intentions, and consequently a perfect renunciation of his own inventive activity."—RICHARD WAGNER.

PERSONS in the habit of reading much musical criticism are not unfamiliar with the expression, "manifest intention." This

has, especially of late years, been held up as a never-failing screen, behind which performers can safely take what liberties they please with generally revered compositions. It is, perhaps, a striking fact that this manifest intention of the composer, which all performers ought undoubtedly to discover, is usually somewhat deeply hidden from the eyes of the majority of otherwise discerning musicians. If we are to believe the implied statement of many performers,

this manifest intention is discoverable by them alone, and they model their performance upon their important, though singularly exclusive discovery. Otherwise, why should not other artists have found it out too, and play or sing the work in question just as they do? It would seem, to the unprejudiced observer, as if manifest intention were often a misnomer.

Another favorite excuse for apparently unwarrantable liberties taken with acknowledged master-works is "the impulse of individual genius." We are cautioned against considering great compositions as so many prison-cells within which the individual genius of the performer is to be too strictly confined. Surely some people, when they talk of music, talk what would be called arant nonsense if applied to any other subject. It strikes us, at least, that confining any known individual genius within the limits of some compositions is very like confining a man within the limits of the surface of the terrestrial globe. How many players are there in the world whose individual genius can reasonably find itself cramped by any of the great Beethoven sonatas? Come, let us not lose all rational sense of the proper relations of things! Here is what one of the most individual, original, and daringly independent geniuses that the art of music has ever known says on the subject:—

"Such corrections, meseems, do not come downward from above, but upward from below, and vertically at that.

"Let no one say that the remodelers, in working over the masters, have often made lucky hits; for these exceptional results cannot justify the introduction of such a monstrous immorality into art.

"No, no, no, ten thousand times no! Musicians, poets, prose writers, actors, pianists, orchestral conductors, of the third, second, or even of the first rank, you have no right to lay hands upon the Beethovens and the Shakespeares, to throw them the alms of your science and your taste.

"No, no, no, a thousand million times no! A man, whoever he may be, has no right to force another man, whatsoever he may be, to quit his own physiognomy and take that of another, to express himself in a way that is not his own, to assume a shape he himself has not chosen, to become a manikin set in motion by another's will while alive, or galvanized into mock action after death. If the man is mediocre, let him remain buried in his mediocrity! If, on the other hand, he is one of the elect of art, let

his equals and even his superiors respect him, and his inferiors humbly bow down before him."


But, to talk moderately, is there, or can there be any *manifest* intention in a composer's work, other than that which he himself has plainly indicated on paper in black and white? What more subtle intention there may be in his work, of that finer sort not to be indicated by printed notes and expression marks, is by no means so plainly "manifest;" it is even hidden and veiled in the exact ratio of its subtlety. That this intention should be discovered before the real gist of the work is arrived at is evident, and it behoves the performer above all things to find it out. It is paying little respect to the great masters to think that this indispensable task is to be entered upon lightly. What infinite pains must an artist not take to familiarize himself with the composer's habitual style, to compare his style with that of other masters of the same period! How carefully must he not guard himself against the temptation of expressing his own individual feelings through the notes, and not the probable feelings of the composer, as nearly as he can discover them! Upon the whole it may be safely said that the composer's intention, however subtle and recondite it may be, can in no case be contravened by the most exact and punctilious observance of what expression marks he has noted down. Let the performer first make sure of playing the music exactly as it is written, omitting not a jot nor tittle of the text, and he will be sure that what sins he may have the ill luck to commit against the composer will be sins of omission and not of commission. If in addition to this he has by long study and careful consideration built up a consistent theory concerning the subtler essence of the piece, he may be pretty sure that, if that theory of his is in the least shaken by a strict observance of the text, it is wrong and he must try again. An over-enthusiastic listener may say, in the heat of the moment, after hearing Mr. A play a Beethoven sonata "in his own way," as the phrase goes: "To be sure, it is not exactly Beethoven, but it was sublime for all that." Admitted! But when a thoughtful person goes to hear a Beethoven sonata, he does not go to hear sublimity in the abstract, or Mr. A's personal sublimity in the concrete, but the exact amount and quality of sublimity that the sonata itself contains, and it is Mr. A's business to let him hear it to the

fullest extent of his powers, just that and no less; about the *no more* Mr. A need not in general trouble himself. Now let any curious reader take the smallest scrap of paper from his waste-basket, and jot down the names of all the artists he knows who do their duty to the composer and their listeners in this respect. We warrant that he will not have to write on both sides of his paper. Just compare the spirit of the raging genius who hews his triumphant way through volume upon volume of great music, intent only upon finding food for his own magnificent individuality, with that of the conscientious artist who, careless of his own reputation as one of the kings of the piano-forte, once said: "I cannot play the *Liszt-Schubert Erl King* as it should be played, so I will not play it; for that piece you must go to Rubinstein." A great pianist, passing the evening at the house of a musical friend in Leipzig, said in going to the piano-forte to play his part in Schumann's quintette: "My friend, you had better step into the next room and take a book; you will not enjoy the quintette; I play it in the Russian way" (*russisch*). The friend might well have retorted: "Yes. But did Schumann write it in the Russian way?"

This manner of dealing with great compositions is fundamentally wrong, nothing more nor less than a "monstrous immorality" in art. What else is it but the height of impudence for a performer thus to set himself above the composer? Singers and players have much to answer for on this head, but their sins sink into insignificance beside those of some orchestral conductors. Sir Michael Costa coolly puts three trombones, a bass-tuba, a big drum,

and cymbals plump into the midst of the first finale of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, thus robbing the whole London public of their "inalienable right" to hear Mozart's score as he wrote it. The very palpable fact that Sir Michael must be insane to think that his scoring of the passage in question sounds better than Mozart's is not worth a farthing; even if it did sound better, the point at issue would not be in the least affected. A similar charge has been brought against Wagner for putting a bass-tuba part into the score of Spontini's *Vestale*. The fact is that when Spontini was in Dresden, he said to Wagner: "I heard in your *Rienzi* an instrument that you call 'bass-tuba'; I don't wish to banish that instrument from the orchestra; write me a part for the *Vestale*." He also asked Wagner to write trombone parts for the triumphal march in the same opera, and was so much pleased with the effect that he afterwards wrote from Paris: "Send me a score of the trombones for the triumphal march, and of the bass-tuba as it was played under my direction in Dresden." This is the only case we know of such an interpolation in another man's score having any sufficient authority. Robert Franz's rescoring Bach's *Passion* is a totally different matter. The score of the *Passion*, as Bach left it, is admitted by every one to be incomplete, and when Franz filled it out, instead of committing an act of impudent vandalism, he reverently attempted to fill a hiatus that the whole musical world deplored. So with some of the changes that Wagner has made in parts of Beethoven's symphonies. To take one significant example, here are the trumpet parts in a passage of the ninth symphony, as Beethoven wrote them:—

*Trumpets in D.*



*ff*  
Alto Voices, 2d Violin, and Clarinets.  
*ff* Seid um-schlun-gen, Mil-li-o-nen, die-sen Kuss der gan-zen Welt.

Now such a trumpet part is, musically, little better than a monstrosity. The reason why Beethoven wrote it so is pretty evident. Here, for once, we do find a manifest intention not expressed in black and white. Trumpets with cylinders and pistons had not come into use in Beethoven's time;

the only instrument of the kind he had at command was the plain trumpet, which could play only the natural harmonies of a given key-note. If any melody was to be reinforced by the trumpets, all such notes as the instrument could not play had perforce to be left out. Now the modern chro-

matic trumpets can play any note in the chromatic scale between certain limits. Wagner's filling out of the trumpet parts in the passage in question, and all similar passages, is in no sense a "correction" of Beethoven's score, but merely helping Beethoven out of a technical difficulty that was insurmountable in his time, but is now no difficulty at all. Which is paying greater respect to the master: playing the part as he was forced to write it merely from a lack of technical means, or playing it as he most evidently wished it to be, and as he would have written it beyond all reasonable doubt had he only had our present means at command?

Pianists to-day have little of this sort of completion of imperfect passages to do. The piano-forte of to-day is in most important respects the piano-forte of fifty years ago. The scale has been extended at both ends, and if a pianist finds a passage of descending octaves which suddenly changes to single notes because the old piano-fortes did not run below sixteen-foot F, he most assuredly ought to continue the chain of octaves which have now become practicable on our instruments which run down to thirty-two-foot A. The greater heaviness of action of the modern piano-fortes will sometimes make practically impossible rapid passages that were comparatively easy with the lighter action of the old instruments. In such cases the pianist must take great care, in substituting phrases that are practicable on our modern instruments, not to do unnecessary violence to the composer's intention. Here he has a good chance to display, not his own executive ability, but his good taste and appreciation of the composer's spirit. But these cases are so rare as to have little or no bearing upon the performer's reverence for the composer. It is astonishing how little reverence either for the text or spirit of the great classic composers we find in performers in general. Many players seem to take it as a personal grievance that Beethoven is not Schumann, that Schumann is not Rubinstein, that Mendelssohn is not Liszt. Mr. Thunderer plays a carefully and intelligently selected programme consisting of works by various masters, so arranged as to form the most admirable contrasts, the light and cheerful relieving the mind from the strain of the deep and thoughtful, and all that we hear is one unbroken monotony of Thunderer,

nothing but Thunderer. He has melted down all the numbers of his programme and recast them in his own mould. Next day Mr. Lackaday gives his concert and does the same thing after his manner, and in both cases the audience turn up their eyes and thank their stars for "the new insight the admirable artist has given them into music that they thought they knew already." Such things are simply atrocious, besides being lamentably stupid. Take the most brilliant Bach *gigue* you can find, bedevil it with every modern sauce your brilliant technique and "glorious individuality" can devise, you will never succeed in making a Gottschalk *banjo* out of it. You cannot turn Mendelssohn's *Variations Sérieuses* into Schumann's *Symphonic Studies*. Remember, St. Peter's is a very large church, quite large enough and to spare for any conceivable form of devotion, but you would find yourself strangely cramped if you tried to run a steeple-chase in it. Your soul may be only that of a horse-jockey, not the largest sort known, but St. Peter's is not big enough for you. You may have invented a very astonishing theatrical thunder-machine that will make a well-disposed audience quake in their shoes; go and work it in the Sahara, and you and your machine are only a ridiculous blot on the landscape, your thunder nowhere. The great masterpieces of art are among the noblest inheritances of man, and the thing above all others they demand of man is loving reverence. They are to be jealously guarded against all taint, never to be profaned through thoughtlessness, still less through viciousness. Call a man a fool for not feeling the beauty of the Sonata *Appassionata*, and then yourself play the sonata as if it were a Dreyschock rhapsody, and you will have done but little honor to Beethoven. In art the text is a prime factor of the spirit. Slight the text and, in so doing, you slight the spirit still more. In art you can never "say the same thing in other words." Whatever may be the mysterious connection between mind and matter in the universe, we may be absolutely sure that in art, form and spirit are inseparable. "Playing correctly" has a bad sound, but the first question we would ask about an artist is, "Does he play correctly?" Without this, he does nothing and worse than nothing; with this he truly does not do all, but he at least does something.

